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P352.1

BD April, 1861.



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VOL. XXIX.

NEW SERIES, VOL. VIII.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1859.

JOHN R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

RICHMOND:
MACFARLANE, FERGUSON & CO., PROPRIETORS.
1859.

P352.1

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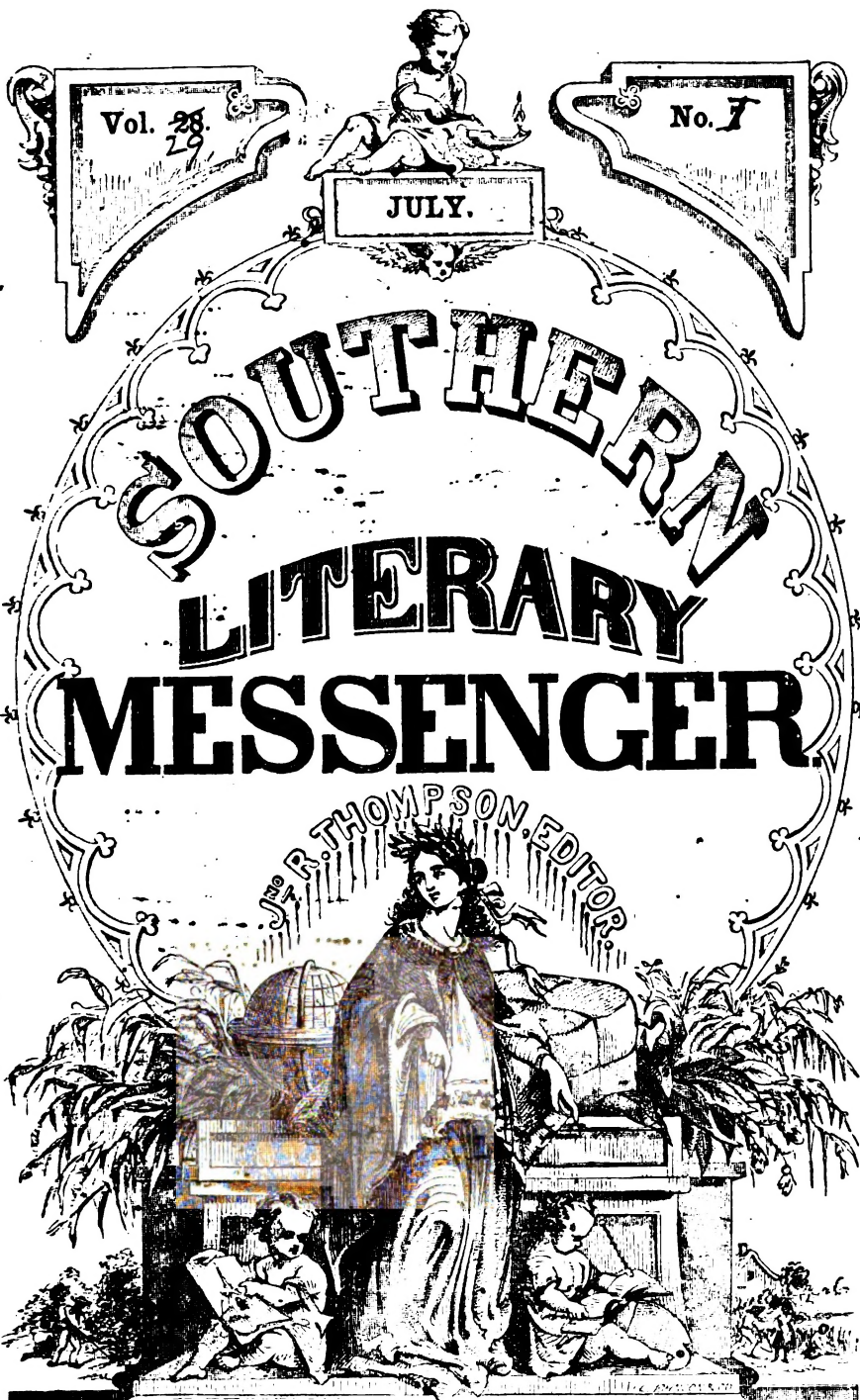
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MACFARLANE, FERGUSON & Co.
PROPRIETORS,

1859.

RICHMOND, Va.

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RICHMOND, JULY, 1859.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S PHILOSOPHY.*

(FROM THE LONDON TIMES.)

That modern philosophy begins with David Hume is universally admitted; that it ends with Sir William Hamilton will not be allowed by those who see in his system only a new line of railway to infidelity, but it is firmly maintained by a majority of his pupils, and by most of those who profess to have mastered his method. Unfortunately, it is not very easy to scrape an acquaintance with that method. A great thinker and an incessant reader, Sir William Hamilton had a mortal hatred of the pen. His prodigious learning was utterly unable to crush his power of thought, but learning and thought combined to cripple the faculty of composition. If ever he made a remark his erudition reminded him that a thousand previous remarks had been made which had some relation to his own, and he could not resist the opportunity of tracing the stream of thought from age to age, until finally it welled up in a particular form into his own consciousness. Then he must not only trace the history of the idea, he must also trace the history of the words in which it was conveyed, and attack somebody in passing for a curious mistake as to the language of the Aristotelians, this mistake being a signal proof of the degradation of the particular University to which the

sinner belongs, and a capital excuse for digressing into a discussion of University training in general. While he was thus hampered in the act of composition by the suggestions of a too abtrusive memory, he was also hampered by the demands of a too exacting thought. He never could look at a subject from the one point of view which suited his present purpose without first of all analyzing all the possible modes of looking at it, making a philosophical genuflexion to every point of the intellectual compass, and explaining why every one of these in turn must be rejected in order that we may trim our sails to the glowing west. In every topic he saw a universe of thought; in every atom of life the microcosm of existence; and he was always striving to compress a library into an essay, a system into a sentence. The thing was impossible. His ideal of composition was extravagant, and so utterly beyond human attainment that he threw aside his pen in despair, and never wrote except on compulsion. His writing almost always took the form of criticism, which is of itself fragmentary. His critiques are saddled with appendices, the appendices have explanatory notes attached—there are notes to the notes, to these notes there are other notes, and these other

* *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic.* By Sir William Hamilton, Bart., late Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Vols. I and II. Edited by the Rev. H. L. Mansel, B. D., Oxford, and John Veitch, M. A., Edinburgh. Edinburgh, W Blackwood and Sons.

notes contain learned references that require to be verified in still smaller print. So the writing accumulates, note budding out of note, and the print ever getting "small by degrees and beautifully less," until at last we begin to think of spectacles both to read the type and to discover the connection between the subject of the text and the subject of the annotations. The consequence was that very few persons beyond those who passed through his class in the University of Edinburgh during the 20 years of his professorship, were able to follow him in his discussions, and he, who never uttered a word which was not as gold tried in the fire was regarded by many good people as an erudite splitter of hairs, as one of those philosophers who would veil their ignorance and deify their intellects by assuming the clouds and thick darkness of the God. Complete mistake! Be it true or false, never has any philosophical system been enounced so humble, so simple, and so intelligible as that of Sir William Hamilton; and if it be true, it has, no doubt, the merit which he and all his pupils claim for it as its crowning glory, of putting an end to controversy and reconciling in its arms every previous system of philosophy.

The lectures on metaphysics, which are now published, and which are to be followed by two more volumes containing lectures on logic, are the best possible introduction to the speculations of this great thinker, though they are very far from conveying a full idea of what he really was. They were written more than 20 years ago, when he was first appointed to the chair of metaphysics, and when his system was not half developed. They were evidently composed in great haste, each lecture, in fact, being written on the night preceding its delivery. This nightly toil of composition Sir William Hamilton sustained unremittingly through a period of five months, producing a course of lectures which he never afterwards materially altered, and which in the abundance of their quotations give ample evidence of the pressure of time. With all their defects, however, they are a splendid monument of the author's ge-

nius, and we know not what other philosopher of his day could have produced anything so profound, so learned, and so full of common sense. From the fact, too, of their being addressed to beginners, they are in a more popular style than his other writings, while the necessities of oral discourse saved the author from the besetting sin of digression. One can see in these prelections what an iron grasp he took of every subject which he handled, and can understand the immense influence which he exerted over youthful minds, even although the burden of his discourse is something abhorrent to young enthusiasts—the limitation of the human faculties and the infinity of human ignorance. Add to all this the majestic presence of the man, that noble brow, those dark flashing eyes, that manly voice, which rang through the dim class-room like a sledge-hammer on an anvil, the bursts of familiar talk with a couple of hundred students at once, and we have some clue to the idolatry with which he was regarded by his pupils. Perhaps there never was a class in any University into which so much life was thrown as into the class over which Sir William presided. It was a class conducted on democratic principles. On three days of the week the Professor lectured; on the other two days the students were masters of the field, and on these occasions one after another would stand up in his place, now to volunteer a report of the previous lectures, now to attack the theory which the Professor had propounded, now to state any of the results of his reading which bore on the subjects discussed in the class. It was a sort of half-conversation, half-debate, between Sir William Hamilton and his pupils, in which he met them on almost even terms; and it is a curious illustration of the equality on which they met, that the honours of the class were awarded at the end of the year by vote, and the vote of the Professor had no more value than that of any student. The system worked well, for it was generally found that he agreed with the award of his students, and in any case he succeeded in thoroughly awakening their interest and in

attracting pupils not only from the English and American Universities, but also from those of France and Germany. As we have heard a good deal of the defects of the Scottish Universities, it is but fair also to look at their excellencies. No one can read these lectures without seeing that they afford a magnificent gymnastic to the young mind, and that undergraduates able to follow these discussions from year to year, if they were boys, must have been very old boys, capable of digesting very strong meat.

Mr. Punch once propounded a system of metaphysics in wonderfully simple terms. He asked, "What is matter?" and he answered, "Never mind." He asked, "What is mind?" and he answered, "No matter." That is very nearly the total result of all our metaphysical researches, expressed with a wit to which philosophers can make no claim. The first act of philosophy is to doubt our knowledge, and the last act of it is to be certain of our ignorance. All philosophy tends but to show the impossibility of breaking from our prison house, and to enforce the Apostolic saying—"We know in part." History is the record of it; science is the proof of it—We know but in part. Formed in the image of God, we are not gods; driven from the garden we still lust after the forbidden fruit, and have to learn that the great end of life is not to know, but to do. When we say, therefore, that the object of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy is to establish the theory of human ignorance and to determine the boundaries of human thought, simple folk will imagine that he has undertaken a very superfluous task, and that he might as well have attempted an elaborate demonstration of the facts that night is dark, that most men have noses, and that ginger is hot i' the mouth. Unhappily, the demonstration of human ignorance is not an idle labour. Many are the noble minds that have not attained that highest wisdom which lies in intellectual content. *Magna, immo maxima pars sapientiæ est, quædam æquo animo nescire velle.* And the error of those who have not yet learned to be content with the limitation of our faculties is not

merely speculative—it is of immense practical importance. Were it merely speculative, we might pass it by with a laugh at the folly of those who, in the spirit of Mrs. Partington sweeping the Atlantic from her door with a broom, would decant the infinite into a pint pot, and measure the universe with a two foot rule. But the fact is that questions of the most awful interest hang upon our decision as to the jurisdiction of human reason. Under the name of reason, infidelity flourishes in our time, the most sacred truths are aspersed, and the ground of morals is undermined. Demonstration must be met by demonstration. It is incumbent on us to show the insufficiency of logic as the invariable standard of truth; to demonstrate the limits of human understanding; to compel reason by reason to the simplicity of the faith; and Sir William Hamilton claimed this as the chief practical value of his system, that on rational principles it deprives reason of its usurped authority, and proves it to be incapable of pronouncing upon the great mysteries of our being and the cardinal doctrines of revelation. No difficulty emerges in theology, he says, which has not previously emerged in philosophy; and before all these difficulties the human understanding must rest in patience, if they are demonstrated to be insoluble. This is the system which has been applied with incomparable force of reasoning to the defence of Christianity in the Bampton Lectures of Mr. Mansel, and the celebrity which the book instantly acquired has made many a reader who would have cared not a jot for Sir William Hamilton or his speculations inquire into the nature of this wonderful philosophy out of which our Oxford friend has obtained such extraordinary results. Great as the success of Mr. Mansel's argument has been, it would have probably been still greater had the public been better acquainted with the elementary principles on which it is based, and from which the author started with scarcely a word of explanation. When Sir William Hamilton's lectures are completed, this want will be pretty fully met in the published writings of the profound thinker to

whom the whole argument is due; and, in the meantime, we propose, without entering into useless details, to give as popular an account as we can of what has been called in rather crabbed terms the Philosophy of the Conditioned.

Only before plunging into the thick of argument it may be as well to come to some understanding as to the terms on which we are to argue. Is it to be a fair fight? Are words to have a certain meaning, and are we to stick to that meaning? or are we to play fast and loose with words? to set up a principle in one sentence, and to knock it down in the next when it seems to turn against us? Strange that it should be necessary to ask these questions; but the reception given in many quarters both to the writings of Sir William Hamilton and to the lectures of his Oxford disciple has convinced us that there is a difference at starting between those who defend and those who attack the new philosophy, and that the latter have not sufficiently studied the logical law upon which the whole argument proceeds. It is called the law of contradiction, and in order to give an example we may here so far anticipate as to remind our readers that Sir William Hamilton maintains in general, and Mr. Mansel maintains in relation to religious doctrine, that human knowledge lies between two extremes which are at once inconceivable and contradictory. Let this be true or false. Our present concern is to understand thoroughly what is meant by proving a contradiction. We could point to many criticisms of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, and Mr. Mansel's application of it, in which, when the adversary is finally at bay, and we expect him to yield like a good soldier, he coolly turns tail and walks off, with the assumption that a contradiction is nothing, means nothing, and proves nothing. Grant this assumption, that a lie may be a truth, that nothing may be something, that the finite can be the infinite, and that a contradiction is not a contradiction, and you may prove anything you please. It is by frankly denying the principle of contradiction that Hegel and other Germans get out their

grand results. They start by asserting the identity of A and not—A, and after wandering through the dreary desert many days, in which they feed upon angel's food, the Canaan where at last they rest their weary feet is the glorious dogma that pure being is pure nothing. Are Englishmen ready for the remorselessly logical results of the Hegelian premises? Are they prepared for the most desolating scepticism which is the inevitable sequence of reason stultified and common sense ignored? How is it possible, it may be asked, that Englishmen could even by an unguarded expression seem to sanction a denial of the primary law of reason? We fancy that the train of thought which led to so impotent a conclusion was somewhat of this nature:—"Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel talk much of things inconceivable which are nevertheless true. Now, no doubt, the contradictions which they prove are also inconceivable, but why may they not be true, just like so many other things which the human mind cannot comprehend? Why in the matter of contradictions must the human reason be the test of truth any more than in the case of whatever else is inconceivable?" Here the opponents of Mr. Mansel entirely overlook the distinction between what is merely above reason and what is against reason. That two contradictions can both be true is not merely incomprehensible—it is impossible. If we deny this we begin the combat by pleasantly cutting our throats. It is an act of suicide. We cannot advance a step. If it be possible for contradictions to coexist, then all assertion loses its meaning, and there is no difference in any case between affirmative and negative. We must confess the validity of reason within its limits, though we deny its power to overstep these limits.

And this brings us to another oversight which those who have been attempting to master Mr. Mansel's argument, and have failed to do so, constantly commit. They look at the law of contradiction as merely a negative principle, and they do not see how we can get any positive result out of a philosophy which

is nothing but an agglomerate of negations. This philosophy proves that so many things are utterly inconceivable, and then it goes on to prove that all these inconceivables are a mass of contradictions. It is surely a sufficiently negative result to arrive at the conclusion that we can form no positive idea of the infinite God, and that He and His attributes are alike incomprehensible to the children of the dust; but, not satisfied with this, here are the great Edinburgh philosopher and the eloquent Oxford lecturer, uniting their efforts to pile Pelion upon Ossa, to break a butterfly upon a wheel, to discredit still further the sum of human knowledge, and to prove that all our ideas of infinite and absolute are not simply a wildering round of negations, but also a pretty muddle of contradictions. The philosophy, it is presumed, that preaches such a doctrine may be cunningly contrived and wondrously clever, but cannot be convincing, and is very nearly worthless. The conclusion is not very complimentary, we do not say to the philosophical acumen, but to the common sense of two such men as Hamilton and Mansel; and their critics arrive at it by a gross misunderstanding of what a logical contradiction is, and what it involves. It is perfectly true that the law of contradiction is the principle of all logical negation. Prove your contradictory, and you at once prove a negative. But that is not all. For implied in the law of contradiction and co-ordinate with it is that other law to which Leibnitz gave the name of Excluded Middle. The moment, therefore, that we prove a contradiction, we have a double result; we have a positive as well as a negative conclusion. If we prove of two extremes that they cannot both be true, we prove in the selfsame act of judgment that one must be true. A is either B, or it is not B. That is easily granted; but Sir William Hamilton next goes on to show that in the region of those higher truths, with which philosophy and religion have to do, B is utterly inconceivable; we cannot conceive of A being B, or of its not being B. Grant that also for the sake of argument. The reader sighs to think that the

human faculty should be so weak, but we have heard so many homilies on human ignorance that thus far the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton makes but little impression on us. He has no doubt proved his point in magnificent style, but the conclusion is so disheartening, as well as so stale, that if this be the whole of the great man's philosophy (and it is all that many persons see in it) one scarcely perceives wherein consists the originality of Sir William Hamilton, and on what rests the satisfaction of Mr. Mansel. But these metaphysicians do not stop here; they have the consummate audacity to assert that the existence and the non-existence of B, as predicated of A, are contradictory as well as inconceivable. This is too much for nibbling thinkers; they are frightened from their propriety; they find that besides the heaven being darkened above them, the earth is now being swept from beneath them: here is negation upon negation: and they ask where is it all to end? It ends in the very simple assertion, that because those inconceivables, B and not B, are contradictory, both cannot be and one must be true. We cannot conceive of either, and yet we must believe in one or the other. In which we are to believe, mere logic, which deals with the form of thought and not with the matter, cannot tell us; that must be decided for us either by the authority of our instincts or by the authority of revelation. All that reason can do is to prove that while both extremes are beyond the grasp of human understanding, one or other is compulsory on human faith.

If we have succeeded in making clear the precise form which Sir William Hamilton's argument assumes, it will not take long to show that as applied to the highest objects of contemplation, the result must be that system which has been called the philosophy of the conditioned. What is meant by this curious phrase? What is conditioned? It means something that exists only on conditions; the unconditioned is something that exists irrespective of conditions; and the philosophy of the conditioned is a system which professes to elucidate the conditions of

the thinkable. Every one who has dipped into philosophic lore must have come across a long list of opposite terms which are constantly in use, such as the finite and the infinite, the relative and the absolute, the many and the one, difference and identity, the concrete and the abstract, the form and the substance, the phenomenal and the noumenal, determined thought and pure thought, the contingent and the necessary. The pairs of ideas conveyed in these pairs of terms are by no means the same, and yet they have so much similarity that it would be well if we had a phrase capable of expressing the antithesis which is common to every pair alike. For want of a better word, Sir William Hamilton sums up all these pairs of ideas under the names of the conditioned and the unconditioned. The finite, the relative, the many, the different, the concrete, the formal, the phenomenal, the determined, the contingent, are conditioned. The Infinite, the absolute, the one, the identical, the abstract, the substantial, the noumenal, the pure, the necessary, are unconditioned. We can thus argue in short-hand of a great number of ideas of very various signification, some of them, as the Infinite and the absolute, being in fact sworn enemies. Now, the thesis which Sir William Hamilton undertakes to make good is this—that all our positive knowledge is only of the conditioned; that our knowledge of the unconditioned is purely negative; but that, although positive knowledge of the unconditioned is denied to us, we are forced, on rational as well as instinctive grounds to believe in what we do not know. The conditioned is a wide path open to the human understanding; on either side lie the vast territories of the unconditioned, which understanding cannot penetrate and which belongs to faith alone, not unreasoning faith, not blind instinct, not idle hope, but faith justified of reason and compelled of reason to enter on her possession. In other words, all human knowledge lies between two poles, neither of which is conceivable, but one or other of which must be true because they are contradictory. In proving his point Sir William Hamilton limited

his illustrations to the more elementary ideas which are of the most constant occurrence; while Mr. Mansel, very much assuming his reader's acquaintance with what has been thus established, goes on to illustrate in considerable detail the application of the same law to religious truth. Perhaps in the examples adduced by the latter there may be found not a few unguarded statements, and in some instances, as in his treatment of the doctrine of causality, he ventures to differ with the master, whose system as a whole he adopts and unfolds. It is not safe to differ with such a master of logic as Sir William Hamilton, and it will generally be found that Mr. Mansel and other disciples who attempt to improve upon the system, only expose themselves to the shafts of the enemy. Here we have to do only with Sir William Hamilton's views, and we confine ourselves to his illustrations.

Take the most simple of all ideas, the ideas of time and space, which enter into all our conceptions and give a form to all our thoughts. Our whole ideas of these are relative and finite; in one word, conditioned. Space, for example, may be regarded either as a whole or as a part. As a whole it must either be limited or unlimited; either absolute or infinite. Can we conceive of space as infinite—space stretching beyond space, beyond the furthest reach a further still, with no possibility of ever reaching to the furthest? The mind is palsied in the attempt—we give it up in despair. We can form no positive conception of it. We but faintly adumbrate the idea to ourselves in a series of negations, in which after every attempt to form a larger and larger whole we say to ourselves "The end is not here and the end is not here." Can we succeed any better in the attempt to form an idea of space as an absolute whole—of space limited so that beyond these limits there is no space, of space completely walled in and with no outside? It is impossible. Here, then, regarding space as a whole, we cannot conceive it either as infinite or as absolute; human understanding can grasp it only as finite and relative, that is to say, conditioned.

Nor do we fare better if we regard space as a part. Can we conceive an absolute part, a last indivisible point, a *minimum* of space? Or on the other hand, if we cannot conceive this, can we conceive the opposite, the infinite division of space, the infinitesimal? Neither is this possible, and we find ourselves helpless in the presence of four inconceivables—space absolute and space infinite, space individual and space infinitesimal. But of these four we must believe two. Space is either limited or unlimited; it is either divisible to infinity or ultimately indivisible. Take your choice of alternatives, but choose you must. And what is true of space is in like manner true of time. From whatever point of view regarded, our knowledge of it lies between two unconditioned extremes, which are at once inconceivable and contradictory. We cannot conceive either the absolute commencement or the infinite regress of time, but we must believe either the one or the other. We cannot conceive either the absolute ending or the infinite duration of time, but we must believe either the one or the other. We cannot conceive either an indivisible *minimum* or the infinite divisibility of time; but we must believe either the one or the other. We cannot conceive infinity (the eternity of the past), either increased by the addition of another hour and, indeed, of the whole eternity to come; but we must believe either the one or the other. Here are eight inconceivables, to four of which reason in the most peremptory terms insists upon our giving an assent. All our real knowledge lies in the conditioned interval between the two poles which, as inconceivable, are unknown, but which, as contradictory, compel the mind to the exercise of faith.

Everything follows from these illustrations. In the region of that higher thought with which philosophy and theology are concerned, all the discussions that occur may be described as an attempt to regard existence under one or two aspects—either as substance and phenomenon, or as cause and effect; and, regarded in the former aspect, existence is simply regarded under the conditions

of space, while, considered in the latter aspect, it is simply considered as subject to the conditions of time. It will accordingly be found that whatever we have proved with regard to our conceptions of space and time, applies with equal force to our conceptions of existence viewed in the double aspect of substance and phenomenon, cause and effect, of one or the other of which every thought that we have is a modification. For the purposes of the present discussion it does not signify in which of these aspects we contemplate existence; but, as the most important controversies have been waged with reference to the question of cause and effect, we may confine our remarks to this phase of thought. What is a cause? This may to many persons appear a very simple inquiry, admitting of a very easy answer, and when we say that the whole of modern philosophy starts from it, as raised and answered by David Hume, it may only serve to show that philosophers make a very great noise about a very little matter, and purposely lose a needle in a bundle of hay in order to have the pleasure of a search, and the renown of a discovery. It is not a question, however, of needles and pin-points, nor is it of merely scientific importance; it is a question that trenches upon the most awful issues—to name but one, that of free will and human responsibility. What do we understand by a cause? There are seven different answers to this question, every one of which Sir William Hamilton rejects in order to propound an eighth. It is needless to enumerate these seven different theories of the nature of the causal judgment. Only one of them has obtained current acceptance, namely, that which has been identified with the name of Maine de Biran, and which attributes our idea of cause to our felt power of producing effects. We will to move, and we move; here is cause and effect in our own conscious experience, and we learn to attribute what we observe in ourselves to the world of life in ceaseless motion around us. The theory is liable to the fatal objection, that it does not account for the universality of the causal judgment by which we not only attribute a

cause to this or that effect, but also feel that every possible act or thing must of necessity be ascribed to a cause, and Sir William Hamilton rejected it along with the six others, to one and all of which this taint belongs, that whereas undertaking to show how we are in every case compelled to think a cause, they do not show how, if we conceive cause as inevitable, we can conceive liberty as possible. If we are compelled to believe that every act and thing must have a cause, why not also the human will? And what, in that case, becomes of freedom and responsibility? Let it be observed, that cause and effect are two words to express continuity in time. When we say of any effect that it had a cause, we say that it must have existed in some previous form, that it is not an absolute novelty, that it has a connexion with the past. Whence is the universality of this judgment derived? Obviously it is but part and parcel of our inability to conceive an absolute commencement of time. Here, in order to discuss this subject fully, we ought to set before our readers another pair of inconceivables—the impossibility of conceiving the sum of existence as capable either of increase or of diminution. We cannot add to the infinite, and we cannot take away from it; our idea of creation being not the making of something out of nothing, but the evolution of the possible into the actual by the Divine fiat. This discussion, however, would lead us too far afield, and we can only afford to say in passing that those who, like Mr. Mansel, accept Sir W. Hamilton's system as a whole, but object to any particular link in the chain, are very much in the position of one who would accept Euclid in general, but entertain considerable doubts as to the 47th proposition of the first book. Professor Fraser, who has succeeded Sir W. Hamilton in the Edinburgh chair of logic, declares, by way of answer to the new theory of causality, that he can not only conceive a diminution in the infinity of existence, he can easily conceive of its utter annihilation, including, we infer, (for his argument is otherwise useless,) the annihilation of even the possibility of existence! Mr.

Mansel, scarcely more cautious, observes that he is able to conceive the sum of existence at one moment as A and the next moment as A+B, which, indeed, is easy enough so long as we are thinking only of symbols that may mean anything, although it is not so easy when we come to think of the things themselves, A being of necessity infinite (for it includes the possible as well as the actual), and B something added to infinity. Let this pass, however. It is necessary to make a parenthetical reference to views which are supposed to be fatal to Sir W. Hamilton's doctrine of causality, although their precise bearing on the question may not be very evident to popular appreciation. It is more to the purpose to refer to another objection which Mr. Mansel has urged against Sir W. Hamilton's theory. The objection is this:—Let A and B represent cause and effect. Sir William Hamilton proves that we cannot conceive an absolute commencement of existence; therefore, the moment that we see B we are compelled to think that it existed in a previous form, which we call A. Our necessary belief in cause is the result of our inability to conceive a break in the continuity of existence. But in the idea of cause and effect there is more than can be expressed in the phrase "continuity of existence." There is change as well as continuity. If the continuity is of old, the change is something new. We cannot say that a change previously existed, for the essence of it is novelty. Therefore, in the idea of cause there is an element over and above that of continuity, which is not explained by our inability to conceive of absolute commencement. Plausible in appearance, this objection in reality is but a play upon words. In cause and effect there is, no doubt, implied change as well as continuity of existence, and we cannot say of the change that it actually existed before. But we can and do say that the elements of change existed before. We can and do say that the change previously existed in *posse*. Analyze it as we may, we still arrive at the same result. The mind of man is incapable of conceiving an absolute commencement,

and we give the name of cause to that prior existence which we are compelled to think.

Interesting as a speculation, Sir William Hamilton's theory as to the nature of cause is most interesting, on account of the practical consequences which follow from it; and most important of all, perhaps, is its application to the great controversy, which has raged through so many ages, regarding Free Will and Fixed Fate—the solution of which has certainly never before been discovered. In this strange controversy it is well known that the two opposing legions are invincible in attack, but powerless in defence. It matters not which side we take. If we accept the doctrine of Necessity, we can whip the defenders of Liberty out of the field. If we accept the doctrine of Liberty, we can drive the defenders of Necessity from their posts. On the side of Necessity it can always be shown that the will is determined by motives, and that we cannot conceive of a will which is not thus actuated. On the side of Liberty it can also be shown that the motive which caused the exertion of will must itself have had a cause, that this cause must have been an effect of something previous, and so, by incessant retrogression, we must conceive cause behind cause to all eternity—which is utterly beyond our power. The scheme of Liberty is inconceivable, and the scheme of Necessity is inconceivable. What is this but applying to existence those contradictory inconceivables which we found in time? We cannot conceive either the absolute commencement of existence, or the eternity of existence; but one or other must be true. Which is true, some authority must decide for us, the authority of our instincts, the authority of society, the authority of revelation, but we cannot object to either doctrine on the ground of its being inconceivable. In point of fact, this is the only theory which has ever been propounded that, while proving the necessity and the universality of the causal judgment, proves at the same time the possibility of freedom. Our idea of cause is simply a negation—the ne-

gation of commencement. It is the result, not of positive knowledge, but of mental impotence. An absolute commencement is inconceivable—therefore the imagination suggests an antecedent existence which may have a reality, for we distinctly conceive of it; but which, on the other hand, may not have a reality, for we are unable to conceive of eternal existence, any more than of its contradictory—absolute commencement. Therefore, while we are compelled to think a cause we can conceive between these contradictories the possibility of freedom. But according to the ordinary theories of cause, which represent our idea of it as the result of special knowledge and positive capacity, we are supposed to pronounce a universal judgment to which the freedom of the will is an unaccountable exception. If the law of cause is a universal law, and is positively seen by the mind of man to be universal, what becomes of the moral world? What prevents us from enforcing the law on the human will? Why exempt certain phenomena from the action of the law which we know to be necessary? There is no reasonable justification for asserting the privilege of mind, and, pushed to its legitimate consequences, a moral universe with a moral governor becomes an arbitrary dogma, unworthy of reason and destructive of faith.

These are controversies which it would require a volume to elucidate, and we have but lightly touched on the most salient points. Whatever be the worth of the system when fully developed, we may say at once that no one who rightly understands it can speak of it as but a new road to infidelity or as destroying itself in the very act of destroying the enemy. Those who characterize it in these terms have but a very slight acquaintance with Sir William Hamilton's logical power, which was so remarkable that his contributions to logical science, all who know his history admit, rank above those of every writer and every thinker since Aristotle. Be the system good, bad, or indifferent, at all events it is not the burlesque of reason nor the farce of faith. The author himself was profoundly con-

vinced that he had written in the interests of religion and morality, and that he had discovered the only satisfactory answer which can be rendered on philosophical grounds to those who impugn the mysteries of Christian verity—free will and free grace, evil permitted and prayer answered, the wonder of infinite united with infinite in the mystery of the Trinity, and the wonder of infinite blended with finite in the mystery of the Incarnation. Who of us failing to fathom these depths has not felt sore perplexed, and at times even tempted to imitate the wretched thinker—

“Who dropt his plummet down the broad Deep universe, and said—‘No God,’ Finding no bottom?”

In that hour of trial faith, like the dove, returns to its ark, while reason, like the raven, flits over the troubled waters still unsatisfied. Who has not pitied that dark unhappy bird, with its strong pinion and wild, distrustful nature? Who has not hoped that it might find a resting-place, if not within the ark, yet

upon it? If reason is ever to find that rest, it can only be in the acknowledgment of its weakness, the discovery of its limits, the demonstrated philosophy of ignorance. “We know in part” is a confession easily made by even the most arrogant minds, for every intellect less than that of the Most High may say the same. It is necessary to show what part of knowledge is given to us and what part is denied—where we have a right to criticise and where we have none. This is what Sir William Hamilton has demonstrated and Mr. Mansel after him has explained. They have given a definite expression and a logical form to the very wide phrase which applies equally to the understanding of a butterfly and that of an archangel—We know in part. They have given a philosophical foundation to that act of humility which leads us to the acceptance of an insoluble fact, and bids us bow our reason mute before the gloomy mystery of sin upon the conscience and the gladdening mystery of reconciliation in the Cross.

TO MY ALMA MATER.

ACADEMIA HAMPTONIENSIS.

I.

Lov'd halls, farewell! here oft I've hung
Upon the murm'ring of the “Attic Bee;”
Here Scio's blind-man to me sung
Of many a combat both on land and sea—
Of Grecian ships on stranded shore—
Of noble Greek with “hairy breast”—
Of Trojan who the steed could tame,—
ACHILLES of the haughty crest,
And AGAMEMNON, who his name
—“*Ἀνὰ δ' ἄνδρῶν*—so proudly bore.

II.

Here ÆSCHYLUS struck his sounding lyre,
And wildly sang in strains sublime to me—

Here read I as in words of fire
 The tale of fair and brave *ANTIGONE*.
 Here first I heard *EURIPIDES*
 Pour forth his sweetly-tender strain,
 With yet majestic thought in each pure line,
 And softly as the April rain
 Which patters on this roof of thine,
 Or winds that sigh thro' orange trees.

III.

Here *VIRGIL*, lavish, oped his store
 Of richest gems of thought and sang to me
 Of him who left his native shore,
 And braved the billows of the wintry sea.
 Here *HORACE*, too, poured forth his flood
 Of wisdom and of thought sublime,
 Here 'gainst the vices of his age
 His satire burned, which thro' all time
 Shall last to prove him Poet-Sage,
 And place him 'mongst the wise and good.

IV.

Here life flowed on, a happy stream,
 As rich and soft as old Falernian wine;
 Each day seem'd as a golden dream
 Dreamt by that boyish, happy heart of mine.
 Those years passed here—those sunny years!—
 Lend many a smiling, cheering ray,
 Aye! bright and soft as angel's smile,
 To cheer me on my future way
 O'er many a weary, weary mile,
 Each varied by its smiles and tears.

V.

Alma Mater! farewell to thee!
 Thou'st always been a mother true and fond,
 And won a filial love from me
 And bound me to thee with affection's bond.
Alma Mater!—ah! there is a spell
 In thy soft name, which to thy child
 Brings sweet remembrance of the Past,
 Of when I roamed so free and wild
 Thro' thy dear halls and play-grounds vast—
 To thee I bid a long farewell.

AN OLD BOY.

MENTAL TRAITS OF THE ABORIGINES.

MONDAMIN; OR, THE ORIGIN OF INDIAN CORN.

Onz was the son of a poor Indian hunter, who lived in a beautiful part of the country. The streams ran clear and sparkling from the mountains,—the wild pigeon, the omemes, flitted from tree to tree, and the deer ran through the forest. Notwithstanding this abundance of life and beauty around him, the father often failed to find game sufficient for his wants, but he never failed to be thankful to the Great Spirit for all he got. And his wigwam was known for the cheerful welcome he gave to every visitor. Though poor, in the estimation of his friends, he ever received them with a smile, and he made amends by his kind manners for what he sometimes lacked on his board. And his wife was always known for her cleanly swept fire-place.

Onz was the eldest son, and he had now reached that age, between youth and manhood, when a fast must be kept, to choose a guardian spirit. His parents had brought him up strictly to respect and worship the Great Spirit, and to be thankful for every gift, however small. They had, in this way, prepared his mind for the importance and solemnity of this fast, which is called *Ke-ig-wish-im-o-win*.

When the day arrived, he took his hatchet to build his fasting-lodge in the woods, and a little bark dish to dip drink-water, as this is the only article allowed to be taken during the fast. He walked through the forest a long distance, till he found a retired and beautiful spot on elevated grounds, where, by a few turns, he could command an extensive view of woods and waters. Here he erected his lodge of branches, built a small fire of dry sticks, and spread out his mat of rushes for a couch. Before lying down he walked about among the trees, plants and flowers, and resting himself on a high peak, fixed his gaze intensely on the moving canopy of clouds above, tinged by the rays of the setting sun, which is believed to be type of the Great Spirit, and the beautiful blue firmament around. He then returned to his lodge, and as the

shades of evening closed around laid down on his mat, having turned up one end of it in the form of a pillow by putting a few short cedar branches under it. In this way he continued his fast for several days, walking about during the day and reposing at night, till he began to grow weak from exhaustion and want of food. In this state he kept his bed altogether, and while thus reposing passed in review his prior thoughts of the goodness of the Great Spirit in creating and sustaining all things. He thought strongly on the object of his fast, and wished for a dream which might reveal to him the way of accomplishing his desires. He admired the mysterious power of the Great Master of Life in creating all animal and vegetable things; and in seeking a boon from him personally, wished, also, his fellow-foresters might be shewn an easier way of obtaining their food than by the uncertainties of the chase.

On the third day of his fast, while lying thus exhausted in his lodge gazing at the sky, he saw a handsome young man descending from the blest abodes. He was richly dressed in waving garments of light green and yellow, with nodding plumes of the same colors on his head.

"I am sent to you," he said, "by the Great Spirit, to grant your request. He knows your motives in fasting, and sees that your object is to procure a benefit for your people, and not for strength in war, or the prowess of warriors. I am sent to instruct you how you may succeed. Arise, and wrestle with me."

Onz was weak from fasting, but felt his courage rising at these words and determined to try. He immediately arose and began the proposed trial. After a protracted struggle he was nearly exhausted, when the celestial messenger, with a smiling countenance, said, "It is enough for once. I will come again to try you." So saying he ascended to the sky.

Next day the messenger re-appeared at the same hour and renewed the contest. Onz felt that his strength was even less than before, but his mind derived secret support from the presence of the visitor in proportion as his body became weaker, and he felt sustained when he heard his adversary say, "Faint not, but be strong, for this is the only way in which you can succeed." He then retired again to the blue skies.

Two days had now been given to the contest, and every day the young forester had become weaker and weaker. But on the third day the trial was again renewed. The poor youth was very faint, but as soon as he arose he appeared to be strengthened, and he determined in his mind to prevail or perish. For a long time he exerted his utmost strength. At last the celestial stranger released his hold, and the next moment he declared himself conquered. He then entered the lodge and began to deliver his instructions.

"You have won your desires," he said, "you have wrestled manfully. To-morrow will be the seventh day of your fasting. I will come and wrestle with you for the last time. You will prevail over me and throw me down. When you have done so you must strip off my garments, make the earth clean and soft by removing the roots and weeds, and bury me in it. Leave my body in the ground, go away and do not disturb it, but come occasionally to visit the place, to see whether I have come to life, and be careful never to let the grass or weeds grow on my grave. When you see me arise put fresh earth around me once a month. Teach others what I have taught you, and your people will be benefitted."

He then shook him affectionately by the hand and left him; but the next day he punctually returned at the same hour, renewed the struggle, and was thrown down as it had been predicted. Onz pulled off the garments and plumes and carefully buried the body in fresh earth, being satisfied that his friend would again come to life.

Having thus finished his fast, he returned home to his father's lodge, and partook sparingly of a meal which had been prepared for him, and told his father that he had successfully accomplished his fast. But he never for a moment forgot his friend, nor his injunctions, but carefully visited the place of burial from time to time.

Joy was depicted in the face of each member of the family after this happy announcement.

Spring had now passed away and summer was drawing to its close, when he, one day, invited his father to accompany him through the woods to the retired spot where he had undergone his fast. On reaching this place they saw, where the lodge had stood, a tall and graceful plant. Long, green leaves waved on each side of it, and from its top hung a plume of yellow, silken hair. Golden clusters of grain were revealed on the stalk. The whole waved in the gentle, warm breeze with a indescribable grace.

"It is my friend, come to life again," shouted the lad. "It is Mondamin—it is the Spirit's grain,*—the gift of the Great Spirit to mankind.

H. R. S.

Washington, May 24th, 1859.

* Such is the meaning of *Mondamin*, the Algonquin name for Indian corn.

SOCRATES AND THE PHILOSOPHY.

BY HOLT WILSON.

"The Philosopher now teaches, the Philosopher is now the latest inspired of God, though he claims no especial authority, but simply invites others to look for themselves and say if they do not see things as he has been enabled to see them. In Greece, a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle, are contemplating nature, and that greater creation, their own minds, and are teaching a purer theism, truer and more sublime doctrines of God and the relation between God and man, than are dreamt of in the temples of Jupiter and Apollo. These men, however, cannot rule the multitude, and the ideas they put forth, though extending over the cultivated minds of Greece and Rome, must wait."

"That man does not belong to our age who does not manifest an extreme reluctance to be included in the category of an idle class. * * * If he can do nothing else he writes a book. Having nothing to give but his ideas, he gives them. And say he has nothing of his own to give even here, he can disseminate amongst the many the truths of the few. By some plea he escapes the stigma of idleness".

THORNDALE.

It is refreshing to vary the monotony of daily life,—to go out of the beaten track into which privation and the invigorating necessity of, so-called, manual labor have seduced or forced our faculties and loiter upon a more joyous path. It is the intermission which the mind, like the animal life, requires. This ceaseless toil—this struggle for mere subsistence, so to speak—this diurnal grappling with the objective—form that continuity of daily existence which it is well for him who can, occasionally to break in upon. It is thus that we are enabled to resume with animation the monotonous routine of the battle of life, and, with the reinvigorated spirit which healthful variety induces, to obey with cheerfulness, in a varied form, that law of our being which renders humanity essentially dynamical. Without then ignoring the so-called mental demands of the present let us place them for a brief space in abeyance and occupy ourself with a theme and upon characters whose contemplation we may hope will not be wholly uninteresting or unprofitable.

In proportion to its world-wide renown, Attica, as it appears to us upon the ancient map, is the smallest spot upon the globe. It extends from Mount Parnes on the North to the promontory of Sunium which forms its Southern extremity. The land of Bœtia, more favored in its soil, and Magara, are spread out upon its

Northern and extreme North-western borders. Its coasts are washed on the East, the West and the South, by the Saronic Gulf, the Ægean Sea, and that portion of the latter called the Myrtoan, to the South of Argolis and Attica, with the group of the Cyclades, Andros, Tenos, Mycoros, Naxos and Amargos, to the Southward and Eastward. The narrow Ægean separates it from Asia Minor, the Mediterranean from Egypt and Africa, the Peloponnesus and the Adriatic and Ionian Seas from Italy. Its triangular shape, with its southernmost headland, and the little island of Helene on its South-eastern border, present a resemblance in miniature of the Eastern and Western coasts of Africa with its bold Southern Cape and the contiguous island of Madagascar. This little territory, not a hundred miles in length, and scarce forty in breadth, was a land meagre in its soil though prolific in intellect. To its physical characteristics, as indeed to those of all Greece, as well as to other causes, may be traced the development of the character of its people and the manifestation of that active spirit which delighted in surmounting obstacles, encountering difficulties and grappling with physical and mental opposition. It has been supposed that owing to her comparative sterility, Attica, in earlier ages, maintained a more quiet existence than was enjoyed by her more physically attractive neighbors.

In this, if it be true, may be found an additional reason for her superior advancement, her more brilliant position and her intellectual supremacy. It was, however, more likely owing to the physical environment of Greece, with other peculiar influences, rather than to what is called the Tutoic-Plasgo-Celtic origin of her people, that her advancement, as that of every people, is to be traced; for, the diversities of conduct and character are rather due to the effect of physical, social and moral influences, on the human mind and organism, than to any inherent, original, natural differences.*

It has been said there never was a time when human reason was so acute and profound—when there were such opportunities of seeing it laid bare in all its evil forms—and, therefore, when good and great minds were roused to grapple with it with such vigorous and noble exertions, as in the age of Plato and Aristotle. Greece, says our authority, was a lazarus-house of morals; and one effect it produced was to raise up the noblest minds to wrestle with the plague. No ethical speculator since has ever approached to their excellence or so near to the system of the Gospel. In the east, the light of God's primitive revelations was kept alive; lingering on like the long twilight in northern skies, while on all the rest of the earth, and especially on Greece, a thick darkness fell down, and men were compelled to walk by a light which they kindled for themselves. And, yet, how little this light could serve them, may be learnt from the fact, that, Plato, who, of all the Greeks, approached nearest to the truth, traces the chief part of his knowledge from the east and oriental traditions—that, Aristotle wanders wrong as soon as he deserts the instructions of his master Plato—and that, almost all that is good, either in Grecian poetry or Grecian science, may be traced to the East as to a root†. And yet, notwithstanding the captivation of this eloquent statement, it has been questioned

if Plato ever visited Egypt. It is said there is no good evidence for the supposed travels in Egypt of the earlier Greeks.‡ And as to its civilization, though grossly exaggerated, it formed a striking contrast to the barbarism of the other nations of Africa, none of which, we are told, has been able to work out its own progress or emerge in any degree from the ignorance to which the penury of nature has doomed them.¶ The same authority informs us that science, properly so called, the Egyptians had none—and as to their wisdom, it was considerable enough to distinguish them from barbarous nations like the old Hebrews, but it was inferior to that of the Greeks, and it was of course immeasurably below that of Modern Europe.§ But in this history of the past we likewise read of another sage. Deriving his pedigree from what the foolishness, the vanity or the custom of man calls, "low origin," he came to be a teacher of his fellows—and among them his very life may be said to have been spent and poured out in endeavors to instil those principles and modes of thought by which he conceived truth was evolved and the daily walk of man ought to be regulated. It is meet that we, who profess an interest in this history of the past, which contains in part a record of the thoughts and actions of individuals as well as examples alluring our wayward humanity, should revert for a brief space to this Philosopher, and cherish the character of one so elevated in sentiment, so sublime in thought and so pure and irreproachable in life. Though pronounced by Delphos the wisest of men—though bringing down philosophy from Heaven, as said Cicero, making her one of the Lares and Penates, so to speak—causing her to dwell among men—he, yet, professed to know nothing, feeling, doubtless, that, like the Philosopher of a later age, he had been but gathering the pebbles upon the sea-shore, while a vast and boundless ocean of facts and principles lay extend-

* Buckle's *His. of Civilization in England*. † Sewell's *Christian Morals*. ‡ Buckle.

¶ *Id.* § *Id.* note, page 36.

ed and unexplored before him. Among the great minds of Greece, those free-thinkers of antiquity, Socrates stands justly eminent. His history, while it entertains and instructs, is mingled with sadness. Circumstances early compelled him to labor with his own hands in order to obtain the means of daily subsistence. It was this early necessity which no doubt exercised a beneficial influence upon his modes of thought and tended in its bias to form and regulate his estimate of the good. Privation is calculated to induce a subjective tone to thought. The mind, in such case, instead of wandering abroad upon the vast domain of the objective world in search of objects of contemplation exterior to itself, turns within, ponders upon the problem of existence and employs itself in endeavors to solve the mysterious antagonisms by which it is surrounded and opposed. Thus his thoughts seem to have been employed in a contemplation of the practical rather than the dreamy or merely speculative, and to have forced upon him the necessity which he seems to have felt of devoting his very life to the moral melioration and intellectual improvement of his contemporaries. He seems to have placed a comparatively low estimate upon the value or importance of a solution of what are termed nice questions, in which he discovered no practical good to mankind; but, on the contrary, which tended merely to an exercise of the wit, the imagination or the ingenuity of the vain and curious rather than to the evolutions or exemplification of principles, designed to act as the mainsprings of virtuous action, and the production of human happiness. His reveries and contemplations seem to have confined themselves to a consideration of the true elevation of man,—including within their range not only right thinking, but right acting. Hence he discarded from his teachings the consideration of most, if not all, the merely speculative dogmas of the schools, which did not have for their

end and their aim the regulation of the conduct of the individual in strict conformity with the principles and precepts of a pure morality. "The Socratic dialectics, clearing away from the mind its fancied knowledge and laying bare the real ignorance, produced an immediate effect, like the touch of the torpedo. The newly created consciousness was alike unexpected, painful and humiliating,—a season of doubt and discomfort, yet combined with an internal working and yearning after truth, never before experienced. Such intellectual quickening, which could never commence until the mind had been disabused of its original illusion of false knowledge, was considered by Socrates not merely as the index and precursor, but as the indispensable condition of future progress."*

It is not our purpose to notice even, the various schools of Grecian Philosophy. It is barely to allude to its two-fold general character—by which we mean its physical or objective, and its ethical and intellectual or subjective features.

We learn from the history of Greece that the philosophers of that fair and renowned land may be regarded as ranging themselves into two great classes.† One of these occupied itself chiefly in speculations relative to the outward world or employed itself with the objective. The other was engaged in contemplating the workings and convictions of the inner or unseen, the subjective—in fine, with man, the microcosm. The first may be regarded as the physicoists or physical school. The second, the mental, moral or ethical.

Democritus may be regarded as a prominent representative of the so-called physical school, and, it is said, originated what we understand as the atomic philosophy. He regarded the world as made up of atoms and held that all natural, outward or objective phenomena were the results of the positions or motions of these atoms or particles of matter.

He advanced the dogma that thought

* Grote's *His. of Greece* cited by Buckle.

† *His. of Greece* by So: for Diff. of Useful Knowledge.

itself and sensation were modifications of matter and motion. Such a view, it will be remembered, is opposed to that of the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne, that is, as it is properly estimated. This divine, in his celebrated Treatise on the Principles of Human Knowledge, contended there was no matter—that is, in its sense as used by the philosophy which he was opposing—for he really maintained the reality of things*—and of which Lord Byron said—

“When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter,
And proved it—’twas no matter what he said.”

But perhaps Punch’s so-called short act to Metaphysics will be deemed the wittyest, who asks, and solves the matter thus—

“What is matter—never mind.
What is mind—no matter.”

Democritus was not only an atheist, but he asserted there was no such existence as spirit or spiritual being—a doctrine thoroughly antagonistic to that held by the rappers and table-turners of the present generation. Chance, as opposed to cause, with this materialist, governed all things. He held that the harmony and order of the world’s system were the results of infinite combinations of his moving atoms. Hence he rejected the dogma—there is no such agent as chance—which, indeed, is but a name for a cause untraceable. He, says our authority, who can conceive of thought as a modification of matter, is prepared to admit all this ancient materialist’s speculations, and to accept the dogma that mere matter is cogitative.† Mr. Lewes thinks his atomism has not been sufficiently appreciated as a speculation, being one of the profoundest yet reached by human subtlety.‡ Pythagoras has been cited as a specimen of the ethical or theological

school, though his philosophy is not exclusively so.¶ His followers have been regarded by some as cosmogonists and as engaging themselves on questions not purely or exclusively of an ethical character. Such, for instance, as “What is the animating and creative principle of every thing we see? What are the ultimate atoms of all things which are made? Why is change effected, and what is it in itself? And to what do they ultimately lead?” and such like, which range far wider into the objective than a consideration of ethical questions would extend. The Pythagoreans, Mr. Blakey states, came forward as cosmogonists. They embraced the totality of all things, physical and spiritual. The philosophic problems they sought to solve were of the most profound and gigantic character. They called to their aid the ideal appliances of number, mathematical ideas and musical harmonies. It was maintained, that all mental operations, and matters constituting what was termed truth, were grounded on certain relations or combinations of numbers and harmony.¶ His system, like that of Socrates, if it may be called a system, was purer and more exalted than the prevalent notions of the multitude,—who compose the more ignorant portion,—by whom they were surrounded. It has been supposed, because of its purity, that Pythagoras, during his so-called Egyptian travels, acquired hints of primitive tradition. Indeed, it has been asserted, that both heathen and christian ethics are based on a revelation from God.** It is said, it was in Egypt that Pythagoras learned some of the arts practiced by a corrupt clergy. This philosopher has been regarded by some as aiming to teach, enlighten and elevate only the privileged few,†† and if so, by consequence to keep in Egyptian darkness the many who compose the base of the social pyramid upon which the superstructure of society rests.‡‡ Of all dee-

* Lewes’s Biog: His. of Phil. † Bp: Thirlwall. ‡ Lewes’s Biographical His. of Ph.
¶ His. of Greece. So. for Diff: of Useful Knowledge. § Blakey’s His. of Logic. ¶ Bla-
key’s His. of Logic. ** Sewell’s Christian Morals. †† So: for Diff. of U. K. ‡‡ Sewell.

potisms, the sacerdotal is the most desolating; both its ends and means being the direct subjection of the mind.* By a deep law of nature which decrees the inviolability of the human soul, the moment the mind is invaded, it ceases to be a treasure.† And, in this connection, a lecturer on civilization says, that in Italy you will see a man breaking up his land with two cows, and the root of a tree for a plough—and that in Rome, Vienna, and Dresden, if you hire a man to saw wood, he does not bring a horse along with him,—he never had one, nor his father before him. He puts one end of the saw on the ground and the other on his breast, and takes the stick of wood in his hands and rubs it against the saw.‡ Such are some of the effects of not educating the masses—a system of more lovers of wisdom than the philosopher of Samos—if he, indeed, be obnoxious to the charge. His science and skill were absurdly exaggerated,|| and fable enshrines the tales of him as wonders.§ That he derived all his learning and philosophy from the east is questioned.¶ The Pythagoreans clothed their dogmas in the language of symbols, not intelligible to the blind and groping entered apprentice. We are told that it was a difficult matter to attain membership in the school of Pythagoras. What was adapted to the practical was only made known to the novice—this was deemed enough for him to know. He was regarded as not yet ripe enough, not sufficiently disciplined to receive the strong meat dealt out to the more advanced fellow-craft. Milk was at first to be the diet of the babe. But to the advanced disciple alone, or fellow-craft, or master, or true Pythagorean, the principles, which formed the springs of the practical, were discovered and unfolded. Such a mode, whatever may be objected to it, seems, nevertheless, in accordance with reason and in harmony with natural order. We are necessarily compelled to teach first

the rudiments of every branch of knowledge and to advance from a lower to a higher and more extended range. The novitiate must receive upon the authority of the teacher the doctrines which are taught him, and first learn to practice entirely without or upon principles which he does not fully comprehend. The child must learn to obey without stopping to attempt to comprehend the rationale of the parent's command, which, if told him, he could not comprehend. Such a step-by-step course—such a paulatim process—is in analogy, with what we may presume to have been the process of the laws impressed upon matter by the creative mind in the formation of the objective world—which from chaos gradually assumed shape and form. The earth, we are taught to believe, was without form and void. Not until the fourth day—not until a progressive development from a shapeless mass, did this beautiful earth, and perchance, the sublime system with which it is connected, move suspended in space, forming a part of that wonderful harmony and concord which has been said to constitute the music or harmony of the spheres.** And, as in the physical, so in the animal creation. The first man was made a living soul. The second was a quickening spirit. The order is deep rooted in the nature of man himself. We strive to rise from a lower to a higher state or position. In accordance with the very constitution of our being we are irresistibly impelled to a grasping forward and upward to the unattained—striving ever—struggling ever. That which we reach and attain, however, proves unsatisfying. It acts as a new-acquired stimulus, urging us on to still higher, more exalted, more desirable, and yet, unexperienced acquisitions. Thus, it is, possession, mere possession, becomes insipid, unsatisfying to the human soul. It yet cries, give—give. And hence it is, acquisition is full of delight.†† And yet, after all, the thirst remains un-

* Calvert, a descendant of Lord Baltimore. † Id. ‡ Phillips. § Lewes. ¶ Id. ¶ Id.

** The celebrated theory of Pythagoras. See Lewes's *Biog: His. of Phil.*, p. 31.

†† Sowell.

slaked—for, still some phantom lures—

"Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same—

Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst,
For all are meteors with a different name,
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame."

If we are to credit what are regarded by some as fables, the Samian was not content to avail himself of his superior attainments to impress the multitude with a sense of his elevation and importance. He is charged with having resorted to those means which are rather practiced by the mere juggler than availed of by the lover of wisdom. It is related or fabled of him, that "to gain universal belief of his doctrine of metempsychosis he pretended to have formerly passed for the son of Mercury. He asserted he was once an inhabitant of a fisherman. He visited the infernal regions and saw Herod chained to a pillar, and Homer suspended from a tree surrounded by serpents for the lies he had told about the gods. He at one time buried himself in a cavern which he had formed in the earth, and after a year came out and told the people that he had been to the infernal regions, and in order to gain credence to his fiction, he related all that had happened during his absence, which had been written by some one for him exactly as the events had occurred during his subterranean abode.* He was highly venerated by his disciples—so much so, that when they wished to prove any assertion, they conceived it placed beyond doubt if they could support it with an *autos ephe*, or "he said it." We had his esoteric and exoteric philosophy—his private and public dogmas. It was the peculiar privilege of the esoteric members—who were the genuine disciples—to receive a full explanation of the whole doctrine of Pythagoras. To others it was delivered in brief precepts and dogmas under the concealment of symbols. The exoteric

members were taught after the Egyptian manner—by images and symbols, which, our authority remarks, must have been exceedingly obscure to those who were not initiated into the mysteries of the school.† They who were admitted to this privilege were trained from their first admission to observe invariable silence with respect to the recondite doctrines of their master. That his wisdom might not pass into the ears of the vulgar, we are told, they committed it chiefly to memory, and when they found it necessary to make use of writing, they were careful not to suffer their minutes to pass beyond the limits of their school.‡ Masons, looking to the purity of the principles inculcated in the school of this Grecian sage, to the peculiar character of his ceremonies, the great respect he paid to the science of geometry, hail him as an ancient brother: and there is no doubt his mysteries were the most perfect approximation to the original science of Vice-masonry.¶ We are indebted to Pythagoras for several remarkable discoveries in geometry, music and astronomy.‡

Mr. Lewes states of his system, that there is more in the whole course of the history of philosophy more difficult to seize and represent accurately, and referring the reader to that history for the position it occupies, we shall now turn to Socrates. Instead of rendering access to his teachings difficult to attain, all, from the least to the greatest, might learn of him without money and without price. He made it a principle to refuse to accept any remuneration. His teachings were free to all. He had no esoteric doctrines for the few and privileged. While professing to know nothing, he was wise and pure,—“Athena's wisest son.” He had almost entirely neglected the pursuit of physical science, and had employed himself almost exclusively in the study of Ethics—in determining what were the proper conceptions of right and wrong, and what course of conduct was most conducive to the hap-

* Enfield's His. of Ph.

† Id.

‡ Enfield.

¶ Mackey's Let.

\$ Bp. Thirlwall.

piness of man—the great and prime end, after all, of his earthly pursuits. The questions which absorbed his contemplations were of that practical character to which allusion has been made, which concerned man's happiness. Such as—What is piety? What is impiety? What is the honourable? What is the base? What is the just? What the unjust? What is temperate or unsound mind? What is the character fit for a citizen? What is authority over men?*

He was absorbed in what regarded the life of the individual rather than in consideration of matter and the objective world. His reveries related to the government of the conduct of the microcosm rather than to the constituent elements of the cosmos and the laws by which it was governed. His mind had strided into its intellectual epoch. He took ground against atheism and the mere materialist, and maintained against the fool that there was a God—that the soul of man existed after the unwinding of this mortal coil. In his philosophy, truth—the truth—was the end and aim of his pursuit. That which he could not explain or fathom by the plummet of finity, and which his age was in the rear of, he did not, therefore, deny or reject, but suffered it to remain as he found it, subject to any future ray which might be subsequently shed over its mysterious and profound depth by the light of future development or investigation. Temperance, benevolence, piety, justice—these with him were the things that were needful. Great in his dogmas, he was great in his mode or method of elucidating them. The Socratic method was not only a mode of argumentation; it included a life-acting principle. As was his demeanor as a private citizen, so was his conduct in these public positions to which he was called. He manifested the same sense of justice, the same unswerving adherence to the laws that he professed, taught and practiced in his life, as in his death. There are two instances which may be referred to in which his name prominently appears in the history of Athens. He refused to impeach the six

generals who were accused of having neglected those who were killed or wrecked at the famous battle of Arginusæ. Deeming the mode of procedure against them illegal, he boldly voted against their execution. The other occasion was during the reign of the thirty when Socrates was commanded, as we read, together with others, to seize and bring to Athens Leon of Salamis, a man represented as blameless in life but of large possessions, which, it is said, was not only a sufficient crime of itself in the estimation of his persecutors, but acted as a strong stimulus to their avarice. Socrates refused to obey, fearless of all personal consequences. Thus his actions were the results of his principles and philosophy, one of the prominent dogmas of which was, that "no outward violence could render the virtuous man criminal or really unhappy." But although his poverty was, perhaps, the cause of his safety in this case, his death was finally compassed. This was effected after the downfall of the thirty, whose tyranny and oppression he so fearlessly resisted and despised. He became obnoxious to the Sophists. Indeed, it was perhaps to their malevolence that his persecution and death may be traced. In Greece, as in all popular governments, eloquence was the mighty lever by aid of which the political aspirant became elevated to the highest positions in the gift of the people. It formed, indeed, an essential element in the character of him who aimed to attain prominence and power. In our own land its power is felt and acknowledged. The Sophists professed to teach this art by which, not only was power and prominence in the State to be obtained, but wealth also. They professed to teach the art of advocating each side of a question regardless of the justice of either. They ignored truth whenever it opposed itself as a barrier to success. The Athenian people were passionately fond of controversy. They delighted to oppose one antagonistic principle to another purely for sake of argument or disputation. In this view

* Blakey's *His. of Logic*.

they were not unlike the individual of whom Sidney Smith speaks, who was so fond of disputation, that he would not hesitate to get up out of his bed at midnight, put his head out of the window and contradict the watchman who was crying the hour. The tendency of the sophistical school was to retard the progress of truth. As characterized by an English writer, "theirs was a narrow and contracted theory of the abstract value and nature of truth. Its aim was to show that the worse was the better reason. For teaching this they charged and received large fees. It was declamation without knowledge, subtlety without comprehension, paradoxical without ingenuity, a display of the form without the essence of reasoning, a fruitless and barren exercise of the noblest powers of the intellect, undertaken, not for the high and noble purpose of extending, but checking the progress of sound knowledge and truth among mankind."* Such a training, it has been thought, induced skepticism—for, by disregarding truth as a thing nothing-worthy, they became doubters.† To this point we shall have occasion to refer hereafter. Protagoras, an eminent one among them, is said to have held that knowledge was mere opinion or sense. To Pilate's interrogatory he doubtless would have replied, truth is that which each individual believes to be so. Just as is the vulgar notion of the theory of the Bishop of Cloyne, regarding the term matter as popularly understood, that which is seen—not in its philosophical sense, a substance, substans, lying under phenomena—matter only exists when there is a mind to perceive it, nothing exists but what is perceived, or, it has no objective existence independent of mind. So, in like manner, knowledge or truth, according to Protagoras, was that only which was perceived by the individual—or, that which each believed to be true was true. Hence, whatever he did not believe to be so was not true. So that truth was made to have no objective, independent existence; it was not an

outward standard, but was made to depend upon what has been called the unstable and shifting quicksand of individual belief.‡ A manifest absurdity—for, opposite and antagonistic assertions might be and are believed by different individuals. But truth is objective. It is outside of man. Its existence is independent of man's conception of it. This is so both in physics and morals. To be assimilated it must be brought by man within the realm and range of his subjectivity. It is to him an objective rule, a standard of measurement exterior to him; a law both in the physical and moral world to which man's subjective notions of it must be made to conform, and by which his belief and notions and conceptions of it must be measured as by an authorized and prescribed standard. Like the definition of law, it may be said to prescribe what is right and prohibit what is wrong. The Bible, the Bible—proclaimed Chillingworth—is the religion of Protestants. True. But the Bible is not the leather, the paper and the ink of which its external form is made up—these may be regarded as its accidents. Its meaning constitutes its essence. It is the truth of the Bible which is really the Bible. This meaning—this truth—is a unity; but individual opinion, individual conception, have made it a plurality. But it is said, as Plato said, whatever appears true to the individual mind is true to it. If this be so, how are we to view the doctrine of the Christian metaphysician? In his sublime enunciation of the doctrine of the resurrection, St. Paul startlingly proclaims, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain."—As if he had said, if it be not a truth existent and objective, independent of individual belief and conception, that Christ has been really and objectively raised from the dead, no belief of yours, no subjective notion of yours, that he has been so raised from the dead can be of any benefit to you whatever—"your faith is vain," your belief is in an untruth, an unreality; it is no truth; it has no ob-

* Blake's *His. of Logic*:

† Bp. Thirlwall.

‡ Sewell.

jective existence; it is a mere fancy, and notwithstanding your sincerity in entertaining such a belief, "you are," nevertheless, "yet in your sins;" and all those who have died, "fallen asleep," entertaining such a notion, "have perished." And so conversely. If Christ has been raised, no disbelief of individualism can effect in any manner the objective truth. It remains independent; and in order to your benefit, it must be embraced—become assimilated. What is the objective must become and be made by you your subjective. When, therefore, we heed the cry, "the Bible, the Bible," in which cry is contained the unlimited right and supremacy of the theory of private judgment and of individualism, it may be well to bear in mind that, after all, the Bible is the truth of the Bible, and that although this truth is not even dualistic, yet the principle of individualism has caused to spring up a multitude of pluralities, each claiming to have hold of truth, conflicting and antagonistic as such pluralities. Thus it was with the Sophists—what each believed to be the truth was the truth. "Matter," said Protagoras, "in itself might be whatever it appeared to each. All that is perceived by man exists—that which is perceived by no man does not exist. If one opinion was as true as another, argued Protagoras, that is, if neither were true, it was nevertheless desirable for the sake of society that certain opinions should prevail; and if Logic was powerless, Rhetoric was efficient. And yet, Protagoras was a teacher of excellent morality, if not of the highest abstract views of the good."* The denial, however, of abstract Truth and abstract Justice, though liable to be pushed to immoral consequences, it is said, so far as such consequences were involved, was not maintained by the Sophists.† It was against the skepticism of the Sophists, and their dogmas that Socrates and St. Paul contended.

We have noticed what has been said of doubt—that a disregard of truth leads

to doubt, so doubt or skepticism leads to looseness of life or morals?‡ Does not a regard for truth lead to doubt or skepticism, and is it not a disregard of truth that leads to looseness of life or morals? Is it not by doubting that we are led to examination in order that the mind instead of being at two, in a dualistic state with itself, may be finally brought to that oneness of condition which may be said to be its state of content? Has it not been by questioning, by doubt, by skepticism, that the falsity of long received opinions has been exposed, old errors exploded, and thus new additions made to the general fund of knowledge?

"This feeling of hesitation and of suspended judgment has in every department of thought been the invariable preliminary to all the intellectual revolutions through which the human mind has passed; and without it there could be no progress, no change, no civilization. In physics it is the necessary precursor of science; in politics, of liberty; in theology, of toleration."§ It was a disregard of truth which rendered Commodus and Elagabalus indifferent, not skeptical or doubtful, as to the Christian religion. They cared not whether truth or error prevailed.¶ It was a regard for truth, as they conceived it, and which made them honest and zealous in contending for it and its prevalence, that St. Paul, and Julian, and Aurelius, were bitter persecutors.¶ Had the good Aurelius been more doubtful, more skeptical as to the truth of his own subjective convictions, he might have been led to make that examination which might have resulted in altering his ideas of the truth. The disregard of truth in Commodus and Elagabalus, though accompanied by looseness of life and morals, did not lead to doubt or skepticism, but was the effect of indifference. In the opinion of the Bishop of St. David's the precepts and principles of the Sophists favoured the natural propensities. So that each man's opinion being the standard or measure of truth, inclination became the

* Lewes. † Id. ‡ Thirlwall. § Buckle, note, p. 258. ¶ Id, p. 133.

¶ Buckle, p. 134.

standard or measure of good.* It may be readily conceived how strenuous, bold and uncompromising would be the opposition to such a system of a lover of truth like Socrates. And he did oppose it. "Whilst the brilliant Sophists were reaping money and renown by protesting against philosophy, and teaching the word-jugglery which they called Disputation and Oratory, there suddenly appeared among them a strange antagonist. He was a perfect contrast to them. They had alighted Truth; they had denied her. He had made her his soul's mistress; and, with patient labour, with untiring energy, did his large, wise soul toil after perfect communion with her. They had deserted Truth for Money and Renown. He had remained constant to her in poverty. They professed to teach everything. He only knew that he knew nothing; and denied that anything could be taught. Yet he believed that he could be of service to his fellow-men, not by teaching, but by helping them to learn. His mission was to examine the thoughts of others. What his mother did for women he could do for men. He was an accoucher of ideas."† An "intellectual obstetrician."‡

The mode of argumentation introduced by Socrates has acquired for it the distinctive name of the Socratic Method. According to Schwegler, the result of the Socratic Method was to lead the subject to know that he knew nothing. This was the negative result, so-called. Its positive side, we are told, resulted from his assiduous questioning, by his interrogatory dissection of the notions of him with whom he might be conversing, whence he knew how to elicit a thought of which he had hitherto been unconscious—and how to help him to a new thought.§ And this method, its positive side, is the so-called art of intellectual obstetrics—helping a man to deliver himself of a thought. This was his position, rather to help others to bring forth thoughts than to produce them himself—and, also, because he took upon himself to distinguish the

birth of an empty thought—a thought without life and still-born, as it were, from one, rich in its content, that is, we presume, its capacity and fullness or completeness.¶

It is clear to the least reflecting, that in order to gain the ear and confidence of him whom we wish to convince, it is wise to gain his good will. We must divest the hearer of all suspicion as to our motives and impress him with the idea and truth that we desire to convince him, in order to his own building up. By the questions which Socrates propounded, the listener was led, as it were, imperceptibly to the admissions designed. We select out of the *Memorabilia*, a characteristic specimen which exhibits this method. Glaucon was a young Athenian who desired to enter into public life. Owing to his youth, inexperience and incapacity, his relations and friends wished to dissuade him from the notion he had conceived, and had perhaps expressed this desire to Socrates, who "meeting him by chance first stopped by addressing him as follows, that he might be willing to listen to him.

Glaucon, have you formed an intention to govern the state for us?

I have, Socrates, replied Glaucon.

By Jupiter, rejoined Socrates, it is an honorable office, if any other among men be so; for it is certain that, if you attain your object, you will be able yourself to secure whatever you may desire, and will be in a condition to benefit your friends; you will raise your father's house and increase the power of your country; you will be celebrated, first of all in your own city, and afterwards, throughout Greece, and perhaps also, like Themistocles, among the Barbarians; and wherever you may be, you will be an object of general admiration.

Glaucon, hearing this, was highly elated, and cheerfully stayed to listen. Socrates next proceeded to say—

But it is plain, Glaucon, that if you wish to be honored, you must benefit the State. Certainly, answered Glaucon.

Then in the name of the gods, said

* Bp. Thirlwall.

† Lewes.

‡ Schwegler.

§ Id.

¶ Schwegler.

Socrates, do not hide from us how you intend to act, but inform us with what proceeding you will begin to benefit the State?

But as Glaucon was silent, as if just considering how he should begin, Socrates said, as if you wished to aggrandize the family of a friend, you would endeavor to make it richer, tell me whether you will in like manner also endeavor to make the State richer?

Assuredly, said he.

Would it then be richer, if its revenues were increased?

That is at least probable, said Glaucon.

Tell me then, proceeded Socrates, from what the revenues of the State arise, and what is their amount: for you have doubtless considered, in order that if any of them fall short, you may make up the deficiency, and that if any of them fail, you may procure fresh supplies.

These matters, by Jupiter, replied Glaucon, I have not considered.

Well then, said Socrates, if you have omitted to consider this point, tell me at least the annual expenditure of the State; for you undoubtedly mean to retrench whatever is superfluous in it.

Indeed, replied Glaucon, I have not yet had time to turn my attention to that subject.

We will, therefore, said Socrates, put off making our State richer for the present; for how is it possible for him who is ignorant of its expenditure and its income to manage those matters?

But, Socrates, observed Glaucon, it is possible to enrich the State at the expense of our enemies.

Extremely possible indeed, replied Socrates, if we be stronger than they; but if we be weaker, we may lose all that we have.

What you say is true, said Glaucon.

Accordingly, said Socrates, he who deliberates with whom he shall go to war, ought to know the force both of his own country and of the enemy, so that, if that of his own country be superior to that of the enemy, he may advise it to enter upon the war, but, if inferior, may persuade it to be cautious of doing so.

You say rightly, said Glaucon.

In the first place, then, proceeded Socrates, tell us the strength of the country by land and sea, and next that of the enemy.

But, by Jupiter, exclaimed Glaucon, I should not be able to tell you on the moment, and at a word.

Well, then, if you have it written down, said Socrates, bring it, for I should be extremely glad to hear what it is.

But to say the truth, replied Glaucon, I have not yet written it down.

We will therefore put off considering about war for the present, said Socrates, for it is very likely that, on account of the magnitude of those subjects, and as you are just commencing your administration, you have not yet examined into them. But to the defence of the country, I am quite sure you have directed your attention, and that you know how many garrisons are in advantageous positions, and how many not so, what number of men would be sufficient to maintain them, and what number would be insufficient, and that you will advise your countrymen to make the garrisons and advantageous positions stronger, and to remove the useless ones.

By Jove, replied Glaucon, I shall recommend them to remove them all, as they keep guard so negligently, that the property is secretly carried off out of the country.

Yet, if we remove the garrisons, said Socrates, do you not think that liberty will be given to any body that pleases to pillage? But, added he, have you gone personally and examined as to this fact, or how do you know that the garrisons conduct themselves with such negligence?

I form my conjectures, said he.

Well then, inquired Socrates, shall we settle about these matters also, when we no longer rest upon conjecture, but have obtained certain knowledge?

Perhaps that, said Glaucon, will be the better course.

To the silver mines, however, said Socrates, I know that you have not gone, so as to have the means of telling us why a smaller revenue is derived from them than came in some time ago.

I have not gone thither, said he.

Indeed the place, said Socrates, is said to be unhealthy, so that, when it is necessary to bring it under consideration, this will be a sufficient excuse for you.

You jest with me, said Glaucon.

I am sure, however, proceeded Socrates, that you have not neglected to consider, but have calculated, how long the corn, which is produced in the country, will suffice to maintain the city, and how much it requires for the year, in order that the city may not suffer from scarcity unknown to you, but that from your own knowledge, you may be able, by giving your advice concerning the necessities of life, to support the city and preserve it.

You propose a vast field for me, observed Glaucon, if it will be necessary for me to attend to such subjects.

Nevertheless, proceeded Socrates, a man cannot order his house properly, unless he ascertains all that it requires, and takes care to supply it with every thing necessary; but since the city consists of more than ten thousand houses, and since it is difficult to provide for so many at once, how is it that you have not tried to aid one first of all, suppose that of your uncle, for it stands in need of help? If you be able to assist that one, you may proceed to assist more; but if you be unable to benefit one, how will you be able to benefit many? Just as it is plain that, if a man cannot carry the weight of a talent, he need not attempt to carry a greater weight.

But I would improve my uncle's house, said Glaucon, if he would but be persuaded by me.

And then, resumed Socrates, when you cannot persuade your uncle, do you expect to make all the Athenians, together with your uncle, yield to your arguments? Take care, Glaucon, lest while you are eager to acquire glory, you meet with the reverse of it. Do you not see how dangerous it is for a person to speak of, or undertake, what he does not understand? Contemplate, among other men, such as you know to be characters that plainly talk of, and attempt to do, what they do not know, and consider whether they appear to you, by such conduct, to obtain more applause or censure, whether they

seem to be more admired or despised? Contemplate, again, those who have some understanding of what they say and do, and you will find, I think, in all transactions, that such as we praised and admired are of the number of those who have most knowledge, and that those who incur censure and neglect are among those that have least. If therefore you desire to gain esteem and reputation in your country, endeavor to succeed in gaining a knowledge of what you wish to do; for if, when you excel others in this qualification, you proceed to manage the affairs of the State, I shall not wonder if you very easily obtain what you desire.

In Eutyphron, or of Holiness, one of the so-called divine dialogues of Plato, Socrates, as is usual, is one of the interlocutors. In it the superstition of the Athenians and the plurality of gods are attacked in the hope, as is said, of bringing them to acknowledge the one God. They were a people opposed to innovation, and, it will be remembered, charged St. Paul with being a setter-forth of strange gods. Aristophanes, in his Comedy of the Clouds, had represented Socrates suspended in a basket, giving out that he walked upon the winds. The philosopher was also represented as encouraging parental disobedience, together with other false and unfounded charges. Socrates, it is reported, preferred Euripides to Aristophanes, and it has been suggested that the jealousy of the latter was stimulated to compose his Comedy. It is said to have no small influence upon the Athenian mind and induced acquiescence in the charges against the philosopher. The charge of corrupting the Athenian youth was attempted to be sustained by reference to the characters of Alcibiades and Critias, who had been his pupils, and the latter of whom is represented to have been one of the most cruel and unpromising of the thirty.

Socrates disdained to follow the prevalent custom of appealing to his judges, and refused to avail himself of those means of moving them, which had been resorted to on such occasions by those charged with capital offences. He held,

we read, that "a prisoner arraigned ought not to make it his business to raise the pity of the judge—for a judge, said he, is not placed on the bench to oblige people by a violation of the laws, but to do justice pursuant to them. He swears to this purpose and his oath ought to be inviolable. An honest man should not solicit his judge to be guilty of perjury, and a judge should not suffer himself to be inveigled: else two innocent persons will become two criminals." Such were the principles by which he was governed in this most critical period of his life—and such was the character of his defence. A perfect model, says Montaigne, of the conduct of an honest man in all the conditions of life—and especially of the manner how a person unjustly accused ought to defend himself. After citing a passage from his *Apology*, Montaigne continues, "Is not this innocent, true, frank and infantile pleading, of an unimaginable loftiness and just beyond all example. Should a suppliant voice have been heard out of the mouth of Socrates? that lofty virtue have struck sail in the height of its glory? and his rich and powerful nature have committed his defence to art—and, in her highest proof, have renounced truth and simplicity, the ornaments of his speaking, to adorn and deck itself with the embellishments of figures and equivocations of premeditated speech? He did very wisely and like himself, not to corrupt the tenor of an incorrupt life and so sacred an image of human form—to spin out his decrepitude—the poor eking of a year, and to betray the immortal memory of that glorious end. He owed his life not to himself, but to the example of the world." So wrote Montaigne. But no effect was produced upon his judges. He was condemned to death. He resolutely refused to avail himself of the means of escape proffered by his friends, choosing rather to submit to the sentence passed against him, and thus to manifest his obedience to the laws, by firmly undergoing their penalty. The last morning of his life he passed in rea-

soning with his friends on the immortality of the soul and the happiness which results from a virtuous life. This has been preserved to us by Plato in his *Phædon*. He then took the cup, and in the seventieth year of his age passed away.

Such was the end of Socrates. We care not to notice the apparent inconsistency of ordering a sacrifice to Esculapius. He doubtless knew that the sublime conceptions he entertained were too far in advance of the age in which he lived or of the people among whom he moved, to gain an entrance into the mind of the multitude. And, he may have conceived that the prevalent religion was better than none—or, that, even superstition, or a plurality of gods, was preferable to cold, stern, rigid, unhumanizing Atheism. There was a religion—and, as such, had its forms and ceremonies—its outward and visible signs or symbols, which tended to raise the minds of the multitude and inculcate dependence upon unknown but acknowledged divine power or providence.

We learn from Grecian Antiquities that the Athenians were not only ready and willing to worship their deities, but they made and consecrated new ones. Besides this, they adopted the gods of the nations with whom they traded. Hesiod, as quoted by Bishop Potter, states there were thirty thousand gods inhabiting the earth. Not only so, they observed a feast of all strange gods. And for fear of omitting any, they erected altars to unknown gods. But none was allowed to be worshipped till approved by the *Areopagus*.* It was for acknowledging an unpatedented god that Socrates, like St. Paul, was brought into accusation. It has been supposed† from the jurisdiction of this court and the nature of the crime with which he was charged, that Socrates was condemned by it. If so, his sentence seems the more surprising unless we can reach the conclusion that in that early day this court had greatly degenerated. It is represented to us as renowned as the most sacred and venerable

* Bp. Potter. † Id.

tribunal in all Greece—remarkable for the justice of its decisions and the irreproachable manners of its members. The qualifications of membership seem to have been most rigid, exacting and exclusive.

To be seen seated in a public house was deemed sufficient to exclude an Archon. To laugh was regarded an unpardonable act of levity. In the days of its primitive purity, we are told, neither plaintiff nor defendant could complain of the justice of its decisions. So widely extended was its renown for ability, justice and integrity, that foreign powers submitted their controversies to its arbitration. Besides its jurisdiction over a multitude of crimes, matters of religion, blasphemy, contempt of the gods, of holy mysteries, and the legitimisation of new gods, came within its province.* It was before this court, it will be remembered, that St. Paul was arraigned as a setter-forth of strange gods. The Apostle had not taken care to make known the new way first to the Areopagus. He was emboldened by the spirit and power of a far higher commission—a commission which made it wo to him, unless he preached the Gospel. Plato, it is said, was more circum-spect or less bold. He refrained from avowing his knowledge of a Supreme Being, as such an opinion had not yet been patented by the Areopagus. Such being the nature and character of this court, it seems unaccountable, except we remember the versatility of this people and their oath to uphold the national creed, how they could have condemned to death such a compatriot as Socrates, without mercy and without justice. Having the power, we may suppose they would have authorized the demonium he acknowledged. The same spirit of aggrandizement which prompted the Athenian people to appropriate the gods of their neighbors, is manifested in the oath prescribed for the Ephebi—or those who had attained maturity—"my endeavors to extend the dominion of Athens shall never cease while there are wheat, barley, vineyards and olive-trees without its limits.

It must be admitted, however, that there were apparent inconsistencies in the course of Socrates relative to his belief. There must be, more or less, in all human efforts to conform the conduct to the rule of the inner convictions. We incline to wonder why he enjoined and practiced, as we learn from the *Memorabilia*, the observance of the national religion and respect to the gods of the men of Athens—while, according to Rollin, no man of the Pagan world spoke of the Divinity and of the adoration due to Him, in so pure, so noble and so respectful a tone. We must, however, remember not only the high respect for the laws which he professed and exhibited; but, we must likewise bear in mind the oath of the Ephebi, before cited, and upon taking which every Athenian became enrolled upon the list of citizens. "I will fight to my last breath for the religion and civil interests of the State. I will always submit myself to the laws and magistrates; and I will constantly adhere to the religion of my forefathers." Hence we may infer the jealousy of this people at any manifestation of unauthorized innovation, especially in the matter of the national religion.

In this, as in every other matter, their individuality became merged, absorbed, in that of Athea or Athens. In private life, frugal and poor. In every thing public and calculated to exalt the State, magnificent. With them, not like it was with the 14th Louis, *l'état, c'est moi*,—the State was every man—it was Athens; Attica, the people, the commonwealth. This national characteristic was forcibly exemplified in the splendid age of Pericles,—the age when Phideas, the sculptor of the colossal image of the goddess, and the architects and builders of the Parthenon and the Propylæa flourished, and when those splendid works, together with the Long Walls, joining the Piræus, planned by Themistocles, carried on by Cimon and finally completed under the administration of Pericles, rose in their grandeur to adorn and fortify the city.†

* Bp. Potter.

† Thirlwall.

Then it was that Athens presented an animating scene of enterprise, progress and improvement; when the chisel of the sculptor and the architect, with all those subordinate callings dependent upon them, were actively employed, and Athens presented to the eye of the beholder the aspect of a vast work-shop, where all was noise and bustle, activity and employment. Carpenters and masons, smiths and turners, dyers and carvers and guilders, as we read, were thus employed at home while other occupations were called into exercise in the procurement of materials and their transport by land and sea.* As the Bishop of St. David's remarks, the magnificence of the public buildings, when contrasted with the extreme simplicity of the private dwellings, expressed the majesty of the commonwealth, before which the greatness of the most eminent individual sank into nothingness. They endeared the State in the eyes of the people. They were regarded as monuments of the past—of Marathon and Salamis—and pledges of the future. The Parthenon and Propylæa, as the Bishop observes, were considered as trophies of Marathon and Salamis. They displayed the fruits of the patience and fortitude with which Athens had resisted the barbarians. But though liberty was their passion—liberty of thought, freedom of opinion and publication, in the matter of religion or religious belief, was among their *mala prohibita*.

In the Memorabilia, Xenophon attempts to vindicate his master, and shows that Socrates used to sacrifice to the gods, and that he recommended they should be consulted by man in perplexing circumstances. Xenophon is regarded as adhering more closely to his master's opinions—and on this account is preferred to Plato; who, being as is represented, of more ardent temperament and possessing an easier and fuller flow of language, could not become a mere copyist, but tinges his master's sentiments at times with the lively colors of his own imagination.

Socrates was a man of a will of steel—

of all-pervading sincerity—of deep truthfulness. Reason, in him, was as in all perhaps, a divine power; for, as Professor Sewall has it, the Christian fathers uniformly assigned the knowledge of truth possessed by the ancients or Greek philosophers, just as much as the faith of Christians, to the same source, if not to the same kind of inspiration; the Logos, or Word, or Reason of God. And if the so-called Christian fathers were right in this supposition, it would seem that more doubt and increased skepticism should be encouraged when reading statements which attribute the knowledge of truth attained by the ancients to those so-called primitive traditions traced from the East. And as the same Professor further states, in the passage already cited, it may be indeed true that when Greece was a larder-house of morals, the noblest minds were raised up in her midst; men sprang from her own soil to grapple with the plague. And that, instead of tracing to the East and to Eastern traditions, the so-called light of God's primitive revelations, the light which the Grecian philosophic mind kindled for itself, and by which it walked, was, indeed, if not the same, at least akin to that, in its source of the Christian faith; the Logos, or Word, or Reason, the intellectual power, original and inherent, given by God, by which these free thinkers of Greece were inspired and which they used as a power bestowed. In Greece, according to the rational theory of a remarkable writer,† vigorous and original, man was less humbled by the external environment, than in the East. He thought more of his own powers; more of those of humanity. And so, human nature did not fall into that discredit into which it fell elsewhere. In Greece everything tended to exalt the dignity of war. The Greeks had more respect for human powers.‡ In relation to the travels of some of the ancient philosophers in Egypt allusion has been before made. It is asserted that Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus were the only two ancient writers who were acquainted with

* Thirlwall. † Buckle. ‡ Id.

Egypt from a personal knowledge.* In a note the writer cited says, "Notwithstanding the positive assertions on this point, there is no good evidence for the supposed travels in Egypt of the earlier Greeks, and it is even questionable if Plato ever visited that country."

To forsake the beaten track of general opinion, and to boldly strike out into a new and untrodden path, requires a degree of self-reliance unrealized by the multitude. The possession of such self-reliance forms a prominent characteristic in the men of mark of every age. It is a distinguishing feature, marking them among contemporaries and challenging, compelling, if not their admiration, that of a succeeding age. To be sustained by such a subjective sentiment, requires for its basis the firm foundation of an abiding faith in the truth of the convictions by which the individual is swayed, linked to an animating hope in their ultimate triumph over ignorance, prejudice and conventionalism. No matter to what bloody extent persecution may be levelled against him. No matter how firm and enduring the chains which may shackle his perishable body. No matter what may be his sufferings when stretched upon the Procrustean bed of ancient or

modern torture. No matter what may be the discouragements of his fellows, manifested in shrugs of incredulity at what may be deemed the mad musings of the visionary or the dreamer,—such a man is borne up against them all by the sustaining influence from within—an unconquerable self-reliance which cheers, animates and bears him up to the end. His liberty may be cloven down by the arm of might, of political or ecclesiastical intolerance and oppression—his life itself may be made to breathe forth, to be yielded up, a penalty for his steadfast adherence to the truth of his convictions; but throughout all his trials, he remains firm and unconquered by a world of opposers. The imperishable spirit of mental freedom, that bottomest foundation in the human soul, which has in every age burst up through the crust of ecclesiastical and political usurpation; the protest of the soul against spiritual or political authority, the continuous assertion of the rights of conscience; the moral life of humanity; will live forever.† Such, in kind, was the self-reliance of Socrates. Of his convictions, he has left to the world in the writings of his followers, the sublime evidence of a life incorrupt and accordant.

NOTE.—In the preparation of this paper, the following authorities have been freely consulted and the language of some of them adopted. They are Rollin; Thirlwall's History of Greece; Blakey's History of Logic; Enfield's History of Philosophy; Lives of Ancient Philosophers; Plato's Divine Dialogues; The Apology; Xenophon's Memorabilia; Sewell's Christian Morals; Bishop Butler's Charge to the Clergy of Durham; Bishop Berkeley's Works; Montaigne's Essays; Potter's Antiquities; Schwegler's History of Philosophy; Lewes's Biographical History of Philosophy; History of Greece by Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; Buckle's History of Civilization in England; Introduction.

* Buckle.

† Calvert.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN FRANCE.*

"Dreadful people, these French! They have no domestic life. The very word *Home* is not to be found in their language. They live in the street, in the public gardens, in the cafes, in the theatres, anywhere but under their roof." Such is the opinion which you will hear expressed by nine out of ten of all the Americans who go to Paris. Even those who are old residents confess with a sigh that this harsh judgment is but too true. To be sure, the fluent censor is a little embarrassed, if you ask abruptly, "Pray, sir, how many French families do you happen to know?" But he quickly recovers assurance, and answers glibly, "Know? why have I been so many years in Paris, and do I not know people?" He knows everybody—that is, everybody that is to be seen in public. Perhaps he has received his education in Paris. He has been a student in the Latin quarter. He is an habitu  of all the cafes on the Boulevards. He frequents all the theatres, and can tell (at least through his opera-glass) the box of every distinguished family. Nay, more, has he not been admitted into society? Can he not report the talk of French salons? Has he not had the entr e at Alexander Dumas'? Possibly at Lamartine's and Guizot's? Nay, more, swelling with Republican pride, has he not been invited to the balls at the H tel de Ville, and even at the Tuileries?

After such a string of triumphant inquiries, a modest stranger is pretty well "shut up," and remains silent, as his informant follows up the victory; "No, no. I tell you, there is no domestic life in France. A Frenchman lives only in public. The fireside, the *foyer* is hateful to him." It hardly occurs to this confident talker that a man may visit a country, and even live in it, and yet, after all, not know much about it; that he may see thousands in the streets, in the gardens, or the shops, in business, or at court, and yet see none in the interior of their

own dwellings; that, in fine, it is one thing to see people, and another to see and know family life.

A stranger coming into Paris, sees only the outside of the French. The life he sees is the life of hotels. In the shops he meets only tradespeople and grisettes. At court he meets a class higher in position, but often no better in morals. But neither of these classes is the best representative of the finer qualities of the French character. The class most worthy of respect is the upper class—the *haute bourgeoisie*—composed of the wealthier merchants and bankers, distinguished advocates, learned professors, and literary men. This is the class which is most important to know to judge the French fairly, and yet into which it is most difficult to penetrate.

To what, then, amounts this boasted knowledge of French society? Travellers see the outside of Paris—the tinsel and gilded exterior of the French capital. But of its interior life they are almost wholly ignorant. Hence the opinions which they give, are about as intelligent as those of a Southerner who comes North in the summer to spend his money, and goes to Saratoga, and Newport, and Niagara. In New York, he stops at the St. Nicholas Hotel, or the Metropolitan, and perhaps finds himself surrounded by flash men and fast women. He goes back, swearing that New York is the most dissolute, depraved, corrupt city on earth, when the poor fool has not been admitted to the intimacy of a single respectable family.

The exclusion of such men from society is far more rigid in France than in America, for here the interior of a family is guarded with more sacred care than with us. French parents are quite shocked at the freedom with which American papas and mammas allow strangers to visit in their families. They are wary of those whom they admit to their households. They are suspicious

* FROM SUMMER PICTURES. By Henry M. Field.

of foreigners more than of their own countrymen. And with reason. For of the one or two hundred thousand strangers always in Paris, a large part have come for nothing but to enjoy a life of pleasure. And, I am sorry to add, that of all the *mauvais sujets* who infest the French capital, young Americans are about the worst. Hence it is not strange that our countrymen find it not so easy to circulate where they will, and even old residents complain that it is very hard to get into French society!

Ten years ago I spent six months in Paris. I saw the monuments of the city, I saw also a revolution, and many thrilling events. But of the domestic life of the French I saw nothing. Nor were others better off. At that time I had a friend there, a former member of Congress, who had spent a large part of his life abroad, who was in Paris when it was occupied by the Allies, and remembered distinctly the morning that Marshal Ney was shot. We lodged in the same house, and every day walked and dined together. This summer, when we went to Paris, I turned into the old street to see if, perchance, any trace of him lingered about the place. Lo, there he was still—in the same hotel, in the same room, dining every day at the same restaurant in the Palais Royal, and spending the evening at Galignani's. Here he has been off and on for forty years, and yet, from what I know of his habits, I will venture to say that he does not know, with any intimacy, a single French family. And yet, if you were to ask him, he would deliver a lecture an hour long on the immorality of the French capital, and would be astounded if you were to intimate that there were portions of French society which he had not seen.

But the second time that I visited Paris, it was with one who had been born in that city, and there passed all her early life. To come back to Paris now was like coming home. And so, no sooner were we within the walls, than we began to haunt the old familiar streets. What endless walks we took along the Boulevards, looking up to the fronts of the houses, half expecting to see the win-

dows open, and some dear, familiar form step out upon the balcony. So strong was the impression of these scenes revisited, that it was several days before we could muster courage to ask if those we knew were living or dead! Many a time we drove to a street of which we knew every stone in the pavement, and rang with a trembling hand, and asked if the loved ones were there still. Generally, if they had not died, they were living in the same house. The French do not change their abodes—and many, many we found in the same spot where we had parted years ago—merchants in the same counting-houses, lawyers giving counsel in the same chambers, artists in the same studios. How strange were the memories which came back, as we turned into the old courts and passages, and heard our own footfall on the accustomed stair. Our friends included some of all professions—lawyers, and physicians, and pastors, artists, and architects, and professors. Time had made changes in their positions, if not in their habitations. One was a prosperous merchant, another a distinguished painter; one had served as an officer in the Crimean war, another had become a member of the French Academy.

But in all we found the same cordial manner, the same warm, true heart. It was worth crossing the sea to witness the first look of surprise, then the joyful recognition, and the cordial greeting. Of course we cannot lift the veil from scenes so sacred. I will give you but a glimpse of one or two home-circles, which may show you how strong are the affections which bind together a French family. Among others whom we visited, was an old teacher of drawing. We found him and his wife still living in the same spot. I allude to them, not to repeat how affectionate they were to us, but to note the love which existed among themselves. They had one son, who was a competitor for the National prize of engraving. These prizes are offered by the Government, and the successful candidate is sent to Rome, for five years, at the public expense. But the tests to which they are subjected are the most rigid and severe.

The competitors are shut up in the Louvre for three months, unable to go out or to see their friends. This young man was not permitted even to see his mother. When we were first in Paris, in June, he was undergoing this honorable imprisonment. And when we returned in September, he had not yet been released. While this trial was going on, it was even painful to see the anxiety of the parents. This boy was their darling and their pride. His mother could hardly speak of him without tears—a touching rebuke, it seemed to us, to those mockers who say that there is no family affection in France. It was a relief to us when we saw, a few days after, that the concours was at last concluded. Partly owing to his age, for he was the youngest of all the competitors, the first prize had been awarded to another, but his name received honorable mention. He will enter the lists another year, and no doubt will be successful.

But a few days before we left Paris, we went to seek a very old friend of Mrs. F., even from her school-days, a wealthy merchant in whose kind home she had passed many a happy day in her girlhood, when she had a vacation from her boarding-school. We could not leave without seeing him. But was he still living? We had not heard from him for years. It was, therefore, with a mixture of hope and fear that we drove to the street, and stopped before the gate of the court. True enough, the name was still there. But this is often retained, even when the head of the house is gone. I ascended to the counting-room, and asked for Mr. T—. Instantly a gentleman, with a kind, open countenance, came forward to meet me. I asked if he knew Madame F., of New York. His face brightened at the name, as if he were about to hear tidings of his own daughter, and when I added that she was in Paris, and in the carriage at his door, he rushed down to meet her, with arms wide open, as if to embrace a long absent child. "Now

come right into my office, and tell me all about you." Swiftly we went over the years that had passed. At length we rose to go. "Now," said he, "Tuesday you come to dine with us. We are spending the summer in the country, near St. Cloud. I shall write at once to your old friend, Mademoiselle —, telling her that a very dear friend of hers has just arrived from America, and wishes to meet her." The appointment was at once concluded, and the day found us at the place. It was a charming country box—just like an English Cottage, surrounded with trees, with a lawn in front. The family were sitting on the piazza, and our entrance was a signal for a general salutation. An hour later, the father, with his son, his partner in business, returned from the city, and the circle was complete. The mother of the family was absent, having gone to the Pyrenees for the health of a daughter. But beside the father was a maiden sister—the kind aunt who, in so many French families, performs the part of a second mother, and the former teacher and beloved friend, and the son with his newly-married bride, so simply and modestly dressed that it quite made me ashamed when I thought how American brides are flounced and feathered. We sat down to dinner in the merriest mood. What charming gaiety was there, what cordial manners, what hearty kindness, what true domestic affection and happiness! Those were golden hours. Here, then, I exclaimed, is the proof that there is no domestic life in France! All I can ask for my countrymen is, that their hills and valleys may be dotted all over with spots as bright and green.

This is not an isolated case. It is but a fair specimen of what may be found everywhere in France, in this upper middle class. The same tender affection, the same devotedness to each other, the same constancy and truth, are the light of ten thousand happy homes.

* * * * *

GREENWAY COURT; OR, THE BLOODY GROUND.

(COPY-RIGHT SECURED.)

XXIV.

HOW THE TOWN OF STEPHENSBURG, OTHERWISE NEWTOWN, WAS SOLD FOR A FLAGON OF PUNCH.

The Captain proceeded toward the Ordinary without further reflections, or at least utterance, and was soon entering the door of the main apartment.

A disagreeable picture awaited him. The handsome widow was leaning familiarly upon Monsieur Jambot's shoulder, and conversing confidentially with that gentleman. Whether she had heard the sonorous neigh of Injunhater, and arrayed for his rider's benefit this pleasing little tableau—or whether the idea of making her admirer jealous had never entered the mind of the lady, we cannot say. But she certainly exhibited great surprise and confusion. Monsieur Jambot only scowled.

On this trying occasion Captain Wagner acted with that consummate knowledge of the female character which his friends declared made him so dangerous. He squeezed Monsieur Jambot's lily white hand with the warmest and most fraternal regard—greeted Mrs. Butterton politely but with easy indifference—and then turning his back in a careless way, proceeded to converse with Mynheer Van Doring, taking no further notice either of the Frenchman or the lady.

The result of this stratagem was soon apparent. Mrs. Butterton pouted, tossed her fair head, and abandoned the vicinity of Monsieur Jambot, whose teeth began to grind against each other.

Captain Wagner did not move. He was perfectly absorbed in his conversation with the fat landlord.

The lady lightly touched his shoulder:—he turned indifferently.

"Why do you treat me so unfriendly, Captain?" said the lady; "all because I was looking at that music?"

"Unfriendly, madam!" ejaculated the Captain, "I am not unfriendly—but I

know too well what is expected of a soldier in presence of the fair sex. As you were conversing with Monsieur Jambot, I was too polite to interrupt you."

And the Captain raised his head with martial dignity and hauteur, with which was mingled a proud misery.

Mrs. Butterton put her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed. The Captain set his teeth together, and summoned all his resolution.

Another sob issued from the handkerchief. Monsieur Jambot rose to his feet with ferocious rapidity. In a moment his little dress-sword was drawn, and he had confronted the Captain, whom he charged, in a voice hoarse with rage, with making *Madame* "grieve."

Captain Wagner drew his sabre, courteously saluted, and took his position with the coolness of an old swordsman. It was then that Mrs. Butterton threw herself between them with sobs and tears, beseeching them to be friends—for her sake, for the sake of goodness, gracious—and on other grounds.

"For the sake of a lady," returned Captain Wagner coldly, "I am prepared to do anything. But blood will come of this, or the devil take it! Blood, sir!"

And the Captain struck ferociously the hilt of his sword, which weapon he slowly returned to its scabbard. Monsieur Jambot declared his entire willingness to fight all the *Capitaines* in the world, singly or together—and then with his hands superbly placed upon his hips, and his hat cocked fiercely, sauntered carelessly from the apartment.

Then commenced a terrible scene between the Captain and Mrs. Butterton. We forbear to relate the particulars. The lady was the pleader—the soldier was the dignified listener. For a long time he remained obdurate—in the end he melted. When Mrs. Butterton brought him Jamaica with her own fair hands, and provided all else which he wished, with smiles breaking through tears, the

Captain fairly succumbed. He took the chubby hand and kissed it gallantly—declared he was more her devoted slave than ever, and then busied himself in mingling his morning dram, for which he possessed a receipt known only to himself.

"Really, my dear madam," said the worthy, now completely mollified by the sight of breakfast coming in, "you are the paragon of your sex. You resemble the goddess Diana, or I'm a dandy!—Diana rising from the sea; for which reason she was called *Diana Urainy*. You are her very image!"

"La! Captain!" said the lady with a simper, "you are really too flattering!"

At the same moment a loud and harsh noise on the stairway was heard calling.

"Who's that, in the devil's name?" said the Borderer.

"Oh, only Major Hastyluck, who slept here last night."

"I'll wager my head against a sixpence that he didn't see the way to bed, madam."

And the Captain's black mustache curled until his long white teeth resembled icicles pendant from the eaves of a house.

"I fear he was—intoxicated," was Mrs. Butterton's reply with a divine smile; "how shocking!"

"Oh dreadful, awful, really deplorable, my dear madam, and what's he calling for?—there again! like the growl of a bear, or I'm a dandy!"

In fact Major Hastyluck was calling violently to old Hans, the waiter.

"Goming, sir," said Hans quietly: and ascending leisurely, he was heard conversing with the Major. He reappeared and announced that Major Hastyluck was impatient for his morning draught. All at once a brilliant thought struck the Captain. He had secured the votes of precisely one half of the justices, for the establishment of the county seat at Winchester—and Major Hastyluck's vote would decide all. The reflection stimulated the worthy to a tremendous exertion of politeness. This was no less than to send up to the official gen-

tleman the flagon of delightful punch which he had just brewed, with every ingredient, and in the highest perfection.

"Take that up, Hans, my hogshead," said the soldier handing him the cup, "and present it to the Major with the respects of Captain Wagner."

Hans obeyed and very soon descended again, with a request on the part of the Major that Captain Wagner would brew him another supply. To this task the Captain, who had meanwhile attended to his own wants, addressed himself immediately—and very soon after the justice made his appearance. He was a little weazen man, with a dried up physiognomy, of a fiery red hue, and carried himself with an immense affectation of dignity and superiority.

"My dear Major!" cried the Captain, "I am really delighted to see you—you arrive at a moment when my heart is open, just as breakfast is coming. How is your health?"

"Hum!—hah!—thank you, Captain Wagner, pretty well, pretty well. You are lately arrived, sir?"

"Precisely, from Belhaven on the Potomac down there."

"A thriving place."

"Yes, but by no means equal to Winchester, or I'm a dandy!"

"Hum!—perhaps—hum!"

And with these oracular words Major Hastyluck sat down to breakfast, slightly staggering as he did so. His appetite once satiated, he rose with the same oracular expression and air. The Captain soon followed, and lighting a corn-cob pipe with a reed stem which he took from the mantelpiece, he addressed himself to business.

"How did you like that beverage I sent you, my dear Major?" said the Captain sending forth clouds of foamy smoke; "was it a scorcher—as mild as milk, and as strong as a yoke of oxen? eh?"

"It was a pleasant draught," returned the justice, "I will freely say, *more* pleasant than any which I have tasted for many years—ahem!"

"The fact is I make it by a receipt

known only to myself and my respected grandmother—*formerly* known by that excellent lady I mean—and as she has now, alas! paid the debt of nature, you understand, I am the sole depository of the receipt."

This announcement seemed to excite unusual interest in the breast of the Major. He assumed a coaxing expression, and said in a wheedling voice, almost wholly divested of his habitual pomposity :

"Is it a very great secret, Captain?"

"Secret!" cried the soldier, "I believe you! I promised my venerable grandmother that no one should ever worm it out of me."

"That is unlucky. I'd give a great deal to have it, Captain."

"Understand me," added the Borderer curling his mustache, and assuming a serious expression, "there was one condition to my promise: that those individuals who proved themselves my true friends should participate with me."

"Ah! indeed! Well, I trust you regard me as one of those—hum!"

"That depends upon circumstances, my dear Major. You can easily convince me, however. Prove yourself my friend—vote for Winchester for the county seat."

"Winchester? Why what interest have you there, Captain?"

"What interest? Can you ask? Are you ignorant, my dear friend that I possess large and valuable estates immediately in that vicinity? I and my friends, General Adam Stephen and Colonel Carter, are the real owners of all this region, or the devil take it. We let Fairfax live yonder as a favour—and to make a long story short, I want the county seat at Winchester."

The Major shook his little withered head doubtfully.

"Very well, my dear comrade," returned the Captain, "I don't need your vote as yet—but I warn you that you have lost the only chance of getting my receipt."

The Major groaned.

"Will nothing else do, Captain?"

"Nothing."

"And if I were to make the bargain," he added looking round guardedly, "would it be confidential?"

"Confidential? I wouldn't breathe it to myself."

"Then it's a bargain!" returned the worthy, "and now for the receipt."

"Wait a moment, my dear Major," said the Captain; "in business matters I always like to proceed regularly. Let me draw up something in the shape of a little contract—it will prevent mistakes."

And going to a table he requested the fair widow to supply him with pen, ink, and paper. This was soon done by the smiling lady, and the worthy Borderer spread a sheet before him, and dipped the pen in the ink. After a moment's reflection, during which he assisted the operations of his intellect, by tugging violently at the black fringe upon his lip, he traced upon the page, in a large sprawling hand, decorated with a myriad of ornamental spatters, the following lines :

"It is hereby agreed between Captain Julius Wagner, otherwise called Captain Bloody Longknife, and Major Gideon Hastyluck, a justice of Frederick, in the parish of Shenandoah, which is a fine country or I'm a dandy, that in consideration of Captain Julius Wagner, sometimes called Julius Cæsar Wagner, giving up to the said Hastyluck the receipt for making rum punch, which receipt, the said Wagner got from his aged and much deplored grandmother, who resided in Stafford county, and on account of never sending for doctors, a sort of people that she never could bear, succeeded in living to almost the truly surprising and wonderful age of a hundred years—that as aforesaid, in consideration of Captain Wagner's giving to the said Major Hastyluck the said receipt, the said Hastyluck shall vote for Winchester, when the next court comes to fix the county seat, as they are bound to do, at the town of Winchester, which will prove in the opinion of us, the undersigned, the future seat of empire of the Valley.

"And to the faithful discharge of the conditions in this paper, binding on us,

we, the underwriters, pledge our respective words, and fix our seals—Captain Julius Wagner intending immediately to brew a flagon of the drink above mentioned, wherewith both parties shall wet the bargain.”

Captain Wagner executed a masterly flourish beneath this document, which he evidently regarded with much pride and satisfaction—and then affixed his name in letters nearly an inch long. Major Hastyluck with a business-like air did the same, and the Borderer put the agreement in his pocket.”

“And now for the punch, Captain—the receipt and the ‘flagon’ which I think you speak of brewing in the latter portion of that document.”

“It shall be forthcoming at once, my dear Major—at once.”

And first carefully writing down the desired formula, the worthy soldier applied himself to mingling the new supply in silence. Ere long it was rapidly descending the insatiate throat of Major Hastyluck—as to the Captain he was chuckling to himself and muttering,

“I’ve the majority now, or may the—hum! your health, my dear Major, your very good health!”

In this way was the town of Stephensburg sold for a flagon of rum punch and the receipt to make it. Kercheval in his *History of the Valley*, says “Tradition relates that Fairfax was much more partial to Stephensburg than he was to Winchester,” but an opponent “out-generalled his Lordship, and by treating one of the justices to a bowl of toddy, secured his vote in favour of Winchester, which settled the question.” This is Mr. Kercheval’s account—the reader is left to judge of the relative credibility of the opposing historians—that gentleman and ourselves.

XXV.

THE DAGGER IN THE HEART.

The occupants of the apartment were engaged as we have described, when a

step was heard upon the staircase, and the next moment Falconbridge entered.

Since that night, on which Captain Wagner had warned him in his gloomy and satiric tones against “panthers” and their wiles—since those mocking and mysterious words had resounded in his ears, Falconbridge had lived like one in a dream. His quick instinct told him that the soldier meant Miss Argal. There could be no doubt upon that point. His studied coldness toward the young lady, his grim expression when he encountered her, the shadow on his brow when her name even was mentioned—all this left no room for doubt:

Falconbridge had shut himself up in his room, and the storm began to mutter in his heart. His thoughts like hounds unleashed darted forward and backward, circling over the whole of his life past and future. Then they returned with furious mouths to tear their master. Could this be anything but the merest dream, as wild and unreal as the sickliest chimeras, haunting the fancy of the invalid turning and tossing on the couch of fever? Suspect those brilliant limpid eyes of dissimulation!—suspect that open and beautiful brow of concealment!—those tender lips of falsehood, of treachery! Treachery? Were women treacherous? Could eyes and lips and sighs and bashful glances lie? It was incredible, monstrous! If this were so, then everything was unreal—the world a mere phantasmagoria—and life a cheat, a lie, a miserable, horrible delusion!

Such thoughts do not pass through the heart for the first time without making it bleed. The brow which is racked and furrowed by them, never afterwards can be as smooth. The sincere and noble honesty of this man’s nature made the blow one of inexpressible agony. Suspicion was no customary guest with him—it pierced him mortally. Like a rusty and jagged blade directed by an unskilful hand, and turned from mere wanton cruelty in the wound, it stretched him on the bed of torture.

He pondered thus throughout the long

hours of the dreary night, and for all those hours succeeding. He sent away the food brought to his room, almost untasted. More than once he mounted his Sir John and galloped toward Mr. Argal's—but it was only to return without going thither.

"Well, well," he said on the morning when he re-encountered Captain Wagner as we have seen, "all this shall end. I will know; I will not labour under this terrible suspicion! Suspect her? I do not. I would almost as soon suspect an angel. Still that singular look of the soldier as he spoke!—those words full of sneering coldness! Yes, this shall end—I mean it!"

And passing his hand across his forehead, which was clouded and pale from suffering and want of rest, he descended.

"Give you good day, Captain," he said in his clear voice; "I thought I heard your cheerful accents."

"Why, welcome, welcome, comrade," returned the soldier warmly, and grasping the young man's hand as he spoke, "I swear the sight of you is good for sore eyes, or I'm a dandy!"

The Captain seemed to feel what he said. His rude martial countenance always softened as he gazed at Falconbridge—his penetrating eyes grew wistful; this man who had fought against the hard, rough world so long, and encountered so much selfishness, falsehood and deception, appeared to experience a real delight in the company of his younger companion, and to regard him with a strange affection.

"I'm doomed glad to see you after having so long a slang whang with Fairfax," added the soldier, "but you are looking badly, Falconbridge; you are like a ghost. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing, comrade."

"You want fresh air, or I'm mistaken."

"I really think you are right, Captain, and I'm going to take some. I see Sir John coming to the door."

"Oh, you ride—you are going to see—"

"Miss Argal," interrupted Falconbridge with his clear, proud look, full of open sincerity and truth; "it is three or four days since I saw her."

And going to the door, he threw a critical glance at Sir John, who whinnied with pleasure at the sight of his master. The young man with his delicate hand, half covered with lace which filled his great barrel sleeves, caressed gently the white neck of the thoroughbred; and as he gazed at the beautiful animal, full of spirit and fire, his weary brow cleared up slightly.

All at once a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned round. Captain Wagner was beside him; and his face wore the same cold and gloomy expression which had characterized it on the night ride.

"Falconbridge," he said in a low, earnest tone, "have you any confidence in me—do you regard me as a true man, as an honest soldier, as a friend?"

"Yes," said Falconbridge passing his hand slowly over the neck of the animal, and speaking in a very low voice.

"Well, you do me no more than justice. I swear to you that I love you as I would love a son, though you're no chicken, but a stout-hearted and stout-armed cavalier, or the devil take it! Well, I act as your friend when I say, take care what you do! Beware!"

And turning away, the soldier who had lost all his cheerfulness, and gay spirit, slowly re-entered the house.

Falconbridge followed him with his eyes until he disappeared—turned even paler than before, and a sort of lurid light broke from his eyes. He evidently hesitated for a moment whether to follow and extort from the soldier a complete explanation of his meaning, or seek it from the person accused. His hesitation did not last long. He set his teeth together like a vice, leaped into the saddle, and driving the spur into the side of his horse, set forward like lightning on the road to Mr. Argal's.

He drew up at the door so suddenly that his horse was thrown upon his haunches. In a moment he had entered

the house, and was in the presence of Miss Argal, who greeted him with the warmest favour.

"You have been away so long!" she said in her caressing voice, and with a look from her black lustrous eyes full of such electric fascination that it turned the young man's head almost; "so very long—for nearly four days!"

XXVI.

FALCONBRIDGE PARTS WITH HIS MOTHER'S RING.

The breast of Falconbridge thrilled with a vague excitement—and in the presence of the beautiful young woman, so innocent and pure-looking, his racking suspicions began to disappear, and his confidence to return. Were not those suspicions mere folly—a baseness and disloyalty even? Could any one look into that fair face and believe for an instant that it masked a heart full of guile? For the instant his possessing thought disappeared—he no longer doubted—he yielded to the enchantment of eye and lip and voice.

But this change could not be permanent, Falconbridge was no weak and vacillating individual whose moods at the moment govern his opinions, and actions. Those acrid and bitter meditations during the long hours which he had passed in loneliness and silence had impressed him too deeply. Thus his face became overclouded, and his head drooped. To the soft and caressing reproach contained in the words, "You have been away so long!" he therefore replied with sorrowful calmness:

"Are you sure you cared to see me?"

The young lady turned her head aside, and a slight colour like the first blush of morning stole over her cheek. Then from the red lips came in a whisper almost, the words:

"Very sure."

Falconbridge gazed at her for a moment with an expression of ardent love, mingled with bitter anguish, and said, in suppressed tones:

"You are so beautiful!—so very beautiful! Are you true?"

She turned her head quickly and fixed upon him a glance which seemed intended to read his very soul. Then an expression of coldness and hauteur rose to the beautiful face, and she said with frigid ceremony:

"Are you aware of what you are saying, Mr. Falconbridge?"

"Yes, yes—unhappily I am," was the young man's painful reply, "and I can understand your resentment. You find my accent harsh, my words insulting even. You see that this question is not an idle jest, Miss Argal. You start at my address, at my coldness, the solemnity of my demand. But the question is not asked by chance. I most solemnly propound it! Not my lips, not my words, no! my heart, my soul cry out to you. Answer me, for pity's sake, for the sake of all that is pure and truthful!"

The cold expression in the eyes of the young lady, grew ice. With a frigid erection of her superb head, she said:

"Are you unwell Mr. Falconbridge, or is your mind affected?"

"No, no! I am well, if a man whose heart dies in his breast is well! I am sane if a mind stretched on the rack may be called sane! I mean what I say—I have heard what makes me ask—do not demand what it is, I cannot reply. I suffer so poignantly that I must put an end to my distress, or it will put an end to me! For worlds—for the universe I would not pain you—I would die a thousand deaths rather—undergo any thing!"

He was interrupted by the voice of the young lady. That voice had suddenly changed. It was no longer cold; her manner had passed from hauteur to anguish. Turning aside and covering her face with her handkerchief, she sobbed repeatedly, and at last uttered the broken words:

"If you—would not—pain me—why, do you speak—so—cruelly to me—so unfeelingly—so—"

There the voice died away.

The accents went to the young man's heart. The sobs smote down all his cold-

ness. The sight of the lovely form bent down, and shaken with agitation dissipated all his resolution, and drove away every suspicion, as the winds of March drive away the clouds from the clear blue sky.

All the profound loyalty and truth of his nature was aroused—all his abhorrence of injustice and unkindness. He took the young lady's hand in his own—pressed it ardently,—and begged her forgiveness for his cruel and unfounded suspicion.

"Pardon me," he said in his sincere, noble voice, casting upon his companion as he spoke a glance of unspeakable love, "pardon your poor friend for the harsh and insulting words he has uttered. I know not why I spoke so—I know not how these thoughts ever entered my unfortunate brain. Enough—in pity let us speak of this no more. So we are friends again—are we not?"

And he bent forward to look into her face. That face was raised, and the black eyes were rivetted upon his own with a sorrowful forgiveness, a tender melancholy which were inexpressibly beautiful. They swam in tears—but through the tears broke a sad smile which made the heart of the young man bound in his bosom with wild delight. Carried away by a rush of emotion, he pressed the hand which he held to his lips and said passionately:

"Do not weep—your tears make me wretched! Never shall I forgive myself for the cruel and unmanly conduct which I have to-day been guilty of. I came here with my heart on fire, my brain in a tumult—I have been unjust, insulting, mad, almost—I could not help it. I spoke thus because my mind was whirling round, my nerves trembling—because—it will out, you must hear it!—because I love you!—yes, foolish, presumptuous, as you may think the words in a mere stranger—I love you—with honest, faithful love!"

Enough, we forbear from pursuing further the details of the scene between the young lady and Falconbridge. We have

little skill in reporting such dialogues, and must draw the veil over the rest.

He remained until late in the evening, and, then returned at full gallop toward the Ordinary, his face the very impersonation of joy. At times he gazed wistfully upon his left hand from which a ring was missing—a plain gold ring which had belonged to his mother. He had placed it upon the finger of the young girl, for she had plighted to him her troth.

Here we would gladly leave the young cavalier—with his face smiling, his cheeks glowing—his pulse beating joyfully as he galloped on through the prairie and forest. But the fatal current of our narrative keeps us beside him. Those smiles are brief ones—the bloom of the happy cheek evanescent as the frail spring blossom—the blow awaits him.

He dismounts at the door of the Ordinary and enters. The fat landlord presents him with a letter which he opens smilingly.

Ten minutes afterward he is seated in his chamber, his brow leaning upon his crossed arms resting upon a table—his cheeks as pale as a ghost's—his forehead moist with icy perspiration. The shudders which pass through his frame rattle the papers still clenched in his nervous grasp—but no groan issues from his lips.

This is the letter accompanying another paper which is stained with blood.

XXVII.

WHAT THE LETTER CONTAINED.

"MR. FALCONBRIDGE:

"After much doubt I address you, to warn you, as a friend against allowing your affections to be ensnared by Miss B. Argal. I have no right, sir, to pry into your matters, and maybe I will get no thanks, but your courtesy to me makes it impossible for me to see you duped. Captain Wagner will not speak out—he says that he has already said more than he had the right to—and I will therefore do so myself. The paper which I put in this letter will tell you all. The poor young man was a distant relative of mine

and died at my house. He wrote the paper just before his death. I will add no more, except that I have no private grudge against Miss Argal, and so remain,

"Your real friend,

"SARAH BUTTERTON."

The paper was written in a firm hand, obscured in several places by stains of blood, and ran as follows:

"I am about to commit suicide. Before putting an end to my miserable life, I will relate the circumstances which impel me to the act. My mind is perfectly sane, my memory good—I will speak calmly. This is my history.

"I was left an orphan at twenty, with no brothers or sisters around me—my only brother who was older than myself having perished as we thought on a sea voyage. I was rich,—the entire property of my parents having reverted to myself. I enjoyed country life on my property, and was fond of the society of young ladies, but never loved any one until I met with Bertha Argal. Her father rented a small farm near my own considerable estate, and I met with her frequently and conceived a passion for her. She was and is the most beautiful woman that my eyes ever beheld. Unfortunately she is destitute of all those noble qualities which should accompany beauty. She is false and as cold as ice—heartless. But I will not say more—let the event show.

"I loved her passionately, and very soon commenced paying her my addresses. She received them with manifest favor. It was not long before I confessed my affection, and she told me with tears and blushes that she loved me as ardently as I said I loved her. I will never forget her words or her looks; they are engraven on my memory. Well, to be brief, we were contracted in marriage; it was fixed for a day not more than three months off, when my elder brother who had been given up as lost at sea, five years before, suddenly made his appearance. He had been taken prisoner by a Spanish vessel, carried to Cadiz, and thrown into a dungeon there, as a suspected character; his identity being mistaken. He had finally been liberated how-

ever, and so came back. I need not tell any body who knows me, that I did not regret this, or grudge my brother the estate which as eldest son he deprived me of; reducing me from an independent gentleman of large possessions, to a dependent on his bounty. I loved him, and he loved me. I looked up to him; he was my superior in mind as in strength and stature; and I was content to occupy my rightful position of younger brother and inferior.

"Not long after his return Harley saw Bertha Argal, and in spite of his knowledge of my engagement, loved her. In this there was no disloyalty—no intention to become my rival. He would have scorned the imputation, and struck the man who hinted it. But he loved her. He could not help it. The dazzling beauty of the girl; her fascinating bewildering witchery, were too much for his resolution. I saw that he loved her, but at first gave myself no sort of uneasiness about it. I knew that Harley was the pink of honour and truth; he would as soon cut off his right hand as commit a base action; and as to Bertha Argal, I was quite at rest. At that time I laughed at the idea of treachery in a creature so pure and beautiful. Well, the sequel will show. Six months after my brother's arrival the young woman began to grow cold toward me, and warm toward my brother. I told her of it; she laughed in my face. She grew fonder and fonder of my brother. I became angry. She sneered at my anger. If I was displeased, she said, at my brother's attentions, why not bring it to the decision of arms? we both wore swords! These satirical words impressed me horribly; the young woman was coming out in her real colours. I said nothing and terminated my visit; but I went again the next day, for I had no will to resist, I was mad about her. Thus things continued until a month ago. Then I found that she had been poisoning my brother's mind against me. He became cold to me, and ere long my presence in the house, our father's house, became an evident constraint on him. One morning, however, he returned from Mrs. Argal's, whither he had been on business

with a strange glow in his cheek, and greeted me with long-drawn affection. He seemed to look at me compassionately. Something told me that this foreboded evil, and I galloped over to see Bertha. I had guessed so correctly. She embraced that occasion, she said, to inform me that I might give up all thoughts of marrying her; she had no reason to give; it was her decision! She looked like a queen as she spoke, and I remained for a moment looking at her, pale and silent. Then I said, 'was this what made Harley so kind to me; so compassionate? Did you inform him of your intention?' 'Well Sir,' was her reply, 'suppose I did? I beg you will in future confine yourself to your own affairs, and not subject me to the inquisition.' She was furious, but as beautiful as an aroused leopardess. I was white with rage, but I loved her passionately still. I glared at her for an instant, and then replied, 'This will end badly Miss Argal—no young lady can trifle with a gentleman with impunity.' Her lip curled and she said coolly 'Oh you mean you are going to fight Harley? Well, why don't you try it sir? Are you afraid that he is a better swordsman and will finish you? I have no doubt this is your objection, and I don't believe you would dare to face him!' I solemnly declare that these were her exact words. I leave the readers of this paper to decide if in many cases they would not have produced that awful tragedy, a mortal contest between brothers. I said nothing however; I looked at her with pale and trembling lips only, and went away. Three days afterwards, Harley was called to Mr. Argal's again, and on his return looked serious and troubled. 'Miss Argal is a singular person,' he said to me after dinner with great gloom; 'can she wish to place you and me, Charles, opposite each other with swords in our hands? I should so imagine from her conversation to-day; a strange person!' I did not reply, except by some commonplace. I loved the young woman still with too passionate a love. I could not speak against her. For more than two weeks thereafter I was her slave, her dog. I crawled back

when she lashed me away, and tried to kiss the hand which struck me. I say this, because all the truth shall be known. I have no resolution, I never had any; I am the powerless victim of this infatuation; and if this moment Bertha Argal were to enter the room, and smile on me—even after all—I would obey her in anything she commanded.

"But my narrative must come to an end. Four days ago I went to see her for the last time. She met me with scorn and satirical smiles, which soon became sneers. So I had determined not to be whipped away, had I? she asked: I had come sneaking back to moan out that she no longer loved me; that she loved my brother, which she now begged leave to inform me was a fact, and that I was wretched. 'Yes,' I said, 'all you say is true.' 'Then you are a fool for your pains, sir,' she said, 'and your presence makes me sick. You a brother of Harley, Austin! you with your feeble snivelling complaints and begging, the brother of that strong resolute man! Yes, sir! I love him, and he shall love me; and if you don't like that you may put an end to yourself; it will be a matter of very small interest to me!' I looked at her as she spoke, and shuddered. She was superhumanly beautiful; I would have given all the countless worlds of the sky, had I possessed them, to have clasped her for a single moment in my arms. She saw her influence over me, and her lip curled. 'You haven't resolution however for the act,' she said, 'If I were a man, and fortune went against me, I'd do as the ancients did, get rid of life. And now, sir, you will please leave me. I am tired of you. Ah! there comes Harley!' And turning her back on me, she hastened to the window and smiled at the visitor.

"I set my teeth close, put on my hat, and went out. Harley and I passed each other with some constraint on his part; I was quite calm, for I had made up my mind. I returned to the hall and wrote on a piece of paper which I knew would meet my brother's eye, the words: 'Think well, before you marry Bertha Argal, brother. She has broken my heart—at-

tempted to drive me to a bloody combat with you, knowing who would be victor, and now advises me to end my despair by my own hand. I obey, for life has no longer any charms for me. Farewell.' I signed this and have come hither to Mrs. Butterton's to write and leave this paper.

"In five minutes I shall be dead.

"CHARLES AUSTIN."

These were the words which Falconbridge read—then his glance fell upon these others in addition, in Mrs. Butterton's hand writing.

"The poor boy was found dead when we ran at the explosion of his pistol. This paper was lying on the table. Mr. Austin returned it to me, not wishing to keep it; he has since left the country."

Falconbridge remained motionless throughout the entire night. As the sun streamed in, he raised his face which was covered with a deathly pallor and groaned.

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XXVIII.

THE THREADS OF THE WOOF.

Hours, days and weeks have fled away since the scenes and events which we have endeavoured to place before the reader's eyes. The year wanes fast. The brilliant sunlight of October has yielded to the hazy influences of November. The sky is no longer blue: the trees are dismantled of their splendid trappings. Under the chill heaven of a leaden colour, the broad face of nature resembles some great hall, from which the gorgeous hangings have been torn, the trophies of banners removed—in which the lights are slowly going out, as after a great revel, when the guests have all departed.

The plover cries on the lea—the wild geese wing their way toward the south—the crane stalks with a sombre and weird air among the shallows of the water-courses, dreaming, you would say, of other lands—and from the north-west wander from time to time chill, cutting winds, preluding the approach of winter.

But the human hearts beneath the chilly sky beat as before. The personages of our drama follow, as before, the bent of their diverse passions, humours, and desires. The hot blood in their veins pulsates, and hastens to and fro, as strongly.

Lord Fairfax and Captain Wagner hold interminable discussions on the state of the border, and the best means of defence, now that the Indian inroad may be soon expected, if it is to come. The worthy soldier is content to pass his time thus—alternately debating with his Lordship, and pursuing his own special campaign against the enemy at Van Doring's Ordinary: he sleeps, and eats, and drinks, and philosophizes, not without many camp expletives, uttered in a jovial and sonorous voice, the sound of which seems encouraging to the Earl, for he greets these outbreaks on the part of the Captain with his uniform grim smile.

Meanwhile George is occupied by his own affairs also. He surveys the surrounding lands assiduously for the Earl; sleeps often in the woods, his head resting on his knapsack; and it happens that the direction of his toils is often toward the south.

There the great Fort Mountain raises its double wall, blue against the dun heaven, and within the embraces of the shaggy arms—perched like an eagle's nest in the declivity of the mountain—he sees the cottage in which Cannie lives. He loves the little maiden now with the fondest devotion. She has become all the world to him, and dwells in his thoughts wherever his footsteps turn—in the prairie, and the forest, by night and by day; it is always Cannie of whom the youth is dreaming; around her he weaves that tissue of romance and fancy which the bounding heart of youth adorns with such resplendent gems. George goes often to the mountain dwelling, and there all the outer world disappears. He is alone in the great universe with one whose grave, sweet smile lights up his life—whose frank, open brow is the mirror of truth and goodness—in whose eyes he finds the charm which only exists for the youthful lover. And Cannie now

no longer looks upon him as a stranger. He has become day by day, more an influence upon her life—her innocent heart beats fast when his tall and erect figure enters the doorway—when his sunny smile, lighting up the firm lips, and frank, true face, beams on her. She does not disguise her affection now, for she knows it is returned—but her fondness for her youthful companion never betrays itself in a manner repugnant to the most delicate maiden modesty. It is Cannie's nature to be honest and true—but she is ripening into a "young lady" now; and so George can only guess from the serious smile, and kindly eyes, her secret. Their lives glide on thus, and no incident breaks the serene charm of the spell which is woven day by day more closely around the young hearts of the maiden and the youth. The old grandfather is alone with his books, his chemical machines, or with whatever occupies his attention—they are by themselves in the world of reverie and fancy. It is true, that from time to time as they wander like happy children along the mountain side, or to the lofty brow of the sleeping giant, that a shadowy figure follows and marks the way they take—but this figure is unseen by them. It is the young Indian whom the reader has once looked upon, on that beautiful day of October—hidden among the leafy branches of the great oak, and descending to follow, then, as now, the footsteps of the pair. He still preserves his air of grave and lofty dignity—his eyes have the same expression of mild truth and honesty—his lips move as before, and utter the sad murmur which seems to indicate a possessing thought. His eyes never wander from the form of Cannie when she is in the circle of his vision—he seldom betrays any other emotion than a jealous, watchful guardianship over her—if his features contract slightly, and his broad bosom heaves, when she bestows upon her companion some little mark of her affection, this exhibition of feeling is soon suppressed—the old gravity returns; and the young chief glides into the deep woods, and disappears, as lightly and silently as a shadow.

And Falconbridge—what of him? Has the darkness which enveloped all his life upon that awful evening, when he read the letter of the suicide, been dissipated? Wholly. A few days afterwards he encountered Captain Wagner at the Ordinary; and the soldier who had been informed by Mrs. Butterton of the step which she had taken, almost feared to meet the young man, or witness his agony. He expected to find Falconbridge bowed to the earth with anguish—to hear only groans and stifled sighs—to see, in the pale cheek, the lack-lustre eye, the drooping form, those evidences of suffering which betray the victim of despair. Instead of such a figure, he saw Falconbridge happy, smiling, buoyant. His head rose proudly erect; his eyes shone with a joyous light; his lips were wreathed with smiles; and he was the picture of one across whose brow a cloud has never passed. The worthy Captain started, and looked with unfeigned astonishment upon his companion. The quick eye of Falconbridge discerned at once the meaning of this expression. He laughed gaily, and then said with earnest simplicity:

"I know why you start so, comrade—why you are astounded at seeing me thus happy-looking. That well-meaning lady, your friend, has doubtless told you of her warning me. It was honest and kind in her—but it made me very miserable."

"And then," said Captain Wagner gloomily, "what happened afterwards?"

"What happened? Why what could happen, comrade? I went to the person charged with this awful duplicity and heartlessness. I asked her to say what was the real truth—and I heard it. She raged at the accusation; vainly attempted to extort from me the author—and then giving way to her feelings, burst into tears, and told me all, explained everything."

"Oh! she explained everything, did she?" said Captain Wagner, with gloomy irony, "no doubt she made all quite clear."

"Oh, perfectly! How could your friend have seriously thought that paper written

by the poor unfortunate youth who killed himself, an actual narrative of facts?"

"It was all a romance then?" said the Captain with the same sardonic contortion of his lip, "it was only a little imaginary story which he amused himself in writing, to wile away the time before he blew his brains out!"

"Captain, Captain!" said Falconbridge earnestly, "your voice has a terrible sneer in it, your curling lip betrays scorn and incredulity!"

"Well, it betrays what I feel," returned the soldier, looking at the young man with wistful and melancholy eyes; "it talks plainly, does this curling lip you speak of, or I'm a dandy! But I'll uncurl it; I'll sneer no more; I'll not wound you Falconbridge—and have only to say that 'twas truly unfortunate that this mad youth made up such a horrible story."

"Mad!" said Falconbridge quickly, "then you heard of his madness!"

"No," said Captain Wagner, "but I have no doubt that is the fair young lady's explanation."

"Yes! assuredly! who could have doubted it? The truth is that the unhappy lover's tale was only the sick fancy of a diseased mind. He did pay his addresses to Miss Argal—he did love her passionately—but she told him frankly a hundred times that she could not respond to his affection. She tried to do this as kindly and tenderly as possible, but her reply only enraged him. There was a tendency to madness in his family, and this made her peculiarly anxious to soothe him. He would not be soothed however; in their last interview he yielded to a crazy fit of wrath—he rushed furiously away, with his hand upon his forehead, and three days afterwards Miss Argal heard with inexpressible astonishment and horror that he had put an end to his life. The statements of the paper were the mere fabrications of his rage and madness—the creations of a diseased intellect, aiming at revenge. That is all. Is not the explanation perfect?"

"Yes," said Captain Wagner, as calm and cold as ice, "perfect. I have rarely

heard anything so simple. And what did you do with the dead man's letter?"

"I begged it of Mrs. Butters, she yielded—it is ashes."

Captain Wagner moved his head up and down with the same icy expression; set his teeth firmly together; and, after a moment's silence, said in a low voice:

"Falconbridge, are you a fatalist?"

"A fatalist?" said the young man, looking curiously at his companion, "surely not, comrade. God rules us and directs our lives—all issues rest in his merciful hands, and we are told that not even a sparrow falls without the knowledge of the kind Father of the Universe. I trust all to him—as I pray to him night and morning as my mother taught me at her knee: No, I am not a fatalist."

"Well, from this moment I am," said the soldier with a sombre glance, "I don't deny your religious views—they are right I'm willing to acknowledge—but I am none the less, from this day, a fatalist!"

With these words the Captain entered the Ordinary, and Falconbridge, with a serious expression, mounted his horse to go to Mr. Argal's.

This was the state of things, in connection with the main personages of our narrative, at the moment when we again take up the thread of events. From this time forth, each day and hour, everything ripened and advanced toward the catastrophe of the drama.

XXIX.

THE ARREST.

Across the prairie, sobbing mournfully now in the chill, autumn wind, under the bare boughs of the forest, studded here and there with evergreens, which only looked more cheerless from the surrounding desolation—through the sparkling waves of the Shenandoah, and into the rugged defile of the Fort Mountain, George passed at a rapid gallop, his eyes full of gloom, his brow powerfully contracted.

Lord Fairfax had informed him that on this day "Old Powell," as he was called, would be arrested on some charges made against him by a justice named Hastyluck, and the officials would probably go early.

George had received this information on the night before, with utter horror and astonishment, and had besought Lord Fairfax, if the charge were witchcraft, to dismiss it as absurd and ridiculous. His Lordship had replied coolly that this was quite out of his power, even if consistent with his convictions; all he could promise was, that no act of oppression should be performed, if he could prevent it; and with this George was compelled to be content.

He scarcely slept, and at day-break was on his way to the mountain.

Scarcely moderating the speed of his horse, whose mouth was filled with foam, he rapidly ascended the steep bridle path, and reached the door of the little mansion.

The scene which greeted him made his cheek flush and his eyes flash fire.

The officers of the law had already arrived, and placed the old man under arrest. One of them was curiously examining the strange coin which George had seen on a former occasion, and which the man had picked up from among some books on a table—the other was about to place upon the wrists of old Powell a pair of iron hand-cuffs, in spite of the tearful and trembling prayers of little Cannie, who had clasped the arm of his shaggy overcoat, and begged him, crying, not to use them.

George advanced quickly into the apartment, and confronting the officer, said sternly:

"That is quite unnecessary, sir! Mr. Powell cannot escape from you!"

The officer turned hastily, and said with an insolent scowl:

"Who are you pray?"

"My name is of no importance," George returned with haughty sternness; "it is enough, sir, that I command you in the name of Lord Fairfax to conduct the prisoner unfettered to Van Doring's Ordinary."

And putting his hand into his breast he extended toward the person whom he addressed a slip of paper, upon which was written:

"I desire, and if necessary require, that the prisoner Powell may be treated with all respect, and especially brought to Court without hand-cuffs.

"FAIRFAX.

"Greenway Court, 5th Nov. 1748."

George's foresight had led him to ask this favour of the Earl, which had been readily granted—and the vulgar official had no courage to resist. He scowled at the young man whose cold, fixed look upon his face, cowed him in spite of himself, and putting the hand-cuffs in his pocket, growled:

"Well, it's nothing to me; and you, old fellow, just come along with you! You'll have a hard time of it, cuffs or no cuffs."

"It'll be harder'n he thinks," here put in the other worthy with a sneer, "if I aint mistaken, this is a counterfeit—he's a coiner, as I've heard hinted."

A flash darted from beneath the shaggy white brows of the old man, and he reached forth to take the coin from the hands of the speaker. But the hand fell at his side. An expression of scorn which might have become a royal prince, passed over his features, and he turned away.

"Mr. George," he said, bowing with courtly gravity to the young man, "I need not say that I thank you from my heart for this kind and thoughtful action. Of the result of this foolish business I have no manner of fear. I commit my child to you, in my absence—it is enough, to so honest a gentleman."

Then adding calmly to the officials, who were evidently impressed in spite of themselves, by the dignity and coolness of his bearing,—“I will be ready in a few moments to attend you,”—the old man entered the inner apartment. He soon returned wrapped in a comfortable overcoat, which reached beneath the knee, and issuing forth, mounted the spare horse which had been brought for him.

How those intelligent gentlemen, the constables, had expected him to hold the bridle with his hands secured remains a mystery to this day—but the obstacle no longer existed—and with a tender kiss upon Cannie's tremulous lips, and another bow to George, the prisoner set forward, between the two officers.

We shall pass over the scene between George and Cannie—such distressing pictures are not to our taste. He consoled her with every possible assurance calculated to calm her emotion—but all was in vain. The girl begged him with tears in her eyes, and nervous sobs to take her to her grandfather, and it was one of the hardest tasks which George had ever undertaken, to resist these moving entreaties. He did resist, however, by an immense exertion of will, for he knew that to yield would be to add to the child's unhappiness by showing her the old man, formally arraigned for trial—and all Cannie could procure from him was a promise that he would go at once and see that her grandfather was not treated cruelly.

"That should never be!" George said, with that flash of the eye which betrayed the depth of his character, and the strength of will lying beneath the calm exterior—he would go at once! there was nothing to fear!

And leaping on his horse, he put spur to the animal, and galloped at full speed down the mountain.

Cannie followed him with her eyes, which the tears almost blinded, and prayed inaudibly for strength and protection from One in whom she was accustomed to place all her trust. She saw George disappear in the forest—then reappear in the open space, galloping violently as before: and finally, on the banks of the river, saw him join the officers and their prisoner.

Then the whole cavalcade disappeared, and Cannie fell upon the bench of the little porch, covering her face with her hands, and uttering sobs so passionate that her bosom and the long, fair hair, which had fallen, and now rested upon her shoulders, were shaken, as by a convulsion.

XXX.

LIGHTFOOT.

She preserved this attitude still, when a footstep was heard upon the path near at hand, and raising her head she saw the young Indian, whom we have twice alluded to in our chronicle.

He was clad as before, in fringed leggings, joined by a pliable garment of soft doeskin, reaching to his waist, which was encircled by a leathern belt, upon one side of which were secured a bundle of arrows:—his feet were protected by ornamented moccasins, fitting tightly to the high instep and nervous ankle:—above his brow drooped, as before, the variegated plume, his badge of chieftanship. As he leaned upon his long cedar bow and looked upon the child—his bare breast slightly heaving, and his noble features full of tender pity and affection, he presented a subject for a great painter.

Cannie rose quickly to her feet and hastening to his side, said hurriedly:

"Oh, Lightfoot! I thought you were far away! I know you will help me! Can you take me over the river? Grand pa is to be tried, and I must not, cannot stay here!—Lightfoot, you are a good, true friend,—"

She stopped, overcome with agitation:—one hand resting on his arm, her eyes turned up to his face beseechingly. The young Indian looked into the sweet countenance with a depth of affection, and a sudden colour on his swarthy cheek, which betrayed the extent of the interest he felt in the speaker. But when he spoke his words were calm and measured—long training had made self-control a second nature with him. We shall not record his reply in the broken English which was all he possessed—though the sad, musical tones made that defective dialect not destitute of a singular charm.

"Is not Lightfoot the true friend of the Mountain Dove," he said. "He has known her very well, and loved her for many moons—and her father has been kind to the poor Indian who left his tribe to wander here among the places of his childhood."

"And you have been kind, very kind to us, Lightfoot. You have more than once kept the Indians from attacking us—and I would have died that day when the moccasin bit me, if you had not brought the herb to cure me. And now, Lightfoot, you must be my friend. You must take me over the river to Mr. Yeardeley's—I know he will let me go in his wagon to the court. Will you, Lightfoot?—do not refuse me, dear Lightfoot!"

The swarthy cheek again coloured slightly, but the voice was calm when he said:

"Lightfoot loves the little dove of the mountain—he will do her bidding now and always—he would willingly die for her."

And with these grave words, which were accompanied by a sudden flash of the eye, in which might have been read an expression of deep tenderness, the young chief assumed an attitude of one who waits patiently.

Cannie hastened into the house: threw a cloak upon her shoulders: tied her chip hat under her chin, and came forth again quickly. The two then rapidly descended the mountain—the Indian often taking the little hand to assist his companion over some obstacle in the path—and thus they finally reached the river. From a sheltered nook, overshadowed by a great drooping pine tree, Lightfoot silently produced a gum-log canoe, and placed the girl in it. A sweep of the long paddle sent it ten yards into the current, and they were soon on the opposite side of the river. As carefully concealing the skiff as before, the Indian and his companion then hastened on, and before very long came in sight of Mr. Yeardeley's. Lightfoot allowed the girl to go on alone—and from his hiding place saw her enter the rude mansion of the settler, before which a light wagon, drawn by a pony, was standing. In ten minutes she came out again with the rough but good-humoured borderer, who placed her in the vehicle, got in himself and drove off.

Lightfoot leaned upon his cedar bow and followed the wagon until it was out of sight with his sad smile and look of wistful affection. He was thinking of

Cannie's parting words as she pressed his hand in both of her's and said:

"Come to our house to-morrow, Lightfoot!—you are my dear, kind friend!"

The words had made his breast thrill, and a joyful light had illumined his features. Then the sadness came, and he murmured:

"She loves the pale-faced youth. I am nought to her. But Maniton will speak. It is well."

With these words he turned and disappeared in the forest.

XXXI.

HOW CAPTAIN WAGNER OVERTHREW HIS ADVERSARY.

In the main apartment of Van Doring's Ordinary, the worshipful justices of the county of Frederick were assembled, to take into consideration all questions touching the order, defence, government, and general condition of the region under their supervision.

The Ordinary had been selected for the place of meeting at the request of Lord Fairfax. As one of the pieces of business which would come before the worshipful justices was the selection of a permanent locality for the court, and as Winchester and Stephensburg contended for the honour and emolument in question—said his Lordship—it would be fair to meet on the present occasion at neither of those places. Thus they would enter the arena of friendly competition impartially and without undue advantage.

These views had received the approbation of the enlightened justices and they had accordingly assembled from every direction at the Ordinary of Mr. Van Doring—riding every description of animal of the horse species, and clad in the most extraordinary diversity of apparel. Some of them were gentlemen of the first class, and these were generally well dressed, with some pretensions to grace and elegance. But the majority were like Major Hastyluck, rather unfavourable specimens of their species—low-browed,

sharp-faced, wiry, keen-looking individuals, who evidently had an eye to the main chance under all possible circumstances, and, like a celebrated gentleman of more modern times, thought it well to be "shifty in a new country."

A large crowd of a nondescript character had assembled on the occasion—hunters, trappers, settlers,—many of them portly Germans, others trim, active Scotchmen:—and this crowd moved about in front of the Ordinary, drank systematically of Myneer Van Doring's Jamaica, and during the first hours of the day, entered with enthusiasm into the business of trading horses—the animals being, for the most part, plain to the inspection of all, at the long rack in front of the tavern door.

About twelve o'clock a decided sensation was created in the crowd by the appearance of a large English chariot, drawn by four glossy horses, from which vehicle, when it paused before the door, descended his Lordship, the Earl of Fairfax, Lieutenant of the County of Frederick, and President of the body of justices. Lord Fairfax, who carried into the wilds of the New World something of the English idea of the propriety of full dress, on occasions of ceremony, was very richly clad. His coat was of brown cloth, decorated with embroidery; his waistcoat of yellow silk, ornamented with flowers in silver thread; from his bosom protruded a mass of snowy ruffles, and his peruke was carefully powdered. Around him, as he issued from the chariot, he drew the folds of a rich red velvet cloak—and then inclining his head slightly to the admiring crowd, he entered the Ordinary.*

A quarter of an hour after the appearance of his Lordship, the sheriff was heard uttering his loud brazen "Oyez! oyez! oyez! Silence is commanded—humhum—humhum—hum!—God save the King!"—and the justices took their seats at a long table, at the further end of the apartment,

the Earl occupying a large arm chair in the centre of them. A little gentleman, with an irresistible business air, sat at one corner of the board with a huge volume bound in leather lying before him—and near the door, at a respectful distance from the members of the court, the crowd,—among whom might be seen Falconbridge, George and Captain Wagner conversing,—looked on with interest.

The clerk read some previous proceedings in a monotonous voice—the justices consulted in a low tone with Lord Fairfax;—and then the Earl leaned forward and said, turning his head first to the right, then to the left:

"Is the court prepared to vote upon the selection of a county seat? I need not inform you, gentlemen, that the question will chiefly lie between Stephensburg and Winchester. I shall, therefore, request each justice, as I address him, to pronounce one or the other name, which I will note down as it is uttered."

A considerable sensation among the crowd greeted these words, and a hubbub of voices for a moment deafened every one.

"Silence in the court!" cried the sheriff with fierce indignation, "silence, or the court room will be cleared!"

"No, sir! Winchester, or the devil take it!" resounded clear and sonorous in the sudden silence, and the sheriff started up with ferocious abruptness.

"Silence! Captain Wagner, you are disturbing the court! Silence!"

"My dear friend," said the voice of Captain Wagner, as that worthy advanced from the mass, with clanking spurs and sabre, "I have the utmost possible respect for this most honourable court, and the little remark which fell from me was spoken confidentially to a friend, who is an advocate of Stephensburg. Now, I'm only a poor soldier, and nothing of a lawyer, but I will maintain that Winchester, and no other place ought to be selected

* It is proper to say that the chief details of this description are faithful to accurately preserved tradition. The tradition was communicated to the present writer by the son of a gentleman who visited the Earl at Greenway Court—saw his handsome chariot and red velvet cloak—and dined in state at the broad board.

for the county seat. I have my reasons," added the Captain, mysteriously, "and if this most honourable and respectable body would listen to the said reasons, I could satisfy their minds, or may the—!"

What followed, or nearly followed, was lost in the Captain's huge beard.

The ghost of a smile flitted over the countenance of Lord Fairfax:—it was his favourite music, the sound of that martial and sonorous voice—and he recalled all at once the "declaration of war" by the soldier, on his arrival in the Valley. As to the Captain, he pushed up his great black mustache with his finger—passed his eyes along the line of justices, among whom were Mr. Argal and Major Hastyluck—and finally concentrated his gaze upon the face of the Earl with an expression which said plainly, "Honour bright, my Lord!"

The lurking smile came again to the Earl's face, and turning to the court, he said:

"Gentlemen, if it is your pleasure, we will listen to Captain Wagner's reasons for selecting Winchester. He is well acquainted with the country and its interests, and if you permit him, may throw light upon the question."

A glance of much admiration from the soldier rewarded his generous enemy; and when the court acquiesced in the Earl's recommendation, the countenance of the worthy, which before had been filled with the elements of fear, was now fringed with the radiance of hope, and expanded with the delight of a great orator who feels that the moment has arrived for his triumph. The Captain bowed his head, then raised his martial brow erect—and extending one arm persuasively, plunged with eloquence into the middle of the subject.

It is again, as on a former occasion, matter of deep regret to the faithful historian of Captain Wagner's exploits, that the absence of professional reporters, at that remote period, renders it impossible to accurately record the vivid eloquence of his speeches. As in the case of Patrick Henry, and other celebrated men, the legend of his power alone remains. We may safely say, however, that the eulogium pronounced upon the town of Winchester, by the military orator, was one of transcendent beauty and stirring impressiveness—while Stephensburg dwindled away into a tenth-rate cross-road assemblage of huts, unworthy of the attention of any one for an instant. The Captain concluded by a pathetic and affecting appeal to the honourable justices to be guided in their decision by no considerations of self-interest, by no preference for persons—to remember that unborn millions would be affected by their determination, and form their opinion of the members of the court by the manner in which they discharged, on this great occasion, their solemn and responsible obligations.

With this eloquent appeal the Captain ended his oration, and retired modestly into the crowd.

The smile on the Earl's face had come back in full force—and turning to his associates he said:

"Gentlemen, you have heard the reasons given by Captain Wagner, but I imagine you have discovered in them nothing to largely modify any opinions which you may have before made up. If the members of the court are ready to vote, I will submit the question."

As no objection was made, the Earl called in turn the name of each—making a mark as they responded, either under "Winchester," or "Stephensburg," which were written upon a sheet of paper. The result was that the first had five marks, the latter but four—and Winchester was selected as the county seat of Frederick by a majority of one.

As he inscribed the last vote—that of the worthy Major Hastyluck—a slight flush invaded the swarthy cheek of the Earl, and he leaned back haughtily in his arm chair. The result seemed to cause him no less surprise than dissatisfaction; and for a moment he remained silent, looking coldly at the court. Then with an irritated flirt of the hand he tossed down the paper, saying simply:

"Winchester is chosen."

The Earl's displeasure did not last, however. It plainly subsided after the transaction of some additional business

of a common-place nature; and when a short period for rest was taken by the court, who went to supply themselves with cups of Jamaica, Lord Fairfax approached Captain Wagner and said calmly:

"Well, you are victor, sir,—I congratulate you upon your triumph!"

"My Lord," said Captain Wagner, making the military salute, "there is something finer than to get the better of an adversary—it is to act toward that adversary with the chivalry and fairness that your Lordship has displayed on this occasion!"

It was the Captain's honest opinion, and the ill humour of the gratified Earl completely disappeared.

XXXII.

THE WIZARD OF THE MASSINUTTON.

It was not until late in the evening that the case of the singular inhabitant of the Fort Mountain came up for examination.

He was brought from the private apartment in which he had been confined, into the main room in which the array of justices were seated behind the long table, and directed to sit down until he was called—"when," added the individual who had arrested him, "you'll have a chance, my proud-looking old fellow, to say if you are guilty, or not guilty, and I've got my opinion as to how it'll turn out."

With these comforting words the vulgar officer retired, and left his prisoner to himself. That personage seemed to pay no manner of attention to him who thus addressed him. Had no one been beside him—no voice sounded in his ears—he could not have exhibited a more perfect unconsciousness of being spoken to. He was looking with a gloomy and fixed glance at Lord Fairfax, who occupied his former position in the middle of the line of justices:—and thus, motionless, stern, wrapped from head to foot in his old gray over-coat, shaggy and soiled with long

use, he presented a singular spectacle. His long gray hair half covered his face, which inclined forward—and the keen eyes, burning beneath the bushy white eyebrows, were never removed for a moment from the face of the Earl.

The rude crowd, moving to and fro at the door, regarded the prisoner with superstitious interest; and as the shades of evening began to descend, and his figure grow gradually less distinct in its outlines, they watched him with as much intensity as if they had expected him ere long to melt into thin air and disappear, with a disagreeable smell of sulphur only left behind.

The remote and retired life of the old man, his systematic non-attendance upon any occasions of public assemblage in the small towns, or at social gatherings—the mysterious manner in which he had arrived a year or two before, no one knew whence—and above all, the dense smoke which was frequently seen, even in the hottest days of summer, curling above the summit just beneath which his cabin was situated—all these things had strangely impressed the rude and credulous inhabitants of the frontier, and led them to bestow upon him the name by which he was known throughout the region—"The Wizard of the Massinutton."

What had induced the drunken justice, Hastyluck, to set on foot a prosecution against him for diabolical proceedings, it is difficult to say. It may have been some private spite—or the attempt of a sottish hanger-on to bolster up a damaged reputation by an affectation of zeal in his office of justice—or lastly, the mere enmity of a small, ill-natured mind against one apparently without friends.

However this may be, it is certain that Hastyluck set the matter on foot; and in his vagabond wanderings among the rude and ignorant settlers—especially those from the witch-haunted land of Germany—he had experienced little difficulty in impressing upon their minds the idea that every misfortune which had ever happened to them had been caused by the "Wizard of the Massinutton." More than one of these superstitious people

were now present, prepared to testify with the utmost distinctness against the prisoner—and Major Hastyluck, who had spent a considerable portion of the day in swilling Jamaica in Mynbeer Van Doring's inner room, now rubbed his hands and regarded the *two* wizards seated before him with maudlin triumph.

"The prisoner, Powell," said Major Hastyluck, in a thick and stammering voice, "will now be arraigned."

Lord Fairfax, whose place had thus been unceremoniously assumed by the drunken Major, turned with a frown to that gentleman, and said with some hauteur:

"I pray you, sir, permit the business of the court to proceed regularly."

To which cold words Major Hastyluck, who was quite beyond the influence of hauteur, responded with the remarkable words, uttered with shocking indistinctness:

"Hans Doppelkraut 'll tell you!"

After which the Major assumed an expression of much dignity, and attempted to pair his nails with a goosequill.

The Earl bestowed a withering glance upon his associate, which, however, fell quite powerless, and making a sign to the sheriff, that excitable gentleman summoned the prisoner to stand and say whether or not he was guilty of witchcraft. The prisoner, therefore, rose and said, "I am not guilty," in a calm and indifferent voice. Then taking his seat, he fixed his eyes as before upon Lord Fairfax.

Carl Zellycreffer being called, testified in broad German, that his child had been afflicted with internal dropsy and rickets, which he believed to have been caused by the wizard. Being interrogated as to the foundation for this opinion, his reply was extremely unsatisfactory.

Hans Doppelkraut succeeded this worthy. Hans testified that he believed his cattle to have been destroyed by the wizard's shooting them with hair balls, as no marks of disease, or violence, were discovered upon them:—his neighbour, Flangel, who was too sick to attend, was certain that his illness was caused by the wizard's changing him into a horse,

bridling and saddling him, and riding him at full speed over the very top of the Fort Mountain, to a meeting of witches and wizards in the "Hog Back." He, the witness, did not know how this was—but he could say, that in his opinion his own cows had been made dry by the prisoner, by fixing a pin in a towel for each cow—hanging the towel over a door, and drawing the milk from the fringes. The officer had told him that they had seen a towel at the prisoner's house:—and that the "Hog Back" was the most probable place for a meeting, such as neighbour Flangel had declared he was ridden to, saddled and bridled, with heavy spurs dug every instant into his sides—which marks, by some witchcraft of the prisoner, were, however, not visible when he returned to his human shape.

Having given this perspicuous testimony, Hans Doppelkraut stood aside, and Joe Gunn, hunter and trapper, was called.

Joe Gunn, for his part, didn't know whether there was any such thing as witchcraft or not, and only hearn about it. He had been acquainted with hunters who said their guns were bewitched and would'n't shoot straight—and when Black, one of his hounds, could'n't be got to hunt of late, he had burnt him in the forehead with a hot iron—after which he didn't know whether he hunted or not, for, like an ongrateful varmint, he run away. Major Hastyluck there had told him, Joe Gunn, that "strange things was in the wind nowabouts"—and asked him if he was well; when he, Joe Gunn, told the Major that he did have a little tetch of the rhumatiz from sleeping out o' nights on the ground; the Major had asked him solemnly if he was sure that this was not caused by Powell. He, Joe Gunn, replying that in this miserable world there was nothing whatsoever that was nat'rally sartin, the Major had advised him to draw a picture of the wizard on a plank, and shoot at it with a bullet containing a bit of silver. His old woman would'n't hear of any such waste of precious metals, and he fired away at the picture, drawn on the fence in charcoal, with an ordinary bullet. The Major told him the bullet would hit the old wizard

all the same as if he was really there—and so, not wanting to kill any body, and knowing Long July Ann, his rifle, sent the ball right where he put the bead, he aimed at the right shoulder, and put it there. If the talk about wizards was true, the prisoner ought to have an ounce of lead in his right shoulder—which he, Joe Gunn, would'n't like to have in his own—and that was all he knew about it.*

A singular expression of surprise passed over the face of the prisoner, who, nevertheless, did not move.

"Search him, search him, according to the law of witchcraft!" came with maudlin energy from the drunken Major on the bench:—and many of the justices

evidently acquiesced in the propriety of this proceeding. But before the officious worthies of the law could approach, the prisoner rose slowly to his feet, and opened his lips to address the court.

At the same moment a stir was heard at the door, some pitying exclamations were uttered by the crowd, and through an opening which was speedily made for her, Cannie advanced into the court room. The wagon of good Mr. Yeadly had broken down, and she had just arrived at the Ordinary—trembling, pale, shaking with an indefinable fear.

The sight of the old man, however, seemed to give her strength. The power of a resolute will, and a devotion which

* That the introduction of witchcraft into a work, the scene of which is laid in Virginia, may not be attributed to the fancy merely of the writer, the reader is referred to the account of the trial of Grace Sherwood, in Princess Anne county, in *Howe's Virginia Antiquities*, and to the following passage from "*Notes of the Settlement and Indian Wars, of the Western parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania*," by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Doddridge.

"The belief in witchcraft was prevalent among the early settlers of the Western country. To the witch was ascribed the tremendous power of inflicting strange and incurable diseases, particularly on children—of destroying cattle by shooting them with hair balls, and a great variety of other means of destruction—of inflicting spells and curses on guns and other things—and lastly, of changing men into horses, and after bridling and saddling them, riding them at full speed over hill and dale to their frolics and other rendezvous. . . . Wizards were men supposed to possess the same mischievous power as the witches. . . . The diseases of children, supposed to be inflicted by witchcraft, were those of the internal dropsy and the rickets. The symptoms and cure of these destructive diseases were utterly unknown in former times in the country. Diseases which could neither be accounted for nor cured, were usually ascribed to some supernatural agency of a malignant kind. For the cure of the diseases inflicted by witchcraft, the picture of the supposed witch was drawn on a stump, or piece of board, and shot at with a bullet containing a little bit of silver. This bullet transferred a painful and sometimes mortal spell on that part of the witch corresponding with the part of the portrait struck by the bullet. . . . The witch had but one way of relieving herself from any spell inflicted upon her in any way, which was that of borrowing something, no matter what, of the family to which the subject of the exercise of her witchcraft belonged! I have known several poor old women much surprised at being refused requests which had usually been granted without hesitation, and almost heart-broken when informed of the cause of the refusal. When cattle or dogs were supposed to be under the influence of witchcraft, they were burnt in the forehead by a branding-iron, or when dead, burned wholly to ashes. This inflicted a spell upon the witch which could only be removed by borrowing as above stated. Witches were often said to milk the cows of their neighbours. This they did by fixing a new pin in a new towel for each cow intended to be milked. This towel was hung over her own door, and by means of certain incantations, the milk was extracted from the fringes of the towel after the manner of milking a cow. This happened," adds the Reverend historian with dry humour, "when the cows were too poor to give much milk."—*Doddridge's Notes*: pp. 376-7, in *Kercheval's History of the Valley of Virginia*.

spurned all fear, came to her assistance—without shedding a tear, or hesitating a moment, the young girl, with the air of a little queen, went to the side of the prisoner and throwing one arm around him nestled close to his bosom.

But the trial was too much for her—the agitation she had undergone too excessive—the proud and defiant look which she directed at Lord Fairfax and the justices, was succeeded by a nervous tremor, and burying her face in the old man's breast, she clung to him, and sobbed wildly:

"Grand papa! grand papa! they shall not take you from me! They shall not!—no they shall not, while I am alive!"

A flood of tears followed these words, and for an instant a dead silence reigned throughout the apartment. All eyes were fixed upon the tall gray-haired man, clasped in the embrace of the beautiful and devoted child—and as they stood thus, bathed in the red light of the declining sun, there was something so proud and noble in the forms of both, that the crowd was hushed and awed.

The silence was broken by the prisoner.

"My Lord," he said calmly, in his cold, austere voice, "my Lord and Gentlemen of the Court, I beg you to take notice that this presence of my child was against my wishes—I would scorn to make use of any such vulgar trick to excite your sympathies. This absurd accusation of witchcraft has been heard—the witnesses have testified—I might go to my house again, cleared of the foolish imputation—but there is still another charge to be brought against me, I believe. Before that charge is made, I crave a few moments private conversation with the presiding justice of the court—my Lord Fairfax. In making this request, I am not impelled by any fear of the result, or any wish to conciliate your Lordship's favour. My child is agitated—I would be home again—I have other reasons, my Lord Thomas of Denton—

Fairfax, I should say. I pray that I may speak with your Lordship."

At the words "Lord Thomas of Denton," the Earl gave a visible start and leaned forward in his chair, vainly endeavouring to read some secret in the countenance of the prisoner. But that countenance defied all his penetration—it was cold and impenetrable—a mask might have conveyed more expression.

Lord Fairfax drew back with a deep sigh and a bewildered look, which was extremely unusual with him—but said nothing. Then seeming suddenly to recollect the request of the prisoner, he rose to his feet and said hurriedly:

"I pray the court to suspend its business for a brief period. I am willing to grant the private interview which the prisoner craves. I know not the character of the communication which he is about to make to me, if it be a communication—but trust I may rely upon the good opinion of my honourable associates, that nothing will be taken into consideration by me without their privacy and advice."

Major Hastyluck, who had been for at least an hour without a fresh potation, cheerfully replied for his brethren, that they had perfect confidence in his Lordship—and then the Major set the example by staggering pompously from his seat toward the inner room.

Lord Fairfax, still absent and looking with vague curiosity toward the prisoner, made a sign to that personage and passed up the staircase to his private room.

The old man, with soothing words and a smiling caress, entrusted Cannie into the hands of George, who hastened forward to offer her his arm, and then, wrapping his shaggy over-coat more closely around him, stalked through the group of insolent and astounded bailiffs after the Earl.

In a few moments the door was locked behind them, and they were alone together.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FRANCESCA DI RAVENNA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.

Poschia ch'io ebbi il mio Dottore udito
 Nomar le donne antiche, e i cavalieri, &c.
Divina Commedia, INF. CANTO V., 70—142.

When I had heard my learned teacher name
 The dames and cavaliers of ancient fame,
 A mastering pity through my nature went,
 And all was lost in soft bewilderment.

“Poet, I fain would speak with yonder pair,”
 I cried, “who move so lightly through the air.”
 “Watch as they come—their near approach invite
 By that strong passion which controls their plight,”
 He said, “and they will hither urge their flight.”
 The wind inclined their course to us—I cried,
 “Oh, troubled souls! come, speak, if not denied.”
 As doves, on steady and expanded wings,
 Answering the call which fond affection brings,
 Borne by the power of will, fly through the air,
 And to the nest of their sweet brood repair,—
 So these, departing from the faithless band,
 Where Dido and her kindred spirits stand,
 Together come through the malignant sky,
 Drawn by the fervour of my tender cry.

“Oh, kind and gracious creature who hast come,
 A living traveller through this dense gloom,
 To visit us who stained the world with gore,—
 Were He our friend who rules all evermore,
 Our prayers for thee should rise before His throne,
 Such pity for our blasted fortunes thou hast shown.

“We cheerful mingle in the craved discourse,
 While now the wind restrains its wonted force.
 My natal town reposes on the lea,
 Where Po and kindred streams blend with the sea.
 Love, by which gentle hearts are quickly fired,
 This one with admiration fond inspired
 Of my fair form—that form by me resigned
 In mode which still offends my anguished mind.
 Love, ever kindling in the loved one's breast
 A kindred flame, my yielding soul possest
 With such delight in arts by lovers tried,
 That, as thou seest, he ne'er forsakes my side.
 This love conducted to a common death,
 And Caina waits for him who quelled our vital breath.”

These words to us were borne,—and when I heard
 Those troubled souls, my heart was deeply stirred;
 I bowed my face, and held it bending low,
 Until the Poet said, “What thinkest thou?”
 When I replied, “What tender thoughts, alas!
 What strong desire led to the doleful pass!”

And then to them, "These tears, Francesca, tell
 What grief and pity for thy woes I feel.
 But tell me, at the time of soft desire,
 How love revealed to each the hidden fire?"
 She said, "No greater pain to mortals known
 Than memory of bliss forever flown
 Amidst the pressure of existing woes,—
 And what I speak thy sage conductor knows.
 But, if such longing in thy breast prevail
 To learn our love's first root, I weep, and tell the tale.

"One day, amused, we read of Lancelot,
 The knight in love's resistless meshes caught.
 We were alone, and from suspicion free,
 I frequent glanced on him, as he on me,
 And frequent blushes o'er each visage spread,—
 But in one moment we were captive led.
 For, as we read how the inspiring smile
 Was by such lover fondly kissed, the while
 This comrade, who shall never leave my side,
 A kiss all trembling to my lips applied.
 That book the name of Galeotto bore,
 And on its page that day we read no more."

While thus the one spirit spoke, the other wept
 So bitterly, that yearning pity crept
 Through all my fainting frame, I lost my breath,
 And fell, like body smitten by the hand of death.

R. FURMAN.

Greenville, S. C.

THE POLITE ART OF NOVELLING. A DIDACTIC FICTION.

BY G. BUGGINI WUFFICKS, ESQ.

BOOK I.

CHAP. VIII.

OF HEROES, HEROINES, ETC.

No Novel, however Polite, can dispense with Heroes, Heroines, etc. W.M. Thackeray put on the outside of *Vanity Fair*, these words—"A Novel without a Hero." Which was a little literary trick everybody saw through. There was no Hero, but in his stead a notable Heroine, Becky Sharp, to wit: a person, in my judgment, not at all presentable in respectable society. The student of polite Novelling may take warning by this melancholy example. He must remember that his first duty as a Genteel writer, is to

please and not offend the ladies. Hence he will never obtrude upon their notice a person of the female sex who is vulgar, or ridiculous, or too smart, or at all *outré*. Such persons, perhaps, exists, but they exist not for Society.

The old rule in regard to Heroes and Heroines was this: Heroes brave, handsome, intelligent, and very strong in the back and limbs, that is to say, strong all over; in short, prodigies. Heroines, young, exquisitely beautiful, tremendously tender and affectionate, ready to fall in love at a moment's warning, but somewhat backward to acknowledge it, until some Great Scene, some Mighty Trial, a Storm on Land or Sea, a Runaway Horse, a Robber, the Fury of a Stern Parent,

or something of that kind, extracted the Hidden Secret. Moreover, the Hero was generally Gloomy, indeed strangely Bilious at times; while the Heroine, following suit, was subjected at intervals to a Pining Grief, the symptoms of which were invariably identical with Dysepisia, the Novelist preferring, however, to call it Consumption, that being considered the most Sentimental of all diseases.

This was all wrong. Or rather it was all right enough for the rude age in which these Novels appeared. From our present Elegant Social Eminence, we look down with disdain upon the clumsy characters of that Barbaric period. What care we for physical strength? Samson would cut a bad figure at a Hop, even if dressed in a Garrotte Collar and Patent Leather Pumps. And Hercules would look well, wouldn't he? doing the honours of a Brown Stone House. Think of Ajax, with greasy, frizzled hair, looking at Piccolomini through an Opera Glass! The absurdity is at once apparent. [See remarks on Bravery in the Model Novel.]

No: the Hero of the Polite Modern Novel is quite a different man. Address, Dress, Money—these are his essentials. No objection to his being Handsome, would rather he should'n't be Ricketty, and prefer that he should be at least a shade above Idiocy. But these are secondary considerations. Make him a Polite, Rich Gentleman, and you will have done your duty to yourself and to Society.

As regards Heroines, the rule is obvious. Brown Stone, or at all events, Big House and Unlimited Credit at the Most Fashionable Dry-Goods Store, being understood, nothing remains for the Polite Novelist to look after but the manner of his Heroine. As this is all important, being the Great Text by which Ladies will judge whether the Author is familiar with the Best Society, it would be well for the young Novelist to tell in the opening lines of his first Novel the minute particulars of the finest Dress of the Best Dressed Lady of his acquaintance, and some of the exact words uttered by the Most Elegant Conversationiste in his

vicinity, during his last talk with her. If to this he add the way she manages her Dress and the tone in which she utters her words, the young Novelist will have done all he can to ensure success. Heretofore, I have reason to believe, that this branch of Novelling has been Wholly Neglected. It is true, that many Ladies have sat as Unconscious Models to Novelists, but this was very unfair, inasmuch as the Ladies never suspected what they were called down stairs for, and consequently while they behaved Properly, as every Lady will do at all times, they did not put on these Extra Airs which they reserve for very Peculiar Occasions. Hence it is that the Lady-Characters in most if not all the Novels which have been written up to this time, have been defective. The publication of my Hand-Book and the Omniprevalent practice of Novelling, will entirely remedy this Evil, since hereafter no Lady will dare to appear before anybody, Male or Female, without putting on these Extra Airs which have heretofore been kept back to the Great detriment of the Polite Public, who profit greatly by the exhibition of Airs. Hence a marked improvement in Society may be looked for immediately upon the appearance of This volume. Nevertheless, Mr. Wufficks desires it be Distinctly understood that he claims No merit as a Benefactor of the Polite Public. If important Reforms follow the Promulgation of Great Ideas, it is the Misfortune, not the Fault of the Polite Novelist, who has plainly nothing to do with the Reformer-Class,—a low order of existence, seldom seen in Genteel Circles—an order to which, above all others, Mr. W. would rather not belong. For no Earthly Consideration would he (Mr. W.) Impair his Standing as a Gentleman by occupying the public-benefactor Attitude.

RULE.—Dress your Heroes and Heroines in the Latest Style. They must have Fine Manners. Put them in large Houses, with plenty of Money in their Pockets. Don't make them too Muscular or too Intelligent. Such people are apt to be Annoying,—the former by heating and ex-

citing the Polite Mind by daring Deeds, and the latter paralyzing it with profound thoughts. As no one can be Truly Polite who is not Amiable, and as Amiability is dependent upon Digestion, attend carefully to the Chylopoetic System of your Heroes and Heroines. Since the introduction and general use of various vegetable and spirituous Tonics, together with Nux Vomica, Fashionable Watering and Bathing Places, Hydropathic Institutes, and Humphrey's Specific Homeopathic Pills, there is no excuse for a Dyspeptic character in a Polite Novel. As to Consumption, as a means of exciting the Reader's sympathy, I have only to say that in the first place, it is Ungenteel to excite much sympathy, and, in the second place, if much sympathy were excited, by the use of Consumption, the Practical and Polite Reader would demand to know Why the Author did not administer Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, or Cod-Liver-Oil, or the Compound Syrup of the Phosphates, or try the Process of Inhalation with his patient. In lieu of Consumption, try Headache, or Want of Money, ailments Much More distressing than Consumption. If desirous of reducing the female Reader to the Deepest Permissible point of Polite Distress, array your Heroine in a Badly-Fitting Dress. Finally, do not fail to provide your Heroine with a Carriage, for that would cause instantaneous Death to the Polite Female Reader.

EXAMPLE.—No good example extant.

EXCEPTION.—Nothing but exceptions throughout the whole range of Novels. For abominable exceptions to the True Polite Muscular Theory of Heroes, consult Eugene Sue, his *Mysteries of Paris*. See also Dumas' *D'Artignan* and *Portos*.

CHAP. IX.

OF PLOTS.

The erroneous views entertained by the rude Novelists in regard to the proper function of the Novel, have done incalculable injury to Society. By stimula-

ting the mind to Madness, by absorbing the attention to the Point of Complete Unconsciousness of Outward Things (which, I need not say, are the most important of all Things to every really Polite person) by depicting scenes which cause the Genteel Hair to stand on end like quills upon the Fretful Porcupine (an animal never admitted into a Parlour or introduced as a Model into a Fashionable, Polishing, Finishing, Boarding School,) and especially by producing the most Harrowing Anxiety, by means of Complicated and Involved Plots, the rude Novelists of former times have unfitted Society for the proper enjoyment of itself. Unnatural excitement is followed by re-action, by Debility (which is far removed from Genteel Languor) inasmuch that the Lady or Gentleman who has just laid down an ordinary Novel, becomes of all people the most Disagreeable, and consequently the least fitted to entertain Company. Company is stale, flat and unprofitable to them, and they are Even Worse than that to Company.

Now the proper function of the Polite Novel is not to stimulate, but gently to Titillate the mind; to present to the Well-Bred reader, pictures which shall interest and amuse without Exciting him; to introduce him to Characters a shade more Polite than himself; in a word, the function of the Novel is to teach people how to be more Agreeable; not to disgust them with persons who appear tame simply because they have never, and can never come up to the Wild-Beast standard of the rude Novelist. This point cannot be too deeply impressed upon the young Novelist. Here he is most liable to err, since it is the commonest of all errors to suppose that people like above all things something new. They do like something new, but they like themselves better. To avoid the Wild-Beast standard, the youthful Novelist will do well at the start to pare down the Muscles of his Heroes, to extract a great part of the Brains, and to Dress them in Clothes of such a Cut and such a Quality as will render Terrible Scenes and Daring Deeds impossible. Nor will he forget that he owes a duty to Himself as well as to the Polite Public,

and that duty demands of him Never to Fatigue his mind by straining at the concoction of a Wild and Horrible Plot. His Novel will go Smoothly, Easily, Quietly, Genteelly along, just as Polished People go, disturbing nobody and giving occasion to nobody to disturb them.

RULE.—No plot at all.

EXAMPLE.—Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

EXCEPTION.—Novels generally, from Walter Scott's down to G. P. R. James's.

NOTICE.—Mr. G. B. Wufficks, the original Inventor of Easy Plots, will on Tuesday next, if fair, if not the next fair day, open, at his establishment, No. 1½ Quid St., Lugsville, his Spring Stock of New and Second-Hand Smooth and Easy Plots. Terms liberal and made known on the day of sale. Applications by letter promptly attended to. Beginners in Polite Novelling will please send in their orders stating kind of Plot, whether old or new.

CHAP. X.

OF NOVELTY IN NOVELLING.

Novelty has been greatly abused in the art of Novelling. Without meaning to disparage the merits of Novelty, I am free to confess that the danger is rather of Overdoing than of Underdoing the thing. It is harder to produce Novelties than not to produce them; but the natural proneness of the Polite mind to give pleasure, without regard to considerations of mere personal comfort, is such that even a Boorish Dabbler in Fiction will be apt to come nearer the True Mark and Quantity of Novelty than the most Cultivated and Gifted *habitué* of the Parlour. For it is plain that the Boorish Dabbler, even if he would, could not be very novel. Nor would the Cultivated man err in this respect, did he rightly understand the requirements of the Novel-reading, Polite public. That the said public does not require much Novelty, might easily be proved by calling attention to the Marked Favour with which

the contributions of a certain New York paper, named, if I remember rightly, the Ledger, are received. Politeness, carried to the Farthest Extreme, would hardly call any of these contributions novel. Yet they appear to Take very well. Hence it may be safely argued that the Novelist subjects himself to unnecessary trouble when he over-exerts himself in the production, or in the attempt to produce, Novelties.

RULE. In Novelling do not be too Novel.

EXAMPLE. "The Virginiana." Jack Horner.

EXCEPTION. Novels generally, and particularly those of Chas. Reade.

REMARKS. To avoid a Surplusage of Novelty, one may write after Dinner. One must not go to the other Extreme and be Dull, as, for example, in the Example above given. In addition to Hearty Eating, I have found the reading of Newspapers and Blackwood's Magazine a good corrective of any Tendency to indulge Oneself in Inordinate and Impolite Novelty. Certain small Novelties, the conceiving and execution of which do not cost the mind the least Trouble whatever, are always admissible. Such, for instance, is the use of Various-sized Type, as practised by Mr. Reade, and the insertion here and there of a Pictorial Joke, as practised by the same, and by T. Hood before him. But this sort of Cheap Novelty was long ago carried into Tomfoolery by Laurence Sterne, and is, indeed, no Novelty at all, except to such as have short memories or who have read Very Little.

N. B. If, in the forthcoming Model Novel, I shall so far forget my sense of Propriety as to run counter to My Own instructions and be Impolitely Novel, I beg that the Polite Public will suspend judgment upon the Offence until I shall make an explanation. There are certain Philosophic Instigations to Apparent impropriety in Novelling, which I cannot now Elucidate, and to which I allude merely with the view of counteracting any Harsh Movement in the reader's mind when he shall have come to the perusal of the Model Novel. ~~See~~ One

is Sometimes COMPELLED to Attract Attention. One must get the Eye and Ear of the Public before he can Do Them Good. Hence, during the Initiatory Stages of the Art of Novelling, the Practitioner is excusable if he demean himself even Curiously Uncivilly. Having Procured the Optical and Auditory Organs of the Public, the Established Novelist may go Dryly and Decently onward. Few, I am pleased to say, Fail to avail themselves of this privilege.

CHAP. XI.

OF CONCLUSIONS.

Where, When, and How to conclude a Novel, is no Trivial question. I have settled it So:

I. WHERE? Wherever you please; provided,

II. WHEN? When you have written enough to make 400 8vo. pp., or any number under that.

III. HOW? By the Matrimony or Death of the leading characters.

RULE. Conclude before you have Wearied yourself or the reader. You may not be aware of the Fact, but it certainly is a Fact, that the reader will be apt to get Wearied before you do, although you have the labour of Composing and of writing while he has nothing to do but to read, and to read only when he is in the Humour. Bear this fact in mind. It will be of great service to you, and of greater to the Public.

EXAMPLE. To be given at the close of the Model Novel.

EXCEPTION. All Novels.

REMARKS. No remarks.

BOOK II.

ASCANIUS EGGS; OR, THE MODEL NOVEL.

CHAP. I.

THE EXCLAMATION.

"Hah!"

NOTE A. The selection of the Un-

usual name of Ascanius Eggs was Not a matter of choice with me. It is neither an Accidental nor an Arbitrary cognomen. It is the Strict, indeed, I may say, the Inevitable and Only name which is in accordance with my Established Theory of the True Sphere of Modern Polite Novelling. The said Sphere may be defined as the Classico-Ovoid or Scholastic-Eggish Sphere—the Sphere in which the Graces of Ancient Learning and the Achievements of Modern Physical Science should meet and Harmoniously blend. I trust I may, in this work, Do Much to Facilitate and Promote that blending.

A word as to the Pronunciation of the Unusual appellation. Ascanius, I fear me much, will generally be pronounced as if spelt "A-skan-yus." The proper pronunciation is "Ask-anigh-us." Some attention should also be paid to Eggs. A slight change from the Common Mode of pronouncing this word will add Greatly to its Euphony and also to the Euphony of its Predecessor. The Polite Reader will, therefore, please pronounce Eggs not Eggs, but as if written Ags, so that the Entire Unusual Appellation may emerge Mellifluously from the mouth not as Ascanius Eggs, but rather as Ask-anigh-us Ags.

NOTE B. "Hah!" Nothing can be finer than this Exclamation, taken as it stands. Of itself, it contributes, you perceive, an Entire Chapter. The Reader's attention is not only Arrested but Aroused; at once the Chapter closes. He hears an Exclamation, then suddenly all is still. Anxiously he desires to know what this Exclamation may mean. How grateful must he not be when you kindly come forward with Chap. II. As a Beginning to a Polite Novel, I should say that "Hah!" is calculated to excite Vastly More interest and curiosity than a Solitary Horseman, or anything of that Sort. Yet the Young Novelist need not confine himself Exclusively to "Hah!" "Oh!" or "O!" or "Ah!" will answer very well, but "Hah!" is, I think, Preferable.

CHAP. II.

HE DESCRIBES HER FROM AFAR.

Such was the Exclamation which issued from the Perfumed Mustachios of Mr. Ascanius Eggs, as from afar he descried a Lady ascending the Marble steps of a Palatial Brown-Stone edifice. "Hah!" said he once again, even more vehemently than before. For now, having reached the Mahogany Door, and having applied her delicately Kid-gloved hand to the Silver Bell-pull, she turned her radiantly Beautiful visage to Mr. Eggs, and, apparently, bowed in recognition of him.

He hastened his steps to within a degree of almost Culpable Rapidity, with the view of returning the recognition of his Fair Acquaintance, but (so the Perverse Deities decreed) ere he could bring the Female object within the Focus of his Limited Vision, she disappeared, and the Mahogany Door was shut. Aye! in his very face!

Applying a Gold-rimmed Eye-glass to his Left Optic, he scrutinized the Door. Name, there was none thereon—proof Conclusive that the Owner thereof belonged to the Superior X.

Did she live there? Probably not. Was it some of his Many Female friends? Probably not. Was it a Total Female Stranger? Probably not. And yet possibly she was.

Why these "probably notes," and why this "possibly?"

She did not probably live there, because he had never entered the House, and was not even acquainted with its residents. It was probably not one of his Many Female Acquaintances, because None of them, to the Best of his recollection, had Half so Magnificent a Figure, for Never Before, in all the Wide Range of Mr. Eggs' experience, had a Figure caused him to ejaculate "Hah!" It was probably not a Total Female Stranger, for it was Unreasonable to Suppose that the City contained Such a Figure and that such Figure was Entirely unknown to Mr. Eggs. And yet possibly she was a Total Female Stranger, because she might have come from the

Country and have been but a few days in Town.

NOTE A. I would call the Particular Attention of the Neophyte in Novelling to the heading of the foregoing Chapter. The words, "He Describes Her from Afar," possess the Highest Artistic Merit, for they set the Dramatic Novelling Movement in active motion. A most Attractive Exclamation is heard; with that Exclamation the first Chapter closes Instantaneously; but the very heading of the next Chapter discloses the Fact that a Male and Female are implicated, and I need hardly say that without a Male and Female, No Successful Effort in Novelling has ever been, or ever can be achieved. (See Wufficks's Pemmican, *ante*.) Mr. Ascanius Eggs is the Pemmican John of the Model Novel. Who the Pemmican Jane of the Model Novel is, will soon be seen. I need not dilate upon the Advantages of setting the Dramatic Movement in motion at the earliest Possible moment. This is important, even in the Most Amplified Effort at Novelling, since it is Evident that the Sooner the reader's Interest is awakened the Better.

NOTE B. The very Eminent Politeness discovered throughout Chapter II., should by no means be overlooked. Mr. Ascanius Eggs is seen to wear Perfumed Mustachios (*not* Mustaches) and a Gold-rimmed Eye-glass—Indirect and hence Artistic Marks of the High Social Circle to which he belongs. He descries a Lady with a Radiantly Beautiful Face and a Magnificent Figure, ascending the Marble steps of a Palatial Brown-Stone edifice. Thus the Characters and the Scenery are in Keeping—that is, they are alike, Vastly Genteel.

There are a number of Other Such Delicate Touches, which the Tutor, Teacher, Professor, or President of a College, or an Academy, or an University of Novelling, will not fail to Detect and Point Out to the Student of an Obtuse or Uneducated understanding.

NOTE C. The expression, "the Superior X," is nothing more than a Little Variation, the occasional use of which adds something to the pleasures of Novel-

ling, by relieving the reader of Stereotype Phrases and opening up an Avenue for the exercise of the writer's Ingenuity. The true meaning of the term is "the Upper Tea." In this form, I trust it will be generally recognized.

NORR D. Chapter II. closes amidst many anxious and important Conjectures—thus gently exciting the reader Onward and Preparing the Way for Chapter III. The Conjectural Method of Chapter-Terminations should be Studiously practised.

CHAP. III.

PERPLEXMENT OF MR. EGGS.

It would have been Grossly Indelicate in Mr. Eggs (do not forget to pronounce it Agz) to have effected an entrance into the Palatial Brown-Stone edifice of the Fair Unknown by Burglarious Violence. Also it would have been Indelicate to Hang About the House in hope of ascertaining from a Butler, a Biddy, or any other *Employé* of the Establishment, who the Owner thereof was, and Who the Beautiful Being who had just entered might be. Therefore, bestowing one more and Very Minute Eye-glass Scrutinization on the Premises and the Adjacent Establishments, he departed Politely thence to his Own Residence, in a state of High Perplexment.

Arrived in his *Boudoir*,* he doffed his Cumbersome Outer Garments and arrayed himself in a Dressing Gown.† Then, subsiding Elegantly, into a Fauteuil, he at once Ventilated his Perplexity in these words:

"Good Gwecious!"

By this he was much relieved, and therefore touched a Silver Bell.

A Domestic appeared.

"Suvvant," said Mr. Eggs.

The Domestic bowed.

"Is thah anny good wine in the haous?"

The Domestic bowed.

"Make me a Charmpin Kubblah of about a harf doozen of taspuhnfulls,"

The Domestic bowed. Then he advanced Gracefully Backwards out of the *Boudoir*, and, Bowing, disappeared. Soon he returned with the Desired Beverage, in a Cut-Glass Goblet, with a Heavy Silver Tea Spoon therein, upon which Spoon the Cypher of the Eggs Family was Carefully engraved.

Mr. Eggs sipped twice.

"Suvvant."

The Domestic bowed.

"Suvvant, upon this pappu you will find witten instnuctions. Wetun quickly, or I shall be boad."

Receiving the Scented Note Paper in a Silver Salver, the Domestic retreated Bowing, and Bowing disappeared.

During his absence, Mr. Eggs smoked $\frac{3}{4}$ of a Latakia Cigaretto. Tossing it with Languid Contempt from him, he observed:

"Good Gwecious!"

Very soon thereafter, the Domestic returned.

Ascanius received the missive. Therein was written "Impossible."

A considerable Shade mounted to the brow of Ascanius and lodged in its Centre where the hair was, by his Parisian Barber, consummately parted.

He moved his jewelled hand.

The Domestic vanished.

Ascanius fell back upon his Fauteuil with a deep Pastille-tinted sigh.

NORR A. Leaving many matters of Importance to be Dwelt upon by the Novelling Professor, I come at once to the point marked thus *. The very Intense Propriety of putting Mr. Eggs into a *Boudoir* is apparent from hence. It enables the Noveller to describe Accurately the *Boudoirs* of his Own time. Of course he will describe the Most fashionable. Thus the Polite Art of Novelling attains Incidentally an Historical Value. But this Value must not be Sought After. It must be made Rigorously Subsidiary to Art. In a Manual, the Impropriety of Describing even a *Boudoir* is Too Obvious.

At the point marked †, an Avenue is opened to the Polite Noveller, through which he can give a Detailed Account of

the Dressing Gowns (of the Fashionableist Quality and Cut) of his Own Period. As this Manual and Hand-book is intended for All Time, and No Particular Period, I cannot, Of Course, venture to Detail anything in regard to Mr. Eggs's Gown.

NOTE B. I cannot possibly lay Too Much Stress on the Benefits derivable from the Vowelular Softening displayed in the expression "Good Gwecious!" This entirely New System is now for the First Time introduced, and its Benefits may be gathered from the following NOTICE TO NOVELLERS.

Mr. G. Buggini Wufficks, Alphabetical Macerator and Tanner, at his Extensive Vats in the Back Yard of No. 1½ Quid St. Lugsville, calls attention of Polite Novellers, Infant Dramatists, and Others, to his Assorted Stock of Freshly Macerated Vowels. The Startlingly Delightful effects of the Macerating Process must be seen to be Appreciated. The following sentence from Shakespeare, "A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a

horse!" placed in my Vats at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, re-appeared after Only 2 hours of Careful Maceration in the Exquisite Form of "*Er haoss! er haoss! me keengdum fer er haoss!*" Upwards of 1000 Similar Specimens now On Hand may be seen on the Macerated Vowel Counters (specially constructed for their reception) of my Establishment. Call early. Don't forget the number—1½ Quid St., Lugsville. Wufficks, Proprietor.

P. S. An Immense Lot of Tanned Consonants will be ready in a Few Days.

NOTE C. Study fearlessly and persistently the Nice Structure of Mr. Eggs's language. Beware, however, of Too Close imitation. It Will Be Detected!

NOTE D. The III. Chapter closes with a Sigh. Thus we see the Element of Sentiment is Naturally, Quite Naturally introduced, and may be cultivated and prolonged at Discretion. But be Discreet about it. Society ignores Much Sentiment.

EARLY LETTERS OF ARTHUR LEE.

In the Selections and Excerpts from the Lee Papers we have heretofore printed in this magazine, the reader has been presented with such portions of the Correspondence of Richard Henry Lee as related to public events during the American Revolution or immediately thereafter. We here borrow from the same rich collection of MSS., some letters written at an early period and of a rather lighter character, which refer to the collegiate course of Arthur Lee at the University of Edinburgh. Arthur was the youngest of five brothers, all of whom became eminent. His services in the cause of American Independence, beginning with his amicable controversy with the celebrated Junius under the signature of "*Junius Americanus*," are too well known to be dwelt upon here, but the editor of the Lee Papers deems it proper to state, that it abundantly appears from the documents which have been submitted to him, not only that Arthur Lee was wholly misunderstood in the difficulties which attended his diplomatic career, but that he was one of the most sagacious, incorruptible and self-sacrificing patriots that contributed to establish our free Republic.

FROM ARTHUR LEE TO R. H. LEE.

London, Dec. 22d, 1760.

After a three and thirty days passage we arrived at Deal on the 10th of this month,

without any remarkable occurrence in our voyage. On our arrival here we found this great city in deep mourning, for the loss of his late gracious Majesty, King George 2d. His death, which hap-

pened in the beginning of October, as the great Julius is reported to have wished his might be, was sudden; the large artery in his heart burst, and in an instant he was no more. This moment saw him in perfect health, rich, powerful and much beloved, stript of his all: he in the next was numbered with the undistinguished dead,—so frail is human grandeur, and all sublunary joys.

The general grief occasioned by this melancholy event was soon allayed by the welcome succession of his grand-son, George 3d. Never did a King ascend the Throne with a more universal applause. Each heart and voice was for him, and every tongue was busied in his praise. A perfect harmony subsists between his ministers, at the head of whom Mr. Pitt still holds the foremost place in worth and eminence. The young king has committed but one error since his succession; instead of permitting the Ladies who come to Court to kiss his hand, he salutes them himself. Pleased with the Royal touch they flock in such numbers to his Court that he is like to suffer for his gallantry in being kissed to death,—an effectual way this to win the hearts of the ladies and consequently of the men, for who can help loving such a polite, genteel, good-natured young King?

25th.—Last night I was in company with Mr. Johnson, author of the *English Dictionary*. His outward appearance is very droll and uncouth. The too assiduous cultivation of his mind seems to have caused a very great neglect of his body; but for this his friends are very amply rewarded in the enjoyment of a mind most elegantly polished, enlightened and refined; possessed as he is of an inexhaustible fund of remark, a copious flow of words; expressions strong, nervous, pathetic and exalted, add to this an acquaintance with almost every subject that can be proposed; an intelligent mind cannot fail of receiving the most agreeable information and entertainment in his conversation. He proposes soon to publish a new Edition of Shak-

speare, a work which he says has employed him many years.

From this gentleman I learn, that at Cambridge or Oxford, they never permit the students to attempt Physic until seven years study there has enabled them to take a Degree of Master of Arts. "Therefore," says he, "if you have a large fortune and time enough to spare, go to either of these. If you would choose immediately to enter upon Physic and to attain sufficient knowledge therein to carry you through life, at a small expense and in a short time, by all means go to Edinburgh or Leyden; for," says he, "the Scotch or foreign education is like a house built to last a man's lifetime only; the English is like a Palace or Fortress intended to last for many ages. The first build lightly, the last lay a very strong and firm foundation before they begin the work."

With the joint advice of Col. Ludwell, Mr. Jennings, and many others whom I have had an opportunity of consulting, and who are very capable of advising me, I have resolved to go immediately to Edinburgh. For general knowledge they all agree, that the English Universities are without compare, but for Physical knowledge only, they unanimously give the preference to Edinburgh. * * *

The Press has of late produced little else but Politicks, with which it greatly abounds. They are now taking up Transports for the West India Service. The conquest of Martineco is supposed to be the object they have in view. 'Tis whispered here that an act of Parliament is soon to be made, ordering the colonies to raise troops, and with them garrison their own Forts. This perhaps is only a whisper.

ARTHUR LEE.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Edinburgh, March 14th, 1761.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

You will readily conclude, from the many and long letters I have lately wrote you,

that I have hitherto had little to employ me. The application which I must now give to my studies will render them less frequent, as well as less tedious for the future.

I am now settled in Edinburgh, where I unfortunately arrived too late for the lectures of this year. However, I attend those on the *Materia Medica* by Dr. Cullen, a man of a surprising genius and very great knowledge. He has receded from the tenets of all the Physicians, and established new doctrines of his own, on which he founds his Practice. Before the circulation of the Blood was known Physicians attributed all diseases to the bad state of the solids as the first cause. The wonderful knowledge of the Blood's circulation hurried them precipitately and without thought into the opposite extreme, and a corruption of the Blood was universally held to be the prime cause of all disorders. * * *

I intended to give you some thoughts on the treatment of Fever and Ague, which is as improperly treated as it is frequent among you; but this I must defer until another occasion, for I see the pleasure I take in this sort of conversation with you has already hurried me far beyond the ordinary limits of a letter; and notwithstanding your great thirst after all kinds of knowledge, particularly Physical, I fear my tedious prolixity will be tiresome and disagreeable. I am at present employed in learning Mathematicks, the knowledge of which will fit me for my attendance on the philosophical lectures of the next year. I must not, however, forget to give you the reasons that induced me to alter the plan which you were so kind as to lay down for me. And as the better reason with you has ever its due advantage over the worse, without regard to prejudice or preconceived opinions, a too firm adherence to which is often the mark of a narrow mind and weak understanding, I make no doubt but you will readily excuse me for the alterations I have made. The more advantageous study of Philosophy and the honour of a degree from Cambridge, were (I think) the two chief views proposed in my going thither.

With respect to the first, in it, I am informed, their method is so regularly slow, that they consume some years in the attainment of it, so that by a year's continuance there I should not even have entered upon it,—whereas here I join it with my other studies, so as to attain it equally well without employing half the time or expense. Their method with regard to their degrees is, that you reside three years at the College, after which you may employ the other as you please, being entitled at the end of that time to a Degree; therefore a year's residence would not have been of the least effect towards the attainment of either of these ends. Again, as to the opinion of a Cambridge Degree being preferable to one from this College, I even question whether that be well founded. 'Tis said, indeed, that they carry with them more honour and a stronger recommendation. You must be sensible that they are both in a great measure determined by the merit of the bearer. And that this place is the best calculated for the attainment of that merit, is universally allowed. Dr. Fothergill, who is justly esteemed the most skilful Physician in London and has more practice than any other in it, both studied and took his degree here. His reputation and knowledge has cast such an additional lustre upon it that it is now universally resorted to, and I believe contains more physical students than half the Colleges in Europe together. The American students, of which there is a great number, are in general well esteemed for their close application to their studies; nor do I despair of one day seeing a Mead, a Cullen, or a Fothergill in America.

Nothing can be more disagreeable to me than this town and the manners of the people in it. I must, however, except a few of the better sort, who appear to be kind, polite and hospitable. The ladies here are very numerous, and some of them very beautiful. They pride themselves much upon their great reading, which just serves to make them disagreeably opinionated without much improving their natural understanding.

They dress with great gaiety and shew, which makes me, with Dean Swift, surprised to see

"Such order from confusion sprung," &c.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME. /

Edinburgh, Ap'l 2d, 1761.

—On the 19th of this month the Parliament was dissolved, and writs issued for electing a new one, which is to meet on the 9th of April next. And here I cannot help inserting a paragraph in his Majesty's speech on that occasion, as it seems to prove the present sentiments of the Ministry to be for keeping Canada, for the reasons they themselves have urged in the following Abstract: "During this Parliament the flame of war was kindled by the injurious encroachments and unjust usurpations of our Enemies, and was therefore just and necessary on our side. The support which you have given in it to my Royal Grand-father and myself, has been a proof of your public spirited concern for the liberty of this nation, and the maintenance of its just rights and privileges, and been attended with many important conquests in various parts of the world, particularly the entire reduction of Canada, which contributes so much to the safety of our colonies in North America, and the extension of the Commerce and navigation of my subjects." I say, for the reasons urged herein by themselves, for I look upon this to be the composition of the Ministers, and as these reasons will ever be as forcible as they are at present, I hope they will hinder the Restitution of it. Mr. Pitt is made one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of State; Lord Bate is appointed Secretary of State in place of Lord Holderness, who has lost that station without any apparent reason. Lord Bate is a Scotch Nobleman, in great favour with the King, so as to raise the jealousy of the English, who behold his warm attachment with murmuring and discontent. This, however, with some marks of Esteem, Favour, and Respect

shown to some others of this nation, has entirely won their hearts, and their tongues ever employed in their praise. The English, on the contrary, observe with displeasure and concern such an early preference and attachment shown to a people who are their mortal Enemies, and will be aroused to every measure, but what may serve to promote their peculiar grandeur and prosperity. Many other alterations and promotions have taken place among the lesser people of the Court.

I cannot take my leave of the Court without observing with what honour and glory Mr. Onslow, speaker of the House of Commons, has quitted that chair, which he has so long filled with universal applause and admiration. On the dissolution of the Parliament, the thanks of the House were unanimously given him for his long and worthy services, his steady attachment to justice and his unshaken integrity and perseverance in the rules and decorum of the House. His answer was filled with the warm, tender and expressive overflowings of a grateful, honest heart; for which the thanks of the House were again voted him, and an humble petition sent to his Majesty that he would please to bestow some mark of his Royal regard upon him, and the House would gladly contribute to any expense which he should incur by so doing.

We have an account here of a grand expedition against the French being now in agitation, which it is expected will soon be put in Execution; but there is not the least conjecture about the place of its destination. They are mighty shallow politicians here, nor do they ever meddle in Politicks, unless their country were to be the principal actors in them. * * * *

April 4th.—I shall be glad to hear how your Diamond scheme succeeded. We have good seal engravers here; if you have found any stones which are of any value, I can get them cut here, or have a seal made here for you as well as in London. * * * *

We just now received an account of some proposals towards a Peace being re-

ceived at London from Paris, in consequence of which the Expedition fleet, which sailed some days past under the command of Commodore Keppel, is recalled; but this wants confirmation. The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, has received a little check, with the loss of some hundreds of his troops, the particulars we have not yet heard.

—

Edinburg, June 28th, 1761.

I heretofore informed you, that having enquired of Mr. Sumner, the present Master of Harrow school, he had assured me that the greatest expense of schooling and boarding with him would never exceed £30 yearly, so that £50 would be amply sufficient, for the yearly maintenance of a boy there. This plan is an improvement upon that of Eton. I can answer for the abilities and goodness of Mr. Sumner, being a man of great humanity, learning and integrity. If Col. George or any of your friends should choose to send their sons thither, I should be glad to know it that I might send with them a commendatory letter, which he has promised me shall be properly regarded. * * *

The great end I propose in studying Physic, is to live happily with my much loved friends and be useful to them. 'Tis this pleasing prospect alone that can smooth the rugged path I have to tread, and can render tolerable the painful thought of so long a separation from all that is dear to me, and if the most severe application to study, and unwearied researches after knowledge will answer this view only, I shall look back with pleasure on my past toils and hold them rewarded. * * *

Our arms have at length succeeded against Belle Isle, which the surrender of Fort Palais on the 7th June, gave into our possession; the articles of capitulation were few and common; the Chevalier De St. Croix has acquired great reputation by the long and brave defence which he made; our whole loss has amounted to about one hundred men. Col. Crawford, who was made prisoner

during the siege, is appointed Governor of the Island. We have now another Fleet, with land forces on board, prepared for sailing under the command of Admiral Howe, which is soon to be followed by another under Admiral Hawke; its destination is as yet unknown.

I have wrote to Mr. Miller, desiring him to send you the Monthly Review, as mentioned in your last, together with a Poem lately published, entitled the Roscind. It contains a very just and well written description of the principal actors and actresses of the present age. * * *

Mr. Sheridan, the player, is lecturing here upon eloquence, after having done the same at London, Oxford and Cambridge, with very great applause. He is continuing it here with equal success. He has between 3 and 400 hearers; all the Public Speakers in Divinity, Law and Physic attend him; you may guess I should not hesitate to make one in so learned and edifying an assembly.

Mr. Sheridan's lady has presented us lately with a novel, entitled the Memoirs of Miss Sidney Bedulph; it has been read almost universally; many applaud it greatly, whilst others affirm it to be a shocking and unnatural performance. Such a contrariety of opinions induced me to read it, and must confess I think it has very great merit.

—

Edinburgh, Aug. 19th, 1761.

I have to thank you for the favor of two letters since my last to you. The death of old Mr. Alexander and my having no acquaintance with his sons, disables me from interesting myself for you with them. The selfish genius of the Scotch nation, which is truly characteristic, will render every solicitation through them abortive. All their interest in the great men is employed in their own, or in the favor of their relations, for whom they should naturally interest themselves more warmly and readily; but should it happen to be in my power to serve you through the mediation of my acquaintances (which indeed I do little expect) I shall be ever-mindful of doing it, for, be-

lieve me, to promote your happiness and welfare will be my warmest wish and joy. * * *

The regard I have for my countrymen in general and particular esteem for Mr. Steptoe's family, will certainly induce me to serve him, when he comes here as much as is in my power. * * *

Mr. Sheridan's book on Elocution is the only expected production of the Press; it is to be published next spring, and being a very ingenious performance, will, I make no doubt, be very agreeable to you. * * *

I rejoice at your re-establishment and strength in the House, and hope you will ever cherish that Patriot spirit and love of liberty, which have hitherto influenced your resolves, uninjured by public corruption or party zeal, that you will ever bear in mind the noble admonition in Horace's beautiful Ode, beginning with

Iustum et tenacem propositi virum.

We daily expect the arrival of the Princess of Meelenburg, our intended Queen. The Coronation is fixed for the 22d of September. All hopes of a peace have vanished with the refusal of our terms by the French Court. We expect our proposals and their objections will soon be made public. * * *

I have forgot to mention the cheapness of wigs and shoes here, which may be got for half the price here as in London, and equally good. They can make them by a measure taken of you sent over. I think it would at least be well to try them. They excel also both in the goodness and cheapness of their charriots here, and if you are not already furnished with one, you will certainly save money by having it from here.

—
Glasgow, Oct. 21st, 1761.

In pursuance of my husbandry scheme, I am now in Glasgow. I find the drill plough as used for sewing wheat, will not answer your purpose, but I have conceived one which I think may be applicable to your grain, as this is to wheat. I communicated the plan to the

mechanical gentleman, with whom I live, and received his approbation; but shall put it in practice before I trouble you any farther with it, for I am sensible that Ideal Machines are worked with much more ease than real ones.

I spent all yesterday with Mr. Smith, author of the *Moral Sentiments*, who is a very agreeable companion, and am this day to go with him to the farmer I mentioned in a former letter, who has pursued the new husbandry with such success.

This town is by far superior to any in Scotland in regularity, beauty and magnificence. The inhabitants are mostly traders in tobacco, and are said to import one-third of the whole produce of America. Their strict attention to business has rendered them an uncivil, unsociable people, and utterly strangers to politeness, so that the gentlemen of the College are the only conversable people in town.

The river Clyde runs smoothly by the town, and is navigable for small craft. They have many manufactories which they carry on with success.

I saw the shattered ruins of a Palace which was once the residence of the Archbishop of Glasgow, and nearer it stands an old Cathedral of vast magnitude. The College has lately built a fine Astronomical Observatory, which is well furnished with the necessary instruments by the best makers.

I have been really unfortunate in not finding the Farming gentleman at home. I had only an opportunity of viewing his grounds, and examining the instruments with which he tills them. I was satisfied with the truth of what I had heard, that he had drawn ten yearly crops from the same field, cultivated agreeably to the principles of the new husbandry, without the least assistance from manure of any kind, and that every succeeding crop had excelled its predecessor. I saw the same field bearing its eleventh crop, and from one acre of this he last year received 56 bushels of wheat. From this day's observation and intelligence, I am convinced (of which indeed I wanted no conviction) that the new

husbandry is the most rational and profitable method. In a former letter I mentioned my opinion that plowing between the rows of your tobacco would be of infinite advantage to it; but I did not observe that this was the most effectual means of destroying the weeds. But this must be the consequence of many years culture, which will almost utterly eradicate and destroy them; but at first they flourish with much more strength and vigor, so that, the only method of succeeding, is to persevere in it for some years.

I have had a strong proof of the unsociable disposition of the inhabitants here; for though I made a point of getting acquainted with some of the merchants, so as to settle some sure method of correspondence with you, I have not been able to accomplish it; so that we must still continue the same uncertain manner of corresponding. I would only beg you to write always by the Glasgow ships, as by others the letters are long before they reach me, and are then burdened with intolerable charges.

The Pacific disposition of the new Ministry is so much confided in, that the stocks have rose considerably since their appointment, in expectation of an immediate Peace. Mr. Pitt's acceptance of a Pension has given a mortal stab to his Reputation. It pleases his Enemies to have such a fair opportunity of aspersing his character with the most severe reflections, whilst his Friends are dejected, and see with sorrow their high expectations of his Integrity and disinterested Patriot spirit utterly deceived. Forget not to remember me to all with you, and believe me to be, as I really am,

My dear brother,

Most affectionately yours,

ARTHUR LEE.

—
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Aug. 28th, 1763.

I am now happy in the acquaintance of a young gentleman from England, who has studied Rhetoric with much attention

and success; particularly that branch of it called Grammar, or the faculty of speaking, writing and reading with propriety; so that he is now enabled to teach the English Language on principles which, as far as I know, have been hitherto wholly unattempted.

This gentleman is desirous of visiting America, and the freedom and hospitality which we have informed him reign among us, incline him to prefer Virginia to any other Province; but previous to that, he proposes to take holy orders, so that he will be qualified to fill up any vacancy that may happen in the Church. He wishes however to be informed, whether by delivering lectures on Rhetoric it is probable he may maintain himself genteelly and agreeably.

I am not myself able to satisfy him on this point, so certainly as I would wish, and I am sure it would be doing great injustice to his merit, if I should persuade him to go where the due reward of it would be precarious. You will therefore, my brother, oblige me much by giving me your opinion on this point by the first opportunity. Mr. Leigh (for this is his name) is both by birth and education a gentleman. He is, too, very uncommonly accomplished in the art he professes; nor do I presume to assert this from my own judgment, for that were a weak testimony, but from the universal approbation of his scholars. I shall always think myself happy when I can be the instrument of introducing men of Letters among us. This must be the most effectual method of promoting the yet infant sciences in Virginia. Arts are the children of sciences, and they only can make society flourish. Whatever exalts, embellishes and renders life delightful, flows from them. I will not insist on the great utility of Grammar, because I well know your superior understanding will suggest better arguments than any of which I am master. I will, however, venture to affirm, that the knowledge of it is absolutely necessary to every one who would either please, persuade or instruct.

X FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Edinburg, Nov. 8th, 1763.

I perused with that heartfelt satisfaction which your letters never fail to inspire, your favour of July 2nd.

I could not, however, read that part which relates your loss without feeling that affliction which your sufferings must ever communicate to me. Alas, my brother, should we judge from appearances, how little justice would there seem to be in the disposal of all sublunary bliss; but if the ways of Heaven are dark and intricate, most surely they are just: be this your consolation. The frowns of Heaven are trials here, not punishments. He who beholds your pious resignation to his will: He who is all good, all just and bounteous, cannot fail to reward your goodness. * * *

I am afraid my want of perspicuity has misled you. I never meant to quit this College entirely until I had taken a degree, and as I did not go to London last summer, I shall prosecute my studies here until I am able to accomplish it. This is my plan, which I hope will meet with your approbation, which is the utmost of my wishes.

You have not mentioned my sister Lee and her children, but I hope they are well. Do not forget my love to them. Does my little Godson continue to increase in vigour as in years? O, may he equal his father in all things.

When I reflect on the generosity of your mind and the extreme benevolence of your disposition, I cannot suppress my fears that you will not restrain the exertion of these in proportion to the losses your Fortune has sustained; but

let me entreat you to consider this in time; dear believe me is your welfare to me, and nothing should induce me to wish the restriction of such noble and God-like passions, which I have often contemplated with equal pleasure and admiration, but the cruel apprehension that a too liberal gratification of them, may prove greatly injurious to you. * * *

I could have wished you had been more particular with regard to the nature of the bill you mention to have carried through the lower house, and for what reasons the council rejected it. I shall enclose a letter to Col. Corbin to solicit his voice in favour of our memorial. It shall be open for your perusal, and to deliver or suppress it as you please.

P. S. Our Cousin George Steptoe* has just been with me; he is well and desires his duty to his mother, with his love to his brothers and his fair sisters, whom he seems to resemble in the amiableness of his disposition.

—
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Edinburg, Dec. 22nd, 1763.

I believe you will soon see Mr. Smythe's libel, against the Colonies, exposed in a Pamphlet, intended to be published with that view.

It is but late since I returned from an expedition to Ireland, which employed a month. The occasion of my jaunt was this. I was intimate with and much esteemed an English gentleman and his Lady, who resided in this place. It happened that some private reasons made it absolutely necessary for the Lady to go

* This name which is still borne by many highly respectable persons in Virginia, recalls to mind a passage in a letter of a later date, from a Mrs. Wilhelmina Maitland, to R. H. Lee, written from London, Sept. 3rd, 1774:

"I hope Mr. STEPTOE is put in a way of doing well, if he chooses to continue under my brother's patronage. I am the more interested in him having been in some degree the means of pushing him to go. I had often heard him (my brother) express his very particular friendship for you, and regard for Col. Steptoe, and I knew the young man would, on that account, meet a sincere friend, if he put himself in the way of his services."

to Cork, in Ireland, the place of her nativity and the residence of her friends; meantime her husband's situation was such as rendered it almost impossible to accompany her. To attempt to go alone would have been madness. My intimacy and friendship with them, made me soon a partner in their distress, and afforded me (what must ever give me the greatest happiness,) an opportunity of relieving it. I offered my service to conduct her; it was accepted. I accompanied her, and returned with the pleasing reflection of having once in my life contributed to the relief of distress, and to the happiness of those who greatly merited my esteem. I think the goodness of my brother's heart will esteem this a worthy excuse for such a neglect of my studies. I traveled almost through Ireland, which is naturally a very beautiful country, but little improved by agriculture, the people being almost entirely employed in raising cattle, which form the chief article of their trade. I rested a few days in Dublin, which is much after the plan of London, the residence of gaiety and trade. The Lord Lieutenant keeps his Court here, with regal magnificence. I returned by White Haven, in England, where Mr. How, a very considerable tobacco merchant has just broke for some 400 or £500,000. * * *

I shall try the Root you have sent me, and inform you with what success. It surprises me much, that the tobacco worm should be so highly putrescent, since it appeared to me as merely a membrane, filled with the juice of tobacco, which, I imagine, is a powerful resister of putrefaction, and if so it is a very curious fact, that it should undergo such a total change in that animal's body. The butterfly, the worm and the winter dress, which is in natural history termed the *nynpha* or *chrysalis*, are three states through which all insects pass before the purposes of their creation are fulfilled, and they return again to dust. * * *

It is now three years since I left you, in which time my expenses have amounted to £419, which might have been less, had my disposition been less careless, for extravagant it is not. I sent you a book

on agriculture a year ago by Mr. Galloway—did you receive it? * * *

It is now Christmas, but hardly to be known as such here, for they do not distinguish it by any festivity.

—

A Fragment of the year 1764.

Such has been the event of this singular occurrence. Perhaps the only instance wherein students have remonstrated against the facility of their Professors, or ventured to oppose the proceedings of those who are to be the Examiners of their abilities. This is now become a matter of serious consideration, and particularly on the following account. As some of us were more distinguished than the rest, a suspicion naturally arose that the whole was planned and conducted by those few. This some of the Professors have expressed in very open terms. Nor can it be doubted that whoever is suspected, must become greatly obnoxious to them. For however their consciences may convince them of the justice of our opposition, yet as men they cannot avoid feeling it as coercive of their power and reproachful of their conduct. Among the suspected ones am I; and, indeed, in a very strong light, as having appeared principally in the public deputations, and as being known to them as one who would not willingly suffer the honour of a Physician to be prostituted. This they had learned from the memorial I prevailed on my countrymen here to draw up, and themselves to sign with a view to maintain the dignity of the practice of medicine in Virginia.

—

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Edinburg, Sept. 1st, 1764.

I am at some loss to guess to whose benevolence I am indebted for the character you have received of me; believe me, it is greater than I have merited. For if I have received any approbation here from my Preceptors, it was rather

bestowed by their goodness than gained by any merit in me. You may be satisfied, my dear brother, that there is not the least probability of my settling any where in Britain, indeed I think I shall require all the assistance my friends can give to support me with you; for I have not the least talent for what is called pushing one's fortune. Your letter does not mention to what merchant in London you have entrusted Col. George Lee's sons. I have not met with any one here who can inform me of it. I shall, however, endeavour to get intelligence of this, and then write to Mr. Sumner, the worthy master of that school. With this I hope you will receive my inaugural dissertation on the *Peruvian Bark*. * * *

I had once some thoughts of publishing a book on the bark and therein to treat its natural and medical history at large; such a work, if properly executed, would, I think, be my best introduction to practice; but it is, I believe, a work which will require more time and attention than I shall be able to afford. This moment I am going to the public hall to receive the last honours in medicine, and be created a legitimate son of Esculapius.

And now, my dear brother, behold me in possession of that title which I have ardently pursued. I have now freed myself from that anxiety, which sat heavy on me when a student. I then could not help regarding myself as a kind of slave to those who were afterwards to be the Examiners of my merit, and continued in the most anxious apprehension of being found deficient in such an Examination. The more I apply to the study of medicine, the more arduous, intricate and extensive it appears; and I cannot help applying to a Physician what Cicero has to an Orator—“*ut omnibus humanatibus disciplinis et virtutibus debeat esse instructissimus*,”—nor could I think of taking on me the very important charge of preserving health and curing diseases until I have longer endeavoured to do justice to those who may be so good as to employ me. With this view it is my plan at present, to re-

main here this winter; to set out early in the spring for Leyden, where I shall not make any very long stay, but proceed to Paris, and whatever German Universities may be worth visiting; then leave the Continent so as to spend next winter in London, and in the following spring shall embark for America. This is a plan as little consumptive of time as any I can form, and I am afraid will be as extensive as my fortune will admit. My inclination, I confess, would lead me to spend many years on the European Continent. Thus, my dear brother, you perceive I shall, with the permission of Heaven, return to you in a year and a half from this time.

I cannot yet give you any certain intelligence with respect to the tutors you desire. I proposed it to an Englishman who teaches in this place, and is an exceedingly modest, worthy man. He has not yet determined whether he will accept the offer or not.

—
Edinb'h, 20th March, 1765.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

It is sometime since you desired me, in the names of our friends, Messrs. Turberville and Booth, to procure them Tutors for their children.

I have not had an opportunity of complying with this until now; and even now but in part, having engaged on the terms you mentioned, the bearer of this to live with Mr. Turberville.

The Person, though young, is well recommended to me by several Clergymen of this place, and upon their recommendation I must rely, since it is impossible for me to have any personal acquaintance with those who are intended for such employments. I examined him in Latin and Greek, and think he is not deficient in them.

I have not yet been able to procure one for Mr. Booth, but shall endeavor to do it before I leave this place, which will be in a month.

When I get to London, I shall begin to look forward towards a settlement in life. The extreme aversion I have to

Slavery, and to the abominable objects of it with you, the blacks, with the lamentable state of dependance in which I perceive America must, for many years, be held by Britain, make me dread a return to America, notwithstanding I am drawn to it by the strongest ties of family affection and patriotic love.

Thus influenced I cannot help wishing to settle in England, the Eden of the world, and the land of Liberty and Independence, to me the most valuable of all blessings, since I know not a more bitter ingredient than dependance that can enter the cup of life.

Yet, I think, my settling in England is very precarious, since I am of such a temper that I could never trust to my own merit, and therefore would not settle in any strange place without strong recommendations, the want of which will probably prevent my practising in England, and if not there, I shall certainly return to you, where, I flatter myself, that the favour and even prejudice of my friends, will supply the place of real merit. At the same time, I shall endeavor not to deceive the confidence of those who trust in me.

I was just now thinking that irregular practice for the future might be prevented by a very simple method; that is, by making an Act, that for the future, every man who settles in the Colony as a Physician, shall, previous to his Practice, present his Diploma to the Speaker, or to the Assembly, and receive from them a Certificate, to be registered in the County Court, where he is to practice. That all persons undertaking to order medicine to sick people, without being so qualified, shall subject themselves to a prosecution and penalty.

* * * * *

I do not imagine I shall write to you any more from this country, which I shall quit with a great deal of pleasure, as highly odious, and almost detestable.

Make my love to Mrs. Lee, my little sons and all our friends.

Col. Phil: has not written to me this long time; has a beginning family called all his attention homeward?

I am, my dear brother, most affectionately and sincerely yours,

ARTHUR LEE.



Editor's Table.

If the Young Men's Christian Associations of England and America had accomplished no other good result, the lectures and discourses which have been given before them by men of the highest culture, would amply vindicate the policy of their organization. In England, a volume has been compiled of ethical and religious addresses, first pronounced to branches of this most excellent society, and among the speakers we find some names which command respect all over the world. The enforcement of truth, the inculcation of a pure morality, and the incitement of the youthful mind to refining and elevating studies, constitute the purpose of these published efforts. Of the speeches which have been prepared for the Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States, we have seen none comparable to that, just issued from the press of Little, Brown and Company, which was delivered during the spring of 1859, in Boston and in Richmond, by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. It was our good fortune to hear this gifted orator recite this Address, and the impression made upon us, as it fell from his lips, has been strengthened by a careful perusal of the beautifully printed pages of the pamphlet in which it has been presented to the public. The subject chosen by Mr. Winthrop for illustration and demonstration was "Christianity—Neither Sectarian nor Sectional—The Great Remedy for Social and Political Evils," and he threw around it all the graces of rhetoric and oratory. Gladly would we surrender our pages to the full republication of this noble Address, with the assurance, that the wide circulation of sentiments so lofty and appeals so earnest must prove of great advantage to the community, but the pamphlet has been brought out for the benefit of the Building Funds of the two bodies before whom it was pronounced, and we would not injure its sale by a single copy, even if it were not defended by the law of copyright. The few extracts which we shall give from it, will rather stimulate the demand for the

printed Address, as we are sure they will prove acceptable to every reader of the *Messenger*. After some preliminary remarks adapted to the immediate occasion, Mr. Winthrop charmed his hearers with this most eloquent description of Antioch—

The ancient metropolis of Syria has secured for itself a manifold celebrity on the pages of history. It has been celebrated as a splendid residence of the Syrian kings, and afterwards as the luxurious capital of the Asiatic Provinces of the Roman Empire. It has been celebrated for its men of letters, and its cultivation of learning. It has been celebrated for the magnificence of the edifices within its walls, and for the romantic beauty of its suburban groves and fountains. The circling sun shone nowhere upon more majestic productions of human art, than when it gilded, with its rising or its setting beams, the sumptuous symbols of its own deluded worshippers, in the gorgeous temple of Daphne and the gigantic statue of Apollo, which were the pride and boast of that far-famed capital; while it was from one of the humble hermitages which were embosomed in its exquisite environs, that the sainted Chrysostom poured forth some of those poetical and passionate raptures on the beauties and sublimities of nature, which would alone have won for him the title of "the golden-mouthed." At one time, we are told, it ranked *third* on the list of the great cities of the world,—next only after Rome and Alexandria, and hardly inferior to the latter of the two, at least, in size and splendour. It acquired a severer and sadder renown in more recent, though still remote history, as having been doomed to undergo vicissitudes and catastrophes of the most disastrous and deplorable character;—now sacked and pillaged by the Persians, now captured by the Saracens, and now besieged by the Crusaders; a prey, at one moment, to the ravages of fire,—at another, to the devastations of an earthquake, which is said to have destroyed no less than two hundred and fifty thousand human lives in a single hour. Its name has thus become associated with so many historical lights and shadows,—with so much of alternate grandeur and gloom,—that there is, perhaps, but little likelihood of its ever being wholly lost sight of by any student of antiquity. Yet it is not too much to say, that

one little fact, for which the Bible is the sole and all-sufficient authority, will fix that name in the memory, and rivet it in the affectionate regard of mankind, when all else associated with it is forgotten. Yes, when its palaces and its temples, its fountains and its groves, its works of art and its men of learning, when Persian and Saracen and Crusader, who successively spoiled it, and the flames and the earthquake which devoured and desolated it, shall have utterly faded from all human recollection or record, the little fact—the great fact, let me rather say—will still be remembered, and remembered with an interest and a vividness which no time can ever efface or diminish,—that “the Disciples were called Christians first in Antioch;” that there the name of Christ,—given at the outset, perhaps, as a nickname and a by-word, but gladly and fearlessly accepted and adopted, in the face of mockery, in the face of martyrdom, by delicate youth and maiden tenderness, as well as by mature or veteran manhood,—first became the distinctive designation of the faithful followers of the Messiah.

Having entered fully into the argument, with a happy application of this historic fact, Mr. Winthrop proceeded to discuss the religious activities of the age and to deplore the rancor and jealousy which obtain among the various sects and seriously impede the spread of Christianity. His remarks upon this subject glow with the true spirit of vital charity, and the serene temper which characterizes them gives additional significance to the rebuke administered in the following passage to the pseudo-philanthropists and modern reformers of New England—

But if passing from the religious, we glance, for an instant, at the moral movements of the age, I think we may perceive a still more imperative demand for something more of Christian spirit and motive and principle, on the part of not a few of those by whom they are conducted. Indeed, I know of few things more deplorable in our day and generation than the tone and temper,—I should rather say, the want of temper,—which characterize so much of our moral controversy. It would seem to be thought in some quarters, that any degree of violence and vituperation will be justified and sanctified, if they are only employed in a good cause. Intemperate declaimers in favour of Temperance, pugnacious advocates for Peace and pleaders for human Liberty, whose great art and part would seem to be to take liberties of the most unwarrantable kind

with the characters and motives of all who dare to differ from them, have been found at every corner of our streets. Mere worldly instrumentalities, too, are relied upon almost exclusively for advancing the great reforms of society. Associations and agitations, political combinations and human legislations,—to say nothing even of the bludgeon or the bowie-knife, the revolver or the rifle,—are invoked and appealed to as the all-sufficient agencies for remedying the evils or redressing the wrongs of our social condition;—while Christian prayer and Christian faith are disparaged, and in some quarters, at least, discarded and derided as worthless and impotent. But for one, I have no confidence in the pursuit of Christian ends by unchristian means. I have no belief that the way to advance virtue is to ignore its only foundation, or the way to promote justice or truth to set society by the ears and the whole world in a flame. For myself, I can only say, that I would sooner rely for the success of any great reform upon what one of the apostles calls, “the effectual fervent prayer” of one righteous man, than on the agitations and clamours of a hundred thousand fanatics, disclaiming all regard for Christianity, and denouncing its churches and its ministry. God has never promised success to agencies like these. It is faith which is to remove mountains; and prayer, which is the only true earnest and exercise of faith, is the very lever by which mountains are to be removed. By faith, I need not say, my friends, that I mean no vain, presumptuous belief in one's self and in one's own power and might,—no heathenish self-confidence, like that expressed in the old classical motto: “They can, because they believe they can;”—but I mean a belief in the power and promises of God, and in the revelations of his word and will. This was the sort of faith which Paul spoke of, when he described the great heroes and prophets of the Old Testament, as having “through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword.” It was faith in God which accomplished these wonders in the olden time, and it is faith in God and in Christ which is primarily to accomplish whatever moral reforms are to be achieved in our own day. But the only faith which too many modern reformers seem to consider important, is *faith in themselves*—faith in their own infallibility, their own virtue, justice, and consummate ability and wisdom;—and by this alone they think to carry everything before them. Impatient of the slow processes by which the greatest designs of Providence are often unfolded, matured,

and accomplished,—spurning that old expectant system which David illustrated so exquisitely in one of his most familiar psalms, “I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me and heard my calling,”—they are ever adopting a sort of heroic practice for bring their projects to an issue. They would almost seem to be jealous lest the Almighty himself should get the start of them in effecting his purposes of mercy, justice and love, among the children of men. They aim at all reformation in the condition of their fellow-beings, as if mere earthly and temporal inferiority and infirmity and suffering were the only evils worthy of consideration, as if there were no world but this world for the grievances of humanity to be redressed in, and nobody to redress those grievances but weak and impotent man.

Coming to consider the daily walks of men of business, Mr. Winthrop commented in turn upon the mercantile, the professional and the literary classes in these earnest words—

Turn with me now, once more, for a moment, to the business affairs of daily life, and tell me if here, also, there be not manifest need of a more Christian spirit, and of a higher and deeper sense of Christian duty and obligation. Do not the hourly transactions of a great commercial emporium, (not to speak particularly or invidiously of our own,) afford ample proof, as they pass under review in the columns of a morning or an evening paper, that more, a great deal more, of religious principle might fitly find a place in every department of human occupation? Look at the fluctuation of stocks and at the operations of some of those who thrive upon their rise and fall; consider the contrivances of the money-changers, as they lie in wait to take advantage of the exigencies of the needy; follow the footsteps of a hundred speculators as they rush along in a wild pursuit of wealth for themselves, while they care not for involving their neighbours in ruin; reflect on the wretchedness and crime so often engendered by practices, compared with which the hugging of real *bears* and the goring of real *bulls* would be merciful towards their miserable dupes; mark the multiplying instances of embezzlement and defalcation, or recall the stupendous frauds, which have startled whole communities from the slumber of false confidence in which they had hitherto so fatally reposed,—and into which, alas! a new penal statute, or an increased detective police, or a more frequent investigation of

books and balances, emboldens them so soon to relapse!

Passing from the Exchange, enter next the very halls of justice, and observe some of the processes for punishing crime, or for establishing right between man and man. Do not confine your attention, either to the prisoner at the bar, or to the parties to the suit. Attend to the witnesses; hearken to the jury; listen to the advocates themselves, and take note of the mode of cross-examination, and to the arguments and appeals of counsel. Is there all the old confidence that there is no trifling with oaths, no tampering with testimony, no systematic concealment or distortion of truth, no wholesale fabrication of falsehood, in the management of modern trials? Is there not even room for the apprehension that the contests of the Bar, in some parts of the country, if not here, are degenerating into mere struggles for personal success or pecuniary profit or professional triumph? and that the great competition among advocates will soon be—which of them can most successfully confound and brow-beat a witness, so as to make him seem to say what he never did say, or intend to say,—or which of them can put forth the most cunningly devised fable for cajoling a jury into a verdict against both the law and the evidence?

It were almost a waste of time to point you to the Press, in this connection, with a view to enforce or illustrate the idea, that nowhere is a more Christian spirit so sadly needed as in the management of that tremendous engine for moral good or evil. In that little book, called “Bonifacius, or Essays to do Good,” to the accidental reading of which our great Bostonian (Benjamin Franklin) ascribed so much of his usefulness in after-life, Cotton Mather quaintly enjoins upon his readers, that they should have a strict eye kept upon children, that “they should not stumble upon the Devil’s Library, and poison themselves with foolish romances or novels, or plays or songs, or jests that are not convenient.” And if such a caution were needed in New England a century and a half ago, when neither the Devil nor Dr. Faustus had found much of a foothold on our soil,—when the Printer’s Devil, certainly, was confined within a very narrow circuit in our part of the world, and libraries and books and newspapers of any sort were as rare as they are now redundant,—how much more need is there of such a caution in our own times, when the Devil’s Library is to be found, dog-cheap, at every corner of our streets, soliciting the attention of every passer-by by its proverbial brimstone-coloured covers! For one, I hardly recognize a greater danger to our religious or

our civil institutions, than that which comes from the sapping and mining process of a flippant, frivolous, licentious, and infidel literature. It is a danger inseparable from a country where free opinion, free discussion, and a free press are enjoyed, and the only defence or safeguard which can be contemplated for it, is in the inculcation of a deeper sense of moral and Christian responsibility upon the minds and hearts of our writers and publishers, prompting and pressing home upon their consciences some higher questions, as to their own compositions, or their own publications, than simply, Will they create a sensation?—Will they sell? It is a hopeless undertaking to shut out from the sight of our readers, young or old, whatever is written and published. The very warning stimulates the curiosity; the very prohibition strengthens the temptation and points the way to the indulgence. Bible Societies, and Tract Societies, and Sunday-School Unions may do something towards diluting them,—I rejoice that they are doing so much,—but these poisonous and pestilent streams can only be effectually counteracted at their spring-head. Marah must be healed at its source. The miracle of Moses must be repeated, and it is only the righteous branch which was raised up unto David, which can make those bitter waters sweet.

Following immediately upon the above, in the printed address, is this lofty reproof of Mr. Henry Thomas Buckle, who is placed in most disparaging antagonism with the great author of "Cosmos," over whose bier two continents have so recently mingled their tears.

I cannot wholly omit in this connection, as a fresh evidence of what may be feared from intellectual presumption and literary pride and the temptations of genius,—that the learned author of one of the most remarkable productions of the English press at the present day, has not hesitated to advance the monstrous doctrine that Christianity has done nothing for civilization, and that "the religion of mankind is the effect of their improvement, not the cause of it!" How refreshing is it, in contrast with such a doctrine, to turn to what has been said by the greatest living minister of science, the Nestor of Natural History, in closing a chapter of his "Cosmos": "In depicting a great epoch in the history of the world,—that of the Empire of the Romans and the laws which they originated, and of the beginning of the Christian religion, (says the illustrious Humboldt,) it was fitting that I should, before all things, recall the manner in

which Christianity enlarged the views of mankind, and exercised a mild, and enduring, although slowly operating, influence on intelligence and civilization."

But what do you think, my friends, is one of the illustrations which this more recent writer affords us of his own ideas of Christianity and religion? Nothing less than an expression of scorn that any intelligent congregation of worshippers should be so blind to the inexorable laws of the physical universe, as to be found offering up "prayers for dry weather or for wet weather!"

A supplication to our Father in Heaven that the clouds may once more drop down their dews, to be expunged from our Liturgies, as a vain and foolish superstition!

"Oh, star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To bring us back the tidings of despair!"

A supplication to Almighty God for rain, by a people perishing from drought, a thing to be derided!

So, doubtless, thought that messenger boy, nearly two thousand years ago, who was sent forward to look toward the sea, while the old Prophet was prostrating himself in prayer, with his face between his knees, upon the top of Carmel. So, doubtless, thought that messenger boy, when again and again, even a fifth and a sixth time, he returned and replied, "There is nothing,—there is nothing,—there is nothing." But that man of God knew in whom he had trusted. He never despaired of the efficacy of prayer even for rain. And lo, the seventh time, the little cloud was seen rising out of the sea, like a man's hand, and soon the heavens were black with clouds and wind, and there was a great storm. Even Ahab was compelled to admit that there was something of a shower, and hastened to betake himself to his chariots lest the floods should overwhelm him. And if any one of you, my young friends, finds the memory of that sublime narrative growing faint within him, go and listen to it, whenever you have another opportunity, in its magnificent rendering by Mendelssohn, in the great Oratorio of Elijah, and if you are not unblest with a total insensibility to the power of music, you will find every chord of your heart trembling and thrilling and vibrating in rapturous response to that almost incomparable chorus,—
"Thanks be to God, he laveth the thirsty land."

We can make but one more extract from this admirable Address. This refers to the unwarrantable admission of Paley that

the Christian and the Heroic character were at variance with each other. It will be recollected that this point was argued before the Young Men's Christian Association of Richmond with great ability by the Hon. W. C. Rives in reply to the assumption of Soame Jenyns that courage was not an element of the Christian character. Mr. Winthrop thus warmly defends the heroism of the followers of the Cross—

No two things more different than the Heroic and the Christian character! I will not pause to ask where was Paley's remembrance of those earlier and later martyrs of Christianity, who submitted themselves without flinching to the fury of the lions or the raging of the flames. Was there no heroism there? I will not pause to ask where was his remembrance of Stephen or of Paul, of Ridley or of Latimer,—of Cranmer, thrusting his right hand into the fire that it might be burned to cinders first and alone, because it had offended by writing a recantation of the truth,—or of poor Lady Jane Grey, whose unshaken constancy to the cause of Christ has stirred the sympathy of so many hearts, and drawn tears from so many eyes, during the more than three centuries which have elapsed since her youthful form was laid upon the block. Was there no heroism there? I will not pause to suggest that the profound and eloquent moralist has pressed his contrast to an extreme, in speaking of the Christian character as ever necessarily "poor-spirited, tame, and abject," in the reproachful sense in which those epithets would now be understood. Let me rather ask again, is this discouraging and fearful contrast one of perpetual necessity? Is it written irrevocably in the book of destiny, that quick and jealous and quarrelsome men, inflexible in purpose, and violent in resentment, are forever to be the favourites of the world, are always to be the great men of the world? Is it written unchangeably in the book of destiny, that those who figure on the pages of history are to know nothing of religion, to believe nothing of religion, and to be actuated by motives more impetuous than any which religion can excite? I fear that not a few of those who aspire to be the great men of the world, even in this day and generation, may have shaped their course upon such an hypothesis. But have there not been those already, who seem to have risen up—to have been raised up, let me rather say—to change the standard of human greatness, and who have changed it, since these passages were composed by

Paley, more than sixty years ago? Are there no figures even in our own American history, which lift themselves majestically before us as we speak, to attest the possibility that there may be such a thing as ingrafting the Christian character upon the Heroic character, and blending them into an harmonious and matchless unity? Shall we admit that the character of Washington was anything less than heroic, anything other than Christian? Was there no union of the Heroic and the Christian character in the youthful Kane, braving those repeated winters of disease and darkness in those "thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice," ever offering up his little prayer—"Lord, accept our gratitude and bless our undertaking," or "Return us to our homes,"—and still reminding his despairing comrades how often an Unseen Rower had rescued them in peril, and admonishing them still to place reliance on Him who could not change!

Cross the ocean, too, and gather with your Saxon brethren around the tomb of the brave Sir Henry Lawrence, or the lamented Havelock, or the youthful Vicars, or unite in the homage which is everywhere paid to those lovely, living Sisters of Charity, with Florence Nightingale at their head, braving those burning climes, and breathing that tainted air, while they ministered to the bodies and the souls of those dying soldiers,—and tell me whether these are not examples which will illuminate the brightest pages of modern history, or of any history; and bear perpetual testimony that the highest heroism is no longer incompatible with the truest Christianity!

In dismissing this noble discourse we may take occasion to say to persons at a distance who would like to procure copies of it, that it is for sale in Richmond by Mr. James Woodhouse, who will be glad to fill any orders that may be sent to him.

The two new Southern weeklies, the *Courant* and the *Field and Fireside*, have entered fully upon the career of literary journalism, and have already justified the commendation we bestowed upon them in advance of their appearance. Mr. Caldwell has fulfilled all the promises of his Prospectus, and his paper must surely win its way to the favour of those, at the North or at the South, who appreciate thoughtful criticism, tender poetry and pleasant story-telling. Mr. Mann, in the

Field and Fireside, moves as easily in editorial harness as if he had been broken in years ago. The corps of contributors which has been organized for the paper's support, must surely gain for it an extended popularity, and its circulation should be numbered by thousands in every State in the Union. We are glad to find Mr. Simms in each issue, as a poetical contributor. As the head of what we may call the Southern school of poetry, everything he writes in verse is a valuable contribution to literature. *Appropos* of the *Courant*, a correspondent sends us the following—

DEAR T.:

I send you an English Sonnet with a Latin Translation, both from the pen of a distinguished Professor in Columbia College, S. C., whose poesy and classical attainments are vindicated by these beautiful productions. I think you will agree with me in my estimate of their merits and in the desire that they may appear in a more permanent form than the columns of a Journal.

They were first published in the "*Courant: a Southern Literary Journal*," which has recently been commenced in Columbia, and which if it can boast many such contributions will soon attain a high stand in its department.

SONNET.

My daughter, when I saw thy mild, blue eyes
First turned to meet my own, a father's love
Sprang, glad, to greet his angel from above:
Thou wert so lovely in thy infant guise.
And when thy voice found utterance, thy replies
To my deep love—thy cooings, thou young dove—
Did oft to tearful joy my spirit move,
And humble thankfulness for such blest prize.
I've watched thee, like a tender bud unfolding,
With all a father's anxious hope and fear;
And precious art thou now to my beholding,
That time has crowned thee with thy seventeenth year.
Oh child of love and prayer, thy hands are moulding
The future to thy father's smile and tear.

The same translated into Elegiac measure.

Mitæ quum primum tua lumina cœrula vidi,
Blande versa mihi, filia cara mea,
A cœlo accepi lætus te munus amandum,
Tam formæ egregiæ, parvula dulcis, eras.
Cor placide allæxi balbæ dulcedine linguæ,
Blanditiisque tuis, grata columba mea;
Dum risu lacrimisque nitentia lumina rorant,
Largitorque boni cognitus esse Deus.
Te tenerum veluti florem mea cura tuetur,
Te patrio trepidans pectore claudit amor.
Septima post decimam æstas nunc te luce juventæ
Purpureâ decorat, me cumulatque bonis.
O mihi deliciæ, votis precibusque sacrata,
Non tua nunc manibus sed mea fata tenes.

There is a plan on foot in England of erecting at Bemerton a Memorial Church in recognition of the life and labours of the poet Herbert, "Holy George Herbert," the sweet singer of "the Temple," who has been sleeping for more than two centuries beneath the altar of the old house of worship where he served God in his ministry, without so much as a tributary stone to

bear witness of his worth. It is proposed that the whole sum necessary for the erection of the Edifice, (about £6000) shall be raised by small individual subscriptions, and nearly half of this amount has already been paid in by the countrymen of the poet-priest. But as Herbert's fame belongs to all who speak the English language, and especially as he manifested a decided

interest in the affairs of "The Virginia Company" for the colonization of America, an invitation has been extended to this people of the United States to join in the pious undertaking. A similar invitation in behalf of the Memorial Window to Wordsworth in the church at Rydal Mount, some years ago, resulted in a handsome contribution from literary men on this side of the Atlantic, and we cannot doubt that there are many persons in our country, who have been touched and soothed by some of George Herbert's tender Hymns, to whom it will be a privilege to unite in the testi-

monial to which we have referred. Among those who have signified their approval of it in America, we may mention Prof. Longfellow, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Hon. John P. Kennedy, Rev. Dr. Wm. Bacon Stevens, George L. Duyckinck and the Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe. Subscriptions should be sent, on or before the tenth day of November next, to Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co. of New York, who will acknowledge receipts, and forward the funds to England with the names of subscribers, and the amount of each subscription.

Notices of New Works.

LOVE. (*"L'Amour."*) From the French of M. J. Michelet. Translated from the Fourth Paris Edition by J. W. PALMER, M.D. New York: Rudd & Carlton, 130 Grand Street. 1859. [From James Woodhouse & Co., 139 Main Street.

We had occasion, last month, to notice a highly entertaining original work by Dr. J. W. Palmer, and we are now presented with a volume which he has translated from the French of no less brilliant a writer than the historian Michelet. We have not seen the work in its native idiom, and all we can say, therefore, of the translation is, that it *seems* to be very faithfully and accurately performed. The question arises, was it worth while to make it? Candidly we think not. That Michelet is a man of rare intellectual qualities is undeniable. But when a Frenchman writes of the affections, of home, of the family circle, we doubt if his lucubrations are likely to profit English readers. M. Michelet's *"L'Amour"* may be adapted to France, (though not exactly to that class of whom Mr. Field speaks in the chapter we have given in preceding pages of this number of the Messenger,) but Heaven forbid that his "Love" should be the love which throws its silken bonds around devoted hearts in England or America. With many glaring faults of style, the book seems to us made up in equal parts of cold materialism and high-flown sentiment, by which

we are alternately disgusted and amused, while the exposure made in it of some of the most sacred mysteries of life is well-nigh appalling. We trust it will find but a small acceptance at the hands of the American public.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. *A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.* Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume VI. Cough—Education. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1859. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

This valuable work has now reached its sixth volume, and begun to afford the literary man much of the assistance which he has a right to expect of the complete series. Within the alphabetical range so far embraced by it, we think a more excellent compendium of knowledge can hardly be found in the English language. Of the articles contained in the volume now before us we may mention, as worthy of special praise, those on Cromwell, Cuvier, Dante, Edinburgh, and the concluding one on Education. A considerable amount of undiscerning censure has been bestowed on this important undertaking in certain quarters, but we think the critics have not been able to shake public confidence in the work, nor have they, so far as we have

seen, successfully attacked any of its facts in historical statement, or its deductions in philosophy. We are of opinion that the popularity of the New American Cyclopædia will grow greater and greater as each new volume appears.

SUMMER PICTURES. *From Copenhagen to Venice.* By HENRY M. FIELD. New York: Sheldon & Company. 1859. [From James Woodhouse & Co., 139 Main Street.

Although the countries which lie between Denmark and the Adriatic have been described again and again from every point of view, and the author of this volume, who is a new Field to us, journeyed over an old field of travel, he has given us an entertaining account of what he saw, and the book has a freshness and a simplicity which win upon the reader who tires of the sensation tourists. For there are sensation tourists as well as sensation novelists, who cannot tell a plain story of their ramblings, but must go in search of startling adventures wherewith to enliven the dullness of their narrative. In the earlier chapters Mr. Field describes Dickens' readings and Spurgeon's preaching with a good deal of spirit. The concluding chapter on "Domestic Life in France," is so full of good sense, and of a sort of information rarely introduced in books of travel, that we have ventured to lay it before our readers in the foregoing pages of this number of the Messenger.

THE GREEK TESTAMENT: *With a Critically Revised Text, &c., &c.* For the use of Theological Students and Ministers. By HENRY ALFORD, B. D., &c., &c. In Four Volumes. Volume I. Containing the Four Gospels. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The students of Theology in this country owe a great debt of gratitude to the Harpers for their enterprise in bringing out an American edition of this imposing work. As originally published in England, the volumes were so costly that only men of large means could afford to purchase them, and the clergy of the United States, as a class, are impecunious. They could, therefore, only read of Alford's Greek Testament as something far beyond their reach, until the Harpers determined to reprint it at a price which places it within the means of almost every minister of the gospel. The first volume of their edition, containing the Evangelists, is now before us, in large, clear Greek type, with all the notes and emendations which give to Alford's

Testament its recognized value as a text-book.

THE AVENGER. *A Narrative; and Other Papers.* By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The leading paper which gives its name to this collection of fresh articles from the pen of the Opium Eater, is a singular story of revenge gratified in a series of murders in a small interior town of Germany. The tragedy is developed with all the power of De Quincey, who revels in the horrible, though there is, perhaps, less of lurid splendour thrown around the culminating guilt of the murderer than in other narratives of the kind which he has heretofore published. The residue of the book's contents is perfectly characteristic of the author. De Quincey can never be a very popular writer, but his speculations will always be read with delight by those who can sympathise with his peculiar and original modes of thought. "The Avenger" is published in uniform style, with the long list of his works, which Ticknor and Fields have been publishing for years past.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF GEOFFREY HAMLIN. By HENRY KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Mr. Henry Kingsley is a brother of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, whom he somewhat resembles in his portraiture of strong male and female Christians, and in the prolixity of his narrative. In this latter regard, the brothers are antipodes of Charles Reade. The muscularity of their religion is as remarkable as the brawn and vigour which the author of Guy Livingstone infused into his hero—their curates are soldiers of the church militant, with mighty wills and arms, who "go in" with a rush. "The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlin" is a record of the Australian experiences of three families, embracing the departure from England, life in the Bush, love at home and abroad, marriage towards the conclusion, and the final return to the old manor-house. There is wonderful energy throughout the volume, which could only have been written by one who thinks independently and feels strongly, and who has the gift of poetic expression. The style is disfigured by coarseness which is wholly gratuitous and unpardonable, but the tendency of the book is good, as the aim of the writer is high.

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Its effects commence by deposition from the blood or corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

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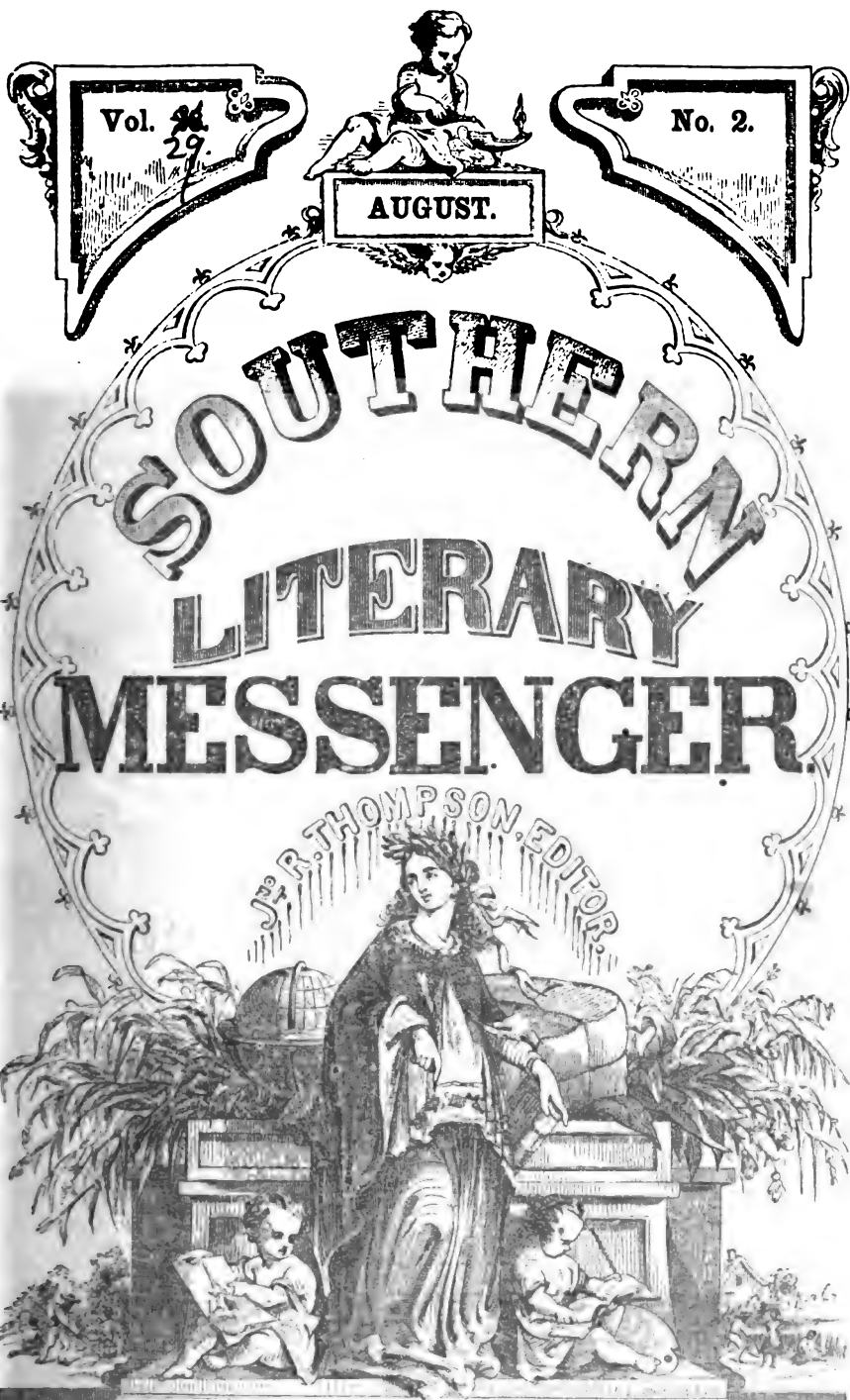
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RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1859.

ORATION,

Delivered before the Students of William and Mary College, July 4, 1859.

BY HUGH BLAIR GRIGSEY, ESQ.

STUDENTS OF WILLIAM AND MARY:

I have been requested by the Faculty to address you at the close of the present term, those of you who have not finished your course as well as those who, invested with the honours of the College, are about to depart and engage in active life. I might well decline the task, when I recal the abilities of your instructors and their unceasing efforts to prepare you for the great mission in which you are engaged; and when I remember the talents of my associates of the Board of Visitors, which are known to the whole country, and which have been so successfully exerted in the cause of our College. But, as I know most of you personally, have often conversed with you in my visits to this city, and feel the deepest interest in your welfare, it was thought that anything I might say would be received by you, not in the spirit of cold criticism, but as the suggestions of a personal friend and an elder brother.

Your College course, gentlemen, has been marked by an extraordinary event. The year which ends with this day will be singled out by posterity as one of the most remarkable in the annals of your institution. The term was advancing prosperously under the new arrangement of the studies of the course, when a memorable catastrophe occurred. On

the early morning of the 8th of February last, you were roused from your beds by the cry of fire, and you rose to behold your ancient College edifice, reared more than a century ago by your fathers, enveloped in flames which no industry, or skill, or daring could control. Some of you barely escaped with your lives: others of you lost your apparel and your books; but, in contemplating that mournful sight, you forgot your personal risks and losses, and looked only to the calamity which had befallen the College. I shall not recal the progress of the flames at that awful hour. You saw them as they consumed the Laboratory, and as, rising with fearful rapidity, they encompassed that precious library, which the pains and the taste of your fathers for more than a century had gathered together. You saw the main building a vast mass of flames that sprung wildly to the skies, and you watched that venerable tower, which was the first object to greet your ancestors as they approached the ancient metropolis, and the last on which the eye of affection lingered on leaving it, as it toppled and fell. One cherished hope yet survived. The chapel was safe. But that hope was vain. That gem of mediæval architecture—that repository of your illustrious dead was also destined to perish. You beheld the blazing scene, and some of you

wept as you gazed. Never were tears more worthily shed.

But, even at that crisis of our fate, a grateful and generous assurance sustained and animated you. You felt that your Alma Mater had incurred a great and grievous loss; but you felt at the same time that she had not lost all. You knew that the purest wealth of such an institution was not material but moral. The flames might consume her structures; the numerous tokens of fond remembrance which she had garnered for generations, and which she loved so well, might be lost; and even the portraits of her benefactors, like the originals, might be turned to dust; but you knew the glorious past was hers. All her sacred associations—all the good she has done to the generations that are past—the glory of her noble sons who have won trophies on every field of fame—these, which constitute the true riches of a literary institution, you knew were indestructible and would endure forever. And you felt that, as long as the memories of the past survived in human bosoms, her destinies were safe. When that wise and valiant statesman, William Prince of Orange, whose name, blended with that of his amiable consort, is still borne by our College, saw his native Holland girdled by the legions of the unscrupulous Louis the Fourteenth, and felt that the hour had come at last when France, more unrelenting than the ocean, from whose empire his ancestors had rescued his beloved domain, was about to overwhelm his country, he at one moment meditated the chivalric design of embarking in his ships all his people and his portable wealth, and, leaving the delightful homes of the thriftiest people in Europe, the ashes of his fathers, and the temples of his God, of founding a new Holland in the Indian Archipelago. He knew that the moral glory of a State could not be extinguished by accident or by the swarms of an invading host; and that, under a Southern sun, and amid the billows of a distant sea, he

might rebuild on lasting foundations a greater Commonwealth than the one he was about to lose, and yet substantially the same. The crisis passed and Holland was saved; but let us emulate the heroic spirit of our illustrious Founder. Fortunately, though our buildings were destroyed, our old and honourable site is safe. To separate William and Mary College from Williamsburg would be to inflict a double widowhood upon each. It would be to commit a threefold sacrilege: a sacrilege against letters, patriotism, and religion. It would be to blast in a single breath the associations of nearly two centuries. And here we cannot recognize too cordially the influence and services of that venerable man, who, at a time when many Alumni seemed to have forgotten their Alma Mater, or were led astray by a false devotion, and were eager to transplant her to some foreign soil, interposed his aid in the public councils, and succeeded in seating her firmly and, we trust, forever on her ancient site; and who, though retired from the service of that country which has crowned him with her highest rewards, is here with us to-day as the Rector of our College, still guiding by his wisdom the destinies of our noble institution.* I repeat it, then, gentlemen, let us emulate the heroic spirit of our illustrious Founder displayed in the crisis to which I have alluded, by rebuilding our College in all its strength and with even more than its original beauty, and in endowing it with a liberality worthy of the occasion.

In this honourable enterprise, students of William and Mary, you were among the first to bear a part. While the embers were smouldering, you assembled in the new abodes which the Faculty had judiciously selected for you, and attended your recitations as punctually as if the fire had been all a dream, as if your library, the gift of kings, of archbishops, of royal Governors, of royal Assemblies, and of our own pure patriots, had been open for your reference, and as if the

* Ex-President Tyler.

chapel with its hallowed memories had been ready to receive you. Other students, distracted by the glare of a great calamity, or seduced by an insidious love of change, might have gone abroad; but, realizing that you were the representatives of those whose fame is the boast of our country and whose names some of you bear, you were faithful to your trust. You rallied round the broken fortunes of the College; and in sustaining it you unconsciously afforded the best assurance of your own character, and the most flattering omen of the success that awaits your Alma Mater.

You have watched the rebuilding of the College day by day, and you can assure your friends that every exertion will be made by the Faculty and the Board of Visitors to finish the structure and furnish it in time for the opening of the next session. The new structure will be a great improvement on the original. The ancient walls will be retained, but the interior has been so remodeled as to afford all the conveniences of an entirely new building. The entire edifice will be fire proof from without, and as nearly so from within as was practicable with our means. You might search the land in vain for finer rooms than those of the Laboratory already finished: and the elegant specimens of the apparatus which already adorn them assure you that, in that department of science, the College will be on a level with the most eminent in this country, and especially in the South. I think I may safely affirm that in using the old walls we will save a year in time and ten thousand dollars in money; and may we not indulge the pleasing hope that, henceforth, when the student, instinct with the genius of the place, shall enter the venerated structure, and reflect upon those whom it has sheltered in the generations that are gone, he will rejoice that these same walls are ready to perform a similar office for the generations that are to come?

Nor should I omit to say that some of our Alumni and of our citizens at large, have made liberal contributions to our funds, and to our library. Among the books presented to the library, I may be permitted to single out a fine copy of the *Encyclopædie Methodique* in thirty-six folio volumes; an imperfect copy of which, presented by Louis the Sixteenth, was destroyed by the fire; and a copy of the magnificent picturesque *Atlas of the Cordilleras* by Bonpland and Humboldt in large folio, and printed and published by the government of France.* These two great works are but a part of our valuable receipts; and from present appearances it is probable that our library at the opening of the next session will contain not less than three thousand volumes. Let us hope that every Alumnus of the College will make some contribution, however slight, to our funds or to our library, and thus record his name in the volume which will descend to future times as a memorial of the help extended to William and Mary in the hour of her trial.

But, gentlemen, it is expected that I shall do something more than recount facts for the most part within your own knowledge, and to allude more directly to your present position. You are engaged in preparing yourselves for the business of life. Some of you are about to leave your Alma Mater and engage at once in affairs. Depend upon it that in the proportion that you shall avail yourselves of the advantages to be derived from your College course will be the ease and the success of your future career. You cannot keep it too steadily before you that here you must lay the foundation of thorough scholarship and of lasting excellence; and that any superstructure you please may in after life be reared upon it. What that superstructure shall be depends upon yourselves. Whether, after leaving College, you sink into the ordinary mass of men, or become useful and eminent by your

* The first was presented by John N. Tazewell, Esq., of Norfolk, and the last by William C. Gatewood, Esq., of Charleston, S. C.

knowledge, learning, taste or skill, depends upon yourselves. Without looking too closely into the litigated topic of the equality of minds, I will venture to affirm, from a critical observation of the habits of some of the prominent men of the last generation and of the present, that the difference ordinarily seen between one man and another may be accounted for rather by training and circumstance than by reference to any native superiority of intellect.

What then you are to become hereafter, is wholly a matter for your own decision. Whether you are to engage in agriculture, engrafting upon your calling the vigorous shoots of science or literature, in the study of medicine, law or divinity, mingling in your pursuit of each the elegant with the useful, or in the practical business of the world, you are the arbiters of your own fate. You can adjust the measure of your own attainments. As long as you remain here, others will shape your destinies for you; afterwards, you are to shape them for yourselves.

In performing this important office of your future lives, every student must in the main rely upon the bent of his peculiar genius and his growing experience. He must make his standard of excellence high. He must argue that, as his opportunities are as good as those of others, and as he stands upon the same platform with his fellows, he is bound in honour to keep pace with the foremost in every department in which he puts forth his powers. Having thus fixed on an elevated standard, he must look within to the means of attaining it. He who has passed through a College course with ordinary diligence will not fail to perceive the turn of his mind toward certain studies, and he is to select the means of attaining his purposes. Is he fond of mathematics? He will study them with renewed vigour in their applications to the mechanic arts, to engineering, and to the sublime problems of astronomy. He will avail himself of all the societies established with a view of promoting science, and peruse the publications

which are from time to time sent forth under their auspices. He will collect his books with an eye to his peculiar tastes; and he will seek the intimacy of those who have preceded him in his course, and borrow a new impulse from their words.

In this important department of knowledge, we have been singularly deficient in Virginia; but none other holds out a more inviting prospect to the diligent and the enterprising. When we consider the peculiar circumstances of our extensive country, its agriculture conducted on a scale unknown in ancient or in modern times, and requiring all the mechanical aids which ingenuity can contrive to facilitate its results, its numerous manufactures which are subjected to a competition with those of every nation under the sun, and its commercial marine which must encounter the rivalry of the world, it is evident that a more enlarged and a more profitable field for the application of science to the arts was never known before. The success of a poor Valley boy with his Reaper, which enabled him within a few weeks past to endow four full Professorships in a Theological Seminary by a single munificent act, is an earnest of the triumph that awaits useful discoveries in the arts. Under, or even above, the names of McCormick, Morrison, Manny and Mahan, let the student seek to write his own.

Should the student manifest a love of the Greek and Latin classics, he may, if he has done his duty here, prosecute his researches, even amid the cares of busy life, to any extent that he pleases. To read the finest works of Greek or Roman genius with due profit and with that exquisite gratification which they yield to the scholar, he must not read them perfunctorily, and with that railway speed which impels our countrymen as well in literature as on the highway. He must study them as they appear radiant with the lights of modern philology. Within the present century philology has become one of the most important as well as most interesting of

the sciences. It has changed the drift of history. It has searched into the hidden meaning of words, and by their aid has reconstructed the polity of extinct empires. It has traced the rise and progress of nations as developed in their tongues, and, dispelling vague traditions which have hitherto made up the record of the past, it has exposed to the eyes of the present age the actual life of States whose names only have come down to us in history! It has penetrated the sepulchres of cities which have been wrapped in the slumber of more than three thousand years. It has brooded over "Tadmor's marble waste," and from the ruins of Eastern structures which for thousands of years have been hidden beneath deserts impenetrable by civilized man, has gathered inscriptions, and graphs which were the letters of their day, and has thrown them into the lap of History. Nor will its progress be stayed until Egypt and Assyria shall reveal those long hoarded secrets of which Herodotus in all his wanderings had never heard or dreamed, which Plato and Cicero would have hailed with amazement and with joy, but which may ere long be read in his weekly paper by the planter on the banks of the Mississippi, or by the sojourner beside the Oregon.

But it is in their application to our own tongue, that philological studies are directly useful to the American student. If words are things, then it is indispensable for practical purposes that their meaning be ascertained and fixed; and this office is mainly performed by philology. Its study is one of the most delightful recreations of philosophy, calls into play all the faculties of the mind, and makes all knowledge subservient to its use. If with such preparations we take up the Latin and Greek classics, we will derive from them all the instruction and delight which they have imparted to the wisest of our predecessors, and which they are capable of imparting to us. They still contain the purest models of historical composition, of eloquence, and of song in its diversified modulations,

the world has ever seen; and a deliberate contemplation of their worth would do more to counteract the vices of recent literature than all other teachings united. Nor is the labour too severe. Valuable as are the works of Greece and Rome, they are few in number, and may be mastered with ordinary skill in a comparatively brief space of time, and during the bustle of active life. If the student reads daily a single page of Latin and Greek, he will have perused in ten years all the productions of the ancient authors which "Turk and Time and Goth have spared." And it is not only my own opinion drawn from long and attentive observation, but the opinion of some of the ablest living scholars and statesmen, that a thorough study of the Latin and Greek classics will do more to develop, and strengthen, and exalt those faculties of the mind most employed in the offices of the pulpit, the bar, and the forum, than all the sciences put together. And their popular is as extensive as their critical use. Classical literature, as it has been since the revival of letters, so it will ever be, at home and abroad, the countersign and the passport of educated men.

But I cannot enlarge on this point; and will only say, that it is my belief that in no institution in this country are the Latin and Greek languages taught with a more abounding wealth of illustration and with more ability than in our own. William and Mary was once distinguished for her classical scholars. All our monumental inscriptions were from their pens, and still maintain their praise. But our scholars ceased with the Revolution. Let us trust that, in the new career in which she is about to advance, they will appear in all their original lustre. And I am gratified to be able to state that the Modern Languages are taught in our College with equal skill as the Ancient; and that, apart from the commercial value of those languages to a student, they eminently subserve his purpose of acquiring a critical knowledge of his mother tongue. That tongue is the youngest spoken by civilized man; and may be accurately traced in its

leading parts in languages that still survive.

One instance of the application of philology to the history of Virginia is within my own experience, and may not be without interest to the students of William and Mary. From a critical examination of the fragments of the speeches and writings of Patrick Henry, which have come down to us, and by a careful collation of them with those of his prominent contemporaries, I was convinced that our Patriot-Prophet had received a regular and thorough training in the Latin classics, and that he had received that training in early life. There was to be seen in his style a "*curiosa felicitas*" and a "*callida junctura*," a purity and a tact which could not have been the result of chance, or they would have been equally apparent in the works of his rivals; and it was evident, so finely were these characteristics inwoven in the general texture of his style, that he must have studied the ancient authors in early life; as such results rarely appear so conspicuously in the productions of those who become acquainted with the classics at a more advanced age. This was the argument of internal evidence; an argument which was satisfactory to me; but which, without an infinitely minute exposition of details that none but a philologist could comprehend, would not be conclusive to others. It would thus be regarded rather as an opinion than a demonstration; and I must, therefore, sustain my conclusion, for the benefit of others, from the facts of Henry's early life. His father was a teacher and a native of Scotland; and he was educated in that country when Latin was taught with substantial skill, but many years before the sun of Greek literature had risen in the Scottish horizon. Now the Scotch teach Latin at the tenderest age. I am myself of Scottish descent on the maternal side, and was taught by Scottish teachers; and I can hardly remember a time when I could not read Latin, or at least when I was not familiar with the grammar. But the father of Henry was not only a teacher and a Scotchman,

but he was an admirable Latin scholar; for we are told in the diary of Samuel Davies, himself a fine scholar, that the father of Henry was more familiar with his Horace than with his Bible. Hence the conclusion was irresistible, that, if the father of Henry taught his pupils the classics, he would, like the rest of his countrymen, teach them early; and, as he was proved to have been thoroughly skilled in them, that he would teach them well; and, farther, that, if he taught the children of other people Latin, he would, at the same time, teach his own. This was the argument from probability, which I did not need to enhance my own conviction, but which might be necessary to gain the assent of others. Here then was a fact ascertained in the life of Patrick Henry, which was not only not known, but which ran counter to the opinions and statements of all his contemporaries and biographers. But was my conclusion true after all? It was strictly true in both respects, that our great orator had learned the Latin classics, and that he had learned them in early life; for in the recently published diary of John Adams, under the date of September 1774, we have it from the lips of Henry himself that *before* fifteen he had read Virgil and Livy; a degree of proficiency, which, even in this day, except under favourable auspices, is rarely attained at so early an age; for, between the grammar and Livy, as was observed by my venerable friend Bishop Meade, our old teachers, even those with whom I studied, introduced nearly the entire series of the classical authors.

If the student be inclined to pursue his studies in History, Political Economy, and Constitutional Law, he may attain, at his own fireside and in his hours of leisure, a high degree of proficiency. Within the precincts of the College he will have learned a general outline of each, and he will enter upon the task of acquainting himself more fully with these fascinating studies with renewed zest. His scope will embrace the earliest as well as the latest times, and he will dwell with critical attention on the state

of affairs that led to the formation of the existing governments of Europe, studying in detail the origin and gradual development of their languages, their manners, and their laws. In respect of our own history he will examine it with the strictest care. He will spare no pains in mastering it. And that history includes not only what occurred on American soil, but the history of England from the day when Virgil described our British ancestors as separated from the world—*Britannos toto orbe divisos*—to the present hour. Indeed the British polity has ever been essentially our own. Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, the Protectorate of Cromwell, the Revolution of 1688, and the Declaration of Independence of the Fourth of July 1776, have the relation of cause and effect, and form a single grand whole. While the student instructs himself thoroughly in the events of the entire period, he will particularly dwell upon that portion included between the reign of Henry the Eighth and the close of the last century. In the occurrences of that period he will detect the development of those principles to which we are indebted for the civil and religious liberty we now enjoy. But our own history proper—that of the land in which we live—should be as familiar to him as household words. The settlement of the Colony and the causes which brought it about, the formation of the House of Burgesses, the Protectorate, the Restoration, the Revolution of 1688, the accession of the House of Hanover, a house, which, deriving its origin from an act of Parliament, almost partook of the nature of a Presidential Election by the House of Representatives, and which was so much cherished by our fathers, as these leading epochs bore upon the Colony, will enlist his particular attention. Then arises another series of events which he cannot examine too minutely by the aid of all the original records and journals of the times. The Resolutions of the House of Burgesses against the Stamp Act in 1765, the Virginia Declaration of Independence, and the war by which it it was sustained, the articles of the

Confederation, and the formation of the Federal Constitution and the law of its interpretation,—of these events in all their details he should acquire a critical knowledge, always recurring to original sources, and verifying cited authorities.

It was stated in debate by a politician in Pennsylvania, that a Virginia boy knew more about the true nature of the federal constitution than a member of the Legislature of that great State; and it is one of the glories of William and Mary that she has ever made the critical study of that instrument a part of her College course. But in our study of the history of the Constitution, we must not confine ourselves to one or two remarkable epochs; but we must become familiar with all its principal enactments and with the discussions to which they gave birth. The student must especially investigate the clauses of the Constitution in connection with the elaborate and able decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States and the examination of those decisions by eminent writers who dissented from them. To those who devote themselves to a minute study of our history, it will be a pleasing office to make collections of all manuscripts and printed works appertaining to our colonial regime and to the early days of the Commonwealth, and even to English history from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the present time. During his excursions in our own country and in Europe, a more interesting inquiry could not engage his attention. And if, led step by step in his inquiries and collections, he shall sit himself down and write the history of his native State, and perform the task worthily, he will have done a noble work, and have connected his name inseparably with that of his country.

The student in any department of knowledge cannot learn too soon that in the present advanced state of literature and science, books are indispensable to complete success. He will then soon attempt, unless he lives in the vicinity of a good library, to collect one of his own. My advice to him is, that his books, as he buys them from time to time, have

not a remote but direct bearing upon some particular study; and that his aim will be to collect a library of which each book, though valuable in itself, will receive additional value as a part of a great whole. He will thus be more and more strengthened in the policy of reading with a purpose. Nor does the plan of collecting a library involve great expense. It is gradual, and allows each book to be studied before it takes its permanent place upon the shelf. It is also conservative; for, as the love of books, like the love of money, increases with the hoard, the student is induced to marshal his resources, to cut off idle and temporary expenditures, and to invest his little savings in a stock which will yield a perpetual dividend of instruction and delight to himself and his children. I may add that, should he bequeath his collection to a College, its perfection in a single department will add greatly to the value of the bequest. It is by such means that the collections of Europe have attained that perfection which surprises the American scholar.

The student in proportion to his zeal, should mark his progress by a daily record; and, as the humblest craft that lifts its tiny sail on the sea notes its diurnal courses on the log, so he should write a daily memorandum of his reading and observation. Trifling as this process appears, it sometimes makes the distinction between one intelligent man and another, between tradition and history, between error and truth. It enforces a habit of exactness and a minuteness of observation, which by degrees becomes habitual. It fixes facts and dates firmly in the memory. It enables the student to ascertain at any time however remote what he has read and seen, and what impression was made at the moment upon him. It holds up to him a faithful mirror which, by reflecting the images of the past, attracts him to address the future. The mode of recording events will depend upon time and circumstance; but the more copious as are its details, the more valuable will the record become hereafter. The diary is one of the richest treasures of recent

history. Without Pepys and Evelyn and the other diarists of the æra of the Stuarts, Macaulay could not have woven the brilliant web of his charming narrative. I have shown that a line from the diary of Samuel Davies and a line from the diary of John Adams have enabled us, without resting solely on the deductions of philology, to settle the fact that the mind of Patrick Henry was early imbued with classical learning. Without reference to his diary, the daily life of Washington would have been very imperfectly known by posterity. The most meagre account of men and things, recorded in the diary of a Western trapper, will be more interesting and more valuable, a hundred years hence, as a true transcript of the times, than a page of Irving or Prescott, of Motley or Bancroft, or of Hallam or Macaulay. With what interest would we now read the diary of a student who had attended that first Commencement of William and Mary, the curious accounts of which are hidden in the deep shadows of a vague tradition; or even that of one who had seen Lord Botetourt in the chapel, when, arrayed in his robes, and supported on either hand by his solemn councillors, and by the members of the Faculty in their gowns and caps, he awarded to the successful votary of the Languages and of Science those curiously wrought and aptly pictured medallions of gold, one of which, I rejoice to say, I have seen, and is still in existence? Although the object of the student is his own individual improvement, yet it is a persuasive inducement to carry on the work that, if he chooses to preserve it, his posterity may read it, and know the toils and trials of the ancestral head. In early life I was thrown into juxtaposition with some of the great men of the preceding age, who, full of years and full of honours, and in the fulness of their great minds, were soon to withdraw from public life—and from the world; and by conversations with them on public topics, committed to writing at the time, I have secured some interesting facts which might otherwise have been lost to posterity.

Gentlemen, may I recal to your recollection the mural tablet in honour of Sir John Randolph, which for more than a century adorned your chapel, and which was the pride not only of a race long distinguished in our annals, but your own? You cannot forget its stainless marble, as pure to the last when radiant with that fatal flame which wreathed about each projecting point of its delicate tracery, and which was soon to turn all its glory into a memory and a myth, as it was when lifted from its Parian or Pentelico bed, its exquisite sculpture, and its chaste Latin inscription, which commemorated alike the virtues of the honoured dead, and the high scholarship of the age in which he lived? Let us hope that an intelligent and patriotic family will renew that votive tablet on our walls and over the ashes of their ancestors, and grave upon it more distinctly than ever its glowing inscription, that it may be read and admired by the century to come as it was by the century that is gone. But that such a design is possible even, we owe to the diary alone.

But, gentlemen, the great object of all our acquirements in literature and science should be to enable us to benefit one another. The pleasure of study is an innocent and laudable recreation, and the reputation to be derived from skill in letters is a legitimate and honourable pursuit; but in the contemplation of the Patriot and the Christian the chief end of all our aims should be the improvement of our fellow-men. And this object may be accomplished in three ways, each of which has its distinctive merit: by the force of our conversation and example in private life, by oral discourses, and by the pen. It is too common to underrate the value of those services which an intelligent and patriotic citizen may render to his country in the walks of private life. If he cultivates his faculties, and wisely uses them, I am not sure that his influence for good in a series of years is not fully equal to that of the orator or the writer. A pure life is in itself an eloquent lesson to all within its reach; but when a pure life is

embellished by the learning of the scholar, by the zeal of the patriot, by the gentle amenities of the social circle, and by that moral courage which will not shrink from the defence of the humble against the persecution of the proud, its influence is greatly enhanced, and it is not easy to overvalue it. The man who leads such a life is beyond the reach of those motives which sometimes constrain the strongest minds of those in power to vacillate and to falter in a good cause. He carries his "constituency" in his own breast, and need not look beyond it. He indeed sets a high value upon the good opinion of his fellow-men, because it enables him to prosecute with more effect the mission in which he is engaged; but he does not regard popular favour as the end of his ambition; and, as he values it mainly as a means, he is ready even to resist it when it seeks to thwart him in a good cause. He has no fear of the Ides of March, or of April, or of May. All the months of the year are, in this respect, the same to him. Person and place have as little effect upon him as time. He pursues his plans of doing good irrespectively of present opposition or defeat, but always prudently, kindly and honourably. Incapable of fear himself, he makes no appeals to the fears of others; because he knows that none but cowards yield to fears, and cowards are not worth the winning. He makes his plantation—I say plantation, for in Virginia all other than agricultural life is exceptional—a model in its general arrangements, in its agriculture, and in the management of his slaves. He watches the new improvements in the arts, and he is ready to avail himself of their advantages. He studies the comfort of his neighbours who have been less fortunate or are more needy than himself, and would scorn to extort a famine price from their impoverished exchequer. Delighting in literature and science, he reads the latest works, and gives them that deliberate attention which authors so much covet, and which is necessary in our country to a continuation of high effort in writing. Instead of watching the footsteps

of his representatives with a view of his own personal advancement, he regards with the highest esteem, and with a deep sense of gratitude, those who seek honestly to discharge their duties to the people, and is always anxious to retain upright and able men in the public service. In every good work of the neighbourhood he lends a willing hand. Cherishing his own religious creed, he would deem it blasphemy to turn his back upon the schemes of his Christian brethren who differ from him in belief, and cordially assists them. He takes his seat on the bench, hears patiently, and mingles mercy with justice. Such is the life of the farmer and planter of Virginia; and it is a life that may fill the noblest ambition. It was the life which our early patriots and statesmen led, and which prepared them for their public trusts. In fact the life of a statesman is but the life of a planter on an extended scale.

The second means by which a student can bring his acquirements to bear on the business of life is by the tongue. From the earliest times Eloquence has exerted a controlling influence in human affairs. It has sustained empires and it has subverted them; and it is hard to determine whether it has wrought most good or most ill to the world. At all events, it is a means of transcendent power; and Virginia is not a little indebted to it for the reputation which she now enjoys. I have not time to present an analysis of such a theme, and will only call your attention to some leading reflections on the subject. Eloquence is usually associated with oratory; and, having heard many of the most accomplished speakers whom Virginia has produced, and others equally eminent elsewhere, I state it as my deliberate opinion, that any one, who will take the necessary pains, will become a good public speaker. I, of course, except those who labour under some physical infirmity, as, for instance, a man who is unable to use his vocal organs from some congenital defect; but here even there is much to prevent despair, and over defects seemingly insuperable many nota-

ble triumphs have been won. Nor do I mean to say that one man may become as good a speaker as another; for physical advantages conduce greatly to the power of an orator. A fine person, a well developed chest, and a good vocal apparatus, are unquestionable adjuncts of oratory. One of the greatest speakers I ever heard had a very large mouth; and he told me that his mouth was the largest he ever saw except the mouth of a speaker who in years and in general fame was more eminent still. Beside such speakers a man endowed with only a moderate mouth might speak in vain. But the main proposition I believe to be true, that any one may become a good public speaker.

Oratory, or the act of speaking, is of course an art, and, like all other arts, must be cultivated with the greatest care to ensure success. If we were to select two young men of good form and fine muscular development, one of whom had learned to dance and the other had not; and if we were to require both to dance a hornpipe or to cut a pigeon wing, none would wonder that the pupil of Terpsichore would bear off the palm. The theatre has produced the most conspicuous efforts of mere oratory; and we know that the great masters of the buskin make a small portion of a few plays the study of their whole lives. Their dress is studiously arranged for effect; their tone and accent are sedulously adjusted to every word; every gesture has been practised before the mirror, and stereotyped in the memory; and this preparatory labour is repeated with every repetition of the play. Demosthenes, cramming his mouth with pebbles, and shouting amid the roar of the surf; the elder Pitt, hurling his mimic thunders before the looking-glass; and our own Henry, straying in the forest beyond the eyes and ears of men, or, as I have heard from those who saw him, striding from tree to tree in his own yard, and anon flinging his arms wildly upward, as if, in the presence of a host, he was imprecating the vengeance of Heaven upon the enemies of his country: these, and similar incidents attest the deliber-

ate preparation of the masters of oratory in the height of their fame.

With similar pains similar results will follow ; and although few can attain the skill of a Garrick, of a Kemble, or of a Talma, of Demosthenes, of Chatham or of Henry, the effect of such elaborate training must manifestly improve the gestures and voice of a speaker. The ancient orators followed the example of the players ; and Cicero and Demosthenes, both of whom had great natural defects to overcome, were the most assiduous devotees of the mere art of oratory. Indeed Cicero practiced declamation in Greek that he might receive the corrections of a Greek rhetorician. The history of William Pinkney, the most illustrious of modern speakers at the bar, of Webster and of Clay, shows that those great speakers had no proclivity to ready speech ; and one of them could not be prevailed upon to recite the speech of another committed to memory, but left the stage to berate himself in private for his fears. He therefore who aspires to perfect grace in utterance and in action should con his lesson early, and con it late. And, as manner is the better half of the battle of speech in strictly popular assemblies, the art of speaking ought to be cultivated in all our schools and colleges with the strictest care, and studied, as it unquestionably is by all the great speakers on great occasions, deliberately through life.

But oratory teaches us only *how* to say a thing best, and we must look elsewhere for guidance as to *what* we should say on any given occasion. What Horace in the art of Poetry pronounces to be the source and fountain of all good writing in song is equally applicable to speech. *Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fons*. And I may add that the epistle to the Pisos is full of valuable instruction alike to the student of eloquence and poetry. To be wise, then, to be knowing, to be instructed in the subject matter and in all the accessories of time and place and circumstance, is necessary to a public speaker. He who undertakes to instruct others upon a subject should be well instructed upon it himself. This remark,

true at all times, is especially true at the present day. From the diffusion of knowledge through the press by instrumentalities unknown to our fathers, the most able speaker must expect to find among his hearers many persons who are familiar with his theme, and who have drawn their information from all the sources accessible by himself. Hence from the time when, in the latter and third of the last century, the debates in the British Parliament were first allowed to be printed in the papers, a gradual but strongly marked change in the quality of speech is apparent. In the brilliant harangues of Chatham there are striking allusions to history, pointed sentences, frequent antithesis, terrible sarcasm, and a repeated recurrence to general principles. In the next generation of speakers the style of Parliament, rendered necessary by the change of times, became eminently argumentative, resembling the discussions of a debating society, as we see in the speeches of Pitt and Fox, and to a certain extent in those of Burke, which, however, still, as at the time of their delivery, stand apart as magnificent expositions of the philosophy of politics. The next or third generation of speakers, constrained by the force of circumstances, adopted yet another style ; and the speeches of Brougham and Peel are the most carefully arranged maps of the argument and the facts statistical and general relating to the various affairs of the greatest nation of ancient or of modern times. The speech of Sir Robert Peel in opening the budget some years ago,—which lasted seven or eight hours, was, in all its diversified aspects, the most extraordinary effort ever made in a deliberative body. It was as if Gibbon had undertaken to recite from memory a volume of the Decline and Fall ; or as if Adam Smith had attempted to declaim the Wealth of Nations. Yet the speech of Peel was in every respect what it should be, and was received from first to last with unabated and at times entranced attention by one of the most fastidious assemblies in the world. The toil of preparing such a speech, to say nothing of the consummate ability

which it demanded, must have exceeded the toil which Chatham, Fox and Pitt endured in the preparation of their speeches throughout their entire career. But such toil was deemed necessary by one of the finest scholars and orators of the age to meet the demands of the present day.

If then the demands of modern business, which is essentially practical, require a more intimate knowledge of a subject than was deemed necessary in the time of our fathers, it well becomes the student to keep this fact steadily in view. If action—action—action be the watch-word of oratory, labour—labour—labour should be the watch-word of speech. The student must bring to his subject a mind the faculties of which are fully developed, and I suppose him to have passed the process of development in his college course: and I cannot forbear enforcing upon you, gentlemen, who have not yet finished your course, the importance of cherishing your societies for debate as one of the surest means of making you familiar with the order and conduct of popular bodies, and of preparing yourselves for the practice of addressing them. If I were called upon to point out the most effectual means of improvement afforded me by a residence in College, I would unhesitatingly point to the literary society of which I was a member. Nor in estimating the value of societies to young men who are training for public debate do I stand alone. To pass over many other authorities that occur to me, I will refer to the opinion of the late learned and eloquent Lord Cockburn. He was one of that illustrious fraternity consisting of Brougham, Horner, Jeffrey, Moncrieff, and Sidney Smith, which founded the *Edinburgh Review*, and gave a new and wholesome direction to the criticism and to the politics of the age. In his 'Memorials,' which he prepared for publication by his executors, he gave it as his deliberate opinion, that he derived more benefit from the academical and speculative societies in the University of Edinburgh than he did, to use his own words, "from all the rest of his education." Indeed the lan-

guages, and the sciences, excepting such as require the tests of careful experiment, may be acquired by the aid of a competent tutor in the solitude of home; but a College only can supply a number of educated young men, equals in years and acquirements, glowing with emulation, and bent on the prosecution of the same elevated pursuits.

But to return to the point from which I digressed. He, who seeks to acquit himself with credit in debate, must study his subject in all its intrinsic details, and in those of person, place and circumstance. When Henry Clay was called upon, as the representative of Kentucky, to address, in the hall of the House of Delegates, the General Assembly of Virginia, he propitiated a hostile audience by an exquisitely touching exordium, in which he recalled with all the power of pre-arranged tone and gesture the venerable form of Wythe who occupied the chair of the Speaker when, as a poor orphan boy and as a scribe of the judge, the eloquent Kentuckian was last within those walls. While all the rest of his speech on that occasion is probably forgotten, this fortunate allusion will be freshly remembered.

The question presents itself respecting the manner in which the student shall conduct his preparations for a great occasion. Shall he write his speech fairly out, or shall he trust to his brief for the heads of his argument? He should, when practicable, do both. The testimony of the most distinguished speakers in ancient as well as in recent times is in favour of writing. It not only impresses the facts and the reasoning on the mind more thoroughly than can be done by any other method, and with a severity of logic and a grace of language which no other method can reach, but includes at the same time every other. The speaker not only thinks out his argument, but he has put it down with a fulness and an exactness which mere meditation cannot rival. But when a speaker rises to address his audience in the presence of those who are eagerly watching to reply to him, he must forget his written speech at once, and think of it no more. He

must regard it as the most efficient means of preparation for an extemporaneous display; and he will discover that, although he may not pronounce a single sentence as it was written, he will recal his argument and its general illustration with an effect hardly less striking than was exhibited in his written speech; while he will be enabled to reply to his opponent with a readiness and a force exceeding that of his introductory speech. Hence by far the most learned and successful debater of the age, the last survivor of a race of giants, did not hesitate to declare that a man will speak well just in the proportion that he has written much and written well. I must, however, warn my young friends that any attempt to recall a speech precisely as it was written will, from obvious reasons, lead almost invariably to a disastrous failure.

However difficult it may be to reach the highest excellence in public speaking, every effort in the right direction is a clear gain; and the object is worth all the pains needful to attain it. It was wisely as well as wittily said by the poet Moore, that the faculty of thinking on one's feet was the greatest of all the faculties. Nor are its rewards slow, uncertain or remote. Honours, offices, and influence always await eloquence in a free country. But whether those returns be the most durable rewards of intellectual power we may consider presently.

The last means to which I shall allude by which the student may bring his resources to bear in active life is the pen. Great is the glory of the tongue; and the fame of the orator, read in the eyes and on the lips of an admiring auditory, is all-engrossing for the nonce, and is the most subtle incense that can be offered to successful genius; but, unless the speech is connected with some memorable event—and then it is that the event preserves the speech and not the speech the event—the glory of speech soon fades. A speech may sometimes live on account of its excellence as a composition; but in that case it derives its power rather from the pen than from the tongue. It was remarked by Fox that a speech in

proportion as it read well, was bad as a speech; and when we estimate the effect produced by his speeches and those of Pitt, we will be inclined to come into his opinion. The speeches of Burke are splendid panoramas, and will be read forever; but they do not invalidate the remark of Fox; for it is notorious that some of Burke's finest speeches were delivered to empty benches, and to benches made empty by the speeches. They are disquisitions rather than speeches; and it is in their attitude as writings that they retain their vitality. It is the opinion of some leading critics, who have combined elevated statesmanship with great powers of speech and a love of letters, that even the orations of Demosthenes as they now appear were not those originally pronounced before the Athenians, but are rather a consummate digest of the spoken harangues, designed for the eye more than for the ear—to be read rather than to be heard.

Of the innumerable speeches delivered in this country since the adoption of the federal constitution, how few are remembered and read? The speech of Fisher Ames on the British Treaty and the speech of Webster in reply to Hayne in the debate on Foote's resolution, though far from being the ablest speeches, are the most popular specimens of our parliamentary eloquence; and it is clear that they partake more of the character of written compositions than of speeches. It is then to the pen rather than to the tongue, to the press rather than to the forum, that ambition must seek to make its mark for immortality. Nor is writing less influential for the present time than speaking. The number of persons within the sound of a human voice must be a small fraction of any community: a fraction that fritters away with every passing year and is soon gone forever; and it is only when the speech is diffused by the press, that its influence is felt at large; and even then it is read as an article of news, bearing on the fate of some measure or some man, and is instantly thrown aside. But the sphere of the writer is without limit; and a fine composition in poetry or prose is never

forgotten. While the writer has an equal, if not greater influence than the orator on his own age, he has, for the most part, posterity to himself. How few comparatively of the most eloquent speeches are mentioned, or quoted, or read; while the leading works of British and American genius wear the freshness of youth, and meet us on every table and in every library. And it is plain that in the past neither of ancient nor of modern times has such a field ever been open for the employment of the faculties of man as is presented by the modern press. Every improvement in transportation, every new link in the chain of international union, enlarges that field yet more; and the pen rather than the tongue, or even the sword, is destined to be the arbiter of human affairs. Such is one of the fields which stretches far and wide before you, and in which you may reap what harvest you please.

It is high time, gentlemen, that I should extend to you the parting salutation. Some of you will again return to the bosom of your Alma Mater, and will prosecute with renewed zeal, and under the most genial auspices, those studies which you have so wisely begun. The routine of college studies is not an unfamiliar topic to me; and I declare to you that, from all I have seen and learned of other institutions, and of our own in past times, I do not believe that the opportunities of a large and liberal and thorough training, which will then be within your reach, can be exceeded by those presented by any other in this country. And it will be your duty, gentlemen, to avail yourselves of them with all diligence and care; and, preening your plumes, to soar upward and onward above and beyond all those who have gone before you. And, if I could impress one truth more forcibly upon you than any other, it would be this: that you lay the foundation of your future character for good or evil within the walls of your College. There are, indeed, some striking examples of young men, who, having sacrificed their reputations here, and dashed the hopes of their friends, have paused on the brink of the

precipice, and saved themselves from impending ruin. But you will learn, as you advance in life, that the access to the temple of Virtue is rarely by the paths of Vice and Folly. The period of your residence in College will be conspicuous in its history by a most painful event;—do you render it more conspicuous still by your virtues, by your diligence, and by your splendid success. Some of you, gentlemen, have finished your college course, and will soon engage in the business of life. This crisis in your career, so fruitful of good or evil, impels me to regard you with peculiar solicitude. It seems but yesterday, when I was in the same position which you now occupy; and I am sensibly touched by the lesson which my own grey hairs read to others as well as to myself. Time is short; and in bracing yourselves for the scene before you, you cannot begin too soon. You are coming forward at an eventful period in human affairs. Glance at the map of Europe. See her fortresses bristling with preparation, and her plains alive with embattled legions. From the frozen North to the Mediterranean, and from the Bosphorus to the Orkneys, the note of war is sounding, and the sword, half-drawn from its scabbard, glitters in the dread array. Two of the most powerful nations of the earth are actually engaged in deadly conflict, and, equipped with the fatal appliances of modern war, are filling the fields of Italy with hecatombs of the slain. Look at that beautiful land, once the mistress of the world, the nurse of the Arts, and the parent of modern civilization. Look at her lovely mountains, her classic lakes, her glorious plains, and her prostrate people; and, while you drop a tear to the gentle and magnificent memories that crowd upon you, thank God that her fate is not the fate of your beloved country, and that the blessings of liberty, peace and union are yours. But, while you recognise the goodness of Providence in the days and years that are past, you should remember to whom, humanly speaking, you owe these priceless blessings. The trials which other nations are now enduring,

and from which you are exempt, were endured by your fathers. But for them you would now be involved in the convulsions of the Old World. But for them the flag of a foreign power would be floating over your Capitol. But for them your highest ambition would be to become a subaltern in the army or navy of Great Britain, or at the head of your troop, as officers of militia, to celebrate the Queen's birth day on the Palace Green. To be a citizen of the greatest republic under the sun, to travel to the remotest lands freely and fearlessly in the shadow of your own flag, to head the armies of your country, to become statesmen, and to attain the first office of a great nation, would never have been within the scope of your visions or your dreams. Cherish their memory with unalterable affection. And, if your regard for your Alma Mater may induce you to single out from that illustrious band some favourite names of men, who, while they honoured their country, honoured her, you may dwell with conscious pride on the fact that it was an alumnus of William and Mary, one of your elder brothers, who reported to the Virginia Convention of 1776 the first Declaration of Independence and the resolution instructing our delegates in Congress to bring forth the measure in that body; that it was a Visitor of William and Mary, who brought forth that resolution in Congress, and sustained it by his eloquence to a triumphant issue; that it was an alumnus of William and Mary, another elder brother, who drafted the Declaration of Independence which has made this day immortal; that it was your Chancellor, who led the armies of his country throughout the war, who established her independence, and who was the first President of the United States under the present federal constitution. These gentlemen, were your elder brothers. They cheerfully bequeathed to you the institutions which you now possess, and the lustre of their names. Be true to your noble heritage. History will tell you that your immediate predecessors have been true to their trust. It would be vain to recel the names of your

Alumni, who have attained the highest honours of the Camp, of the Bench, and of the Forum. Three of them have filled the office of President of the United States. One of them presided for the third of a century in the Supreme Court of the Union. Another, the most brilliant name in the strictly military history of his country, still lives, and pronounces with gratitude the name of his Alma Mater. Not one of them enjoyed the advantages which are tendered to you. Brace yourselves, then, for the course that is set before you. I repeat to you that you are, under Providence, the arbiters of your own destiny. Decide upon the measure of your future worth, and act promptly. Should obstacles oppose your way, should some passing cloud oppress and darken you, turn and behold the calm majesty of your Alma Mater. Think of those illustrious men, your predecessors in her halls, who encountered the same difficulties that embarrass you, who wrestled with and overcame them, and whose glory, chastened and purified in the lapse of years, is the richest treasure of your College and of your country. Wherever you go, the eye of your Alma Mater will rest tenderly upon you. She is not blinded by the glare of office; she is not misled by the shouts of popular applause; for she knows that the public man of to-day will be the private man of to-morrow, that notoriety is not always the music of lasting fame, and that virtue, learning, and piety are the only safe and abiding tests of individual worth. She looks with approval on a life spent in some useful avocation. She watches the advancement of her sons in knowledge, and applauds their just appreciation of the true mission of educated men. My personal knowledge of you, gentlemen, assures me that she will not look to you in vain. In behalf of the Faculty, who in inviting me to address you, has given you the last manifestation of their regard, and in behalf of the Board of Visitors, I bid you an affectionate farewell. May health and peace and happiness attend you. May your career be distinguished by honesty, without which a man, however richly endow-

ed by genius and learning, is a rogue; by patriotism, without which he is faithless to his country; and by religion, without which he is a traitor to his God.

truth, without which he is a liar; by courage, without which he is impotent to assert the right or redress the wrong; by

AN INVOCATION.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

Beneath the tulip-tree
 Oh Spirit I adore,
 Come, while the evening shadows hide
 The clouds on yonder shore
 Above the waters dim,
 Night like a dark bird broods,
 And like a mourner, the low wind
 Sobs in the lonely woods.

From human love my soul
 In silent sorrow turns;
 And while Arcturus through the trees
 Like a red watch-fire burns,
 With lifted face I cry
 Beneath the tulip-tree,
 Oh Spirit of the Beautiful
 Vouchsafe to dwell with me!

Love's flowers are very sweet,
 But blossom to decay;
 Love's singing birds are gay and bright,
 But mocking-birds are they.
 Twine with thy spirit-hands
Immortelles for my head,
 And sing thy deathless spirit songs
 Around my midnight bed.

Bend low thy blessed eyes!
 They have no human ray
 To mock me with the treacherous light
 That kindles to betray!
 Oh fold thy pinions white
 Around my weary heart,
 And say, though human love forsake
 Yet thou wilt ne'er depart.

Teach me the sacred lore
 That whispers in the trees,—
 That writes upon the morning clouds
 Its strange, deep mysteries;

Lift to my thirsting lips
 The cup of Thought divine;
 Its pure cool draught is sweeter far
 Than Love's red, flaming wine.

Oh rare and radiant guest!
 Oh Spirit I adore;—
 While sombre evening shadows hide
 The clouds on yonder shore,
 With lifted face I cry
 Beneath the tulip-tree,
 Oh Spirit of the Beautiful,
 Forever dwell with me!

SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

B. FRANKLIN TO ARTHUR LEE.

Paris, March 2d, 1777.

DEAR SIR:

We received duly yours of Feb. 14th from Nantes; and one since from Bordeaux, dated by mistake Jan. 29. We are glad to hear you were got so far, well on your journey. The Farmers-General since your departure, have been again in treaty with us for Tobacco. We offered (rather rashly I think) to deliver it in France at 8s., they offered us 5. Interim we received your intelligence of its being at 20sh. sterling pr. cwt. in Va; of course we rejected their offer, and we think of treating no farther, but leave them to Mr. Morris or whom they please.

The Court here continue firmly of opinion that very few Germans will go out this year. Last night I received a letter from London, which mentions as confirmed, the defeat of the Hessians at Trenton, only 300 escaping out of the Brigade, 1200 killed or made prisoners;—a subsequent defeat of the 17th and 49th Regiments between Trenton and Princeton—a more general action at Princeton;

in consequence of all which the King's Troops were evacuating Jersey as fast as they could. It is added that the Accounts say, 3 Battalions of the Hessians behaved ill, and threw down their arms, surrendering themselves Prisoners without necessity, from whence it is concluded at London, that they had been tampered with by "Congressional Emissaries," and this has alarmed the Court and given a distrust of foreign mercenaries, so that it is thought no more will be engaged. All the Hessian Colours were taken and 8 pieces of brass cannon. All the Commissaries stores, assembled at Burlington for the enterprise against Pha., also fell into our hands. This news is all from London: we are yet without any direct intelligence, therefore cannot give it as certain. I have omitted that in the two Actions, between Trenton and Princeton, and at Princeton, the English own they lost 400 killed, with 10 officers; the number of wounded not mentioned. General Lee is said to be taken Prisoner by the Enemy; but that news tho' possibly true, comes so indirectly as to leave still some room to doubt. The troops at

New-York were very sickly. Providence not taken nor likely to be attempted; on the contrary it is said a part of the Fleet with some of the troops, were ordered from Rhode Island to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, perhaps to aid in their intended invasion of Pennsylvania.

We have heard nothing of M. Merile since he left Paris. Consulting Mr. D. V. concerning the demand, he advised against making it for several reasons, on which it is laid aside for the present. I will mention to the Congress what you propose concerning the cruelties on Long Island. I remember to have heard before I left America, that some young English Officers valued themselves on an expedient by which they had exasperated the Hessians against the Americans, while yet on Staten Island, viz: A man happening to die suddenly in the night, they caused him to be scalped and horribly mangled, and the next day shewed him to the Hessians in one of their uniforms, as a Hessian murdered by the Provincials.

Sir Roger Grand and Mr. B. are gone to Holland, to forward the business there.

Capt. Wilkes is returned to L'Orient with 5 prizes, taken on the coast of Portugal: One a packet from Fal-mouth to Lisbon with 18 guns and 50 men: The others, a ship from Pool with Fish, one from Shetland with Barley, one from Ireland with Flour, and one from Bristol with Wine and Brandy. He has made near 200 Prisoners. At his request we have proposed, to the English Ambassador here, an exchange for as many Americans taken by the Raisonné; but have received no answer; indeed we did not expect any. Wilkes meets with difficulties at L'Orient about his Prizes. We are soliciting here for some favour to him, but as yet have no explicit answer. Mr. Deane is gone again to day to Versailles. *Perhaps we might be more favoured in Spanish Ports.* The people tell us that this Court is offended with the late conduct of Britain (which was insolent on its supposed success in America) and begins now to use a Tone that indicates a rupture. But these are notices not to be relied on.

I am now removed to Passy; but am

almost every day at Hotel De Hamburg with Mr. Deane, who begins to talk a-fresh of going Northward.

The enclosed directed to John Thomson, was put into my hands by a person from England, who told me he believed it was for me. I accordingly opened and perused it, and judging it by the last Paragraph, to be from a friend of yours, I answered it by the return of the same person to Tower Hill. I have since received one directed to you, which is also enclosed.

Capt. Nicholson is returned and the Cutter with Capt. Hynson is arrived at Havre. Mr. Hodge has not yet succeeded at Dunkirk, but expects the taken Packet will, I believe, be fitted out as a Cruiser, being said to sail well.

The young gentleman was at first a little discontented with his school, but is become better satisfied. He dined with us last week.

Mr. Tollier has received the 90,000 Livres from Nantes, for our use. I can at present think of nothing farther to add, but that I am, with great esteem and regard,

D Sir, Your most obedient,
and most humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

TO THE COMMISSIONÉRS IN FRANCE.

Paris, March 28th, 1777.

HONOURABLE GENTLEMEN:

I wrote you a few lines the 7th Inst. by Monsieur Coleaux and sent you the newspapers to that time: by this conveyance I send another packet of them under cover to Mr. Delap at Bordeaux. There are only two members of the Committee of Correspondence here at present, the rest being absent on leave.

Gen'l Howe's Army in the Jerseys still remains inactive, and greatly distressed for want of Forage and fresh provisions, which they cannot obtain in any tolerable plenty, as our army are posted all around them, have removed most of the Hay, Corn and Provisions that was near Brunswick, and never suffer a foraging party of the Enemy to stir out but

they attack them; and altho' they come out strong enough to drive our people from their Posts very frequently, yet it has always happened the reverse, for they are constantly driven back into Brunswick with considerable loss of men, horses, waggons, &c. Their situation is disagreeable and for that and other reasons I cannot think they will be content with it much longer, especially as desertion is become frequent amongst their best British troops, the Grenadiers; more or less of them come over to us every week. You being at so great a distance may probably think we ought to have destroyed Mr. Howe's Army by this time; and so we undoubtedly should, had we had an army to do it. But when it is considered that Gen'l Washington has driven them from their Cantonments on Delaware to Brunswick, and confined them there the whole winter, during which he has killed and taken between 3 and 4000 of their men, 4 to 500 horses, a number of wagons and considerable quantities of Stores, Cloathing, &c., kept them pent up in a place where they are ill supplied with provisions and other necessities, which has produced desertion, discontent and sickness, it will astonish all mankind to learn, that he had not during that whole time one half of their numbers in the field, and the greatest part of the troops he had, consisted of raw Militia that never saw a gun fired in anger until opposed to this very formidable Army. It is now evident to all America, that if in the beginning of this contest, we had enlisted our Army for a number of years or during the War, General Howe could not have wintered here unless as a Prisoner. But alas! our Army were disbanded by the nature of their enlistments when they could have been most useful, and the Militia are too much their own masters to expect from them a steady adherence to the extreme fatigues of a long and hard Winter's Campaign. They turn out for a month or six weeks, shew great bravery whilst they stay, but curiosity once being gratified, and some feat performed to make a good story at Home, they become impatient to return to their families and

neither persuasion nor principle can detain them. For this reason Gen. Washington's Army since Nov. last has consisted every month of fresh raw hands, a constant shifting scene of comers and goers. You might suppose him from 10 to 15 or 20 thousand strong by the Commissary's and Quarter Master's returns, but never 5000 by the Adjutant General's, for he never had so many at any one time with him. These constant movements of Militia and the large bounties and high wages given them has hurt the recruiting service exceedingly, for those that would have enlisted, by turning out as Militia for a short time, have got more money than their pay and bounty as Soldiers would amount to and they are more their own masters. In short the systems adopted by Congress respecting the Army were formed without experience and have not been equal to what was expected from them. They are now and for some time have been correcting these Errors, so that I hope to see a formidable Army under wise and wholesome regulations in a very short time, as the General is now drawing all the new recruits together, and as his hands are strengthened with sufficient powers, I have no doubt he will do business with them this summer if the numbers raised are sufficient to face the Enemy, and this I am inclined to believe will be the case. The garrison at Tyconderoga will be strong enough to dispute the passage there with Mr. Carleton, and if you do but effect an European War to employ the British Navy, this country will become free and Independent in a shorter time than could have been expected. I fancy General and Lord Howe have it in view to attack this City; they may possibly get possession, and if they do it will probably bring on their ruin, for they will then raise a nest of Hornets that they don't expect and are taught to believe very differently.

I am most truly, Gentlemen, your
ob't h'ble servant,

ROB'T MORRIS.

FROM COL. WM. FITZHUGH, SR., OF THE
MARYLAND COUNCIL OF STATE.

Maryland, Jan. 5th, 1780.

DEAR SIR:

I had the honour to receive your very acceptable favour from Paris of the 8th June, by Mr. Stockton, *via* Philad^a. which came to hand but a few days ago. Had that gentleman arrived in this State and I the pleasure to meet him, I should have been happy in shewing him every civility and rendering the country as agreeable to him as possible.

Our affairs on the Continent have a favourable appearance:—Our Army strong, healthy, and in high Spirits:—The Enemy have done nothing the last summer's campaign, except burning houses, murdering some of our old women, ravishing a few young ones, and stealing whatever happened to fall in their way on our Sea Coast and Inlets. Such have been their victories and for these they have paid dearly; Having received several Raps in the course of their excursions. Their fears of the Count D'Estaing's fleet, whilst at Georgia, confined their outrages to a narrow Compass and tho' he unfortunately failed in the siege of Savannah, yet he has rendered the United States infinite service; as Gen. Clinton, apprehensive of an attack at New York, hastily evacuated Rhode Island and drew the force from all his other distant Posts to a point, and has been cooped up at New York, until little more than a fortnight ago, which has lessened his forage and must distress his army greatly. The season being then advanced and the winter come on severely; nothing of consequence can be undertaken sooner than March or April next. We have however advice that "Gen. Clinton with 6000 men were embarked at New York on the 20th ultimo, and their destination, Chesapeake Bay, Georgia or South Carolina, and in consequence 4000 brave fellows detached from our grand Army, are on their march to the Southward to join Gen'l Lincoln, and will be in time to give Mr. Clinton a warm reception, should he have got clear of his *Paine*, and be removed from his

hiding place, New York. But I have my doubts of his venturing out, as the weather has been and continues, exceeding severe, with frequent storms and excessive Frost and Snow. Should Gen. Lincoln receive the addition intended to his Army before the Enemy reinforces their Posts in Georgia, I hope he will be able in a short time to recover that country.

General Washington's Head Quarters are at Morristown in the Jerseys, and his Army conveniently divided and cantoned in that State.

I am much obliged to you for the abridgement of your refutation of Mr. Deane's Charges against you. It serves only to confirm the opinion I had before entertained of his Villany, and I believe Congress, in which Body he had formed a powerful Party, are now sensible that they gave him too much credit. Indeed from the menacing insolence with which Mr. Deane treated them, they appeared to me alarmed at his threats, and bullied into subserviency. Mr. *R. Morris*, I am told, was at the Head of his Party. This Gentleman is now in Congress, and one of the most extensive speculators on the Continent of America. I am not personally acquainted with him, but he must excuse me for suspecting that he is an enemy to America, *Employed and furnished with Gold and Silver by the Enemy*, to raise the price of provisions, depreciate our paper money, and distress our Army; and I wish many more of those Diabolical Agents may not be interspersed amongst us for the same wicked purpose. The force of Britain with her foreign and savage Allies are an atom to America. They have tried it, they know it, and their sole dependance is now on fraud.

Nothing has transpired from what you said before Congress respecting Mr. Deane. I had no intimation of it until I received your extract, favoured by Mr. Stockton, and when I have the pleasure to consult your Brothers, if they should think it prudent, I will publish at least some parts of it.

There has been a great change in Congress, since Mr. Deane's affair was before them, and in many instances for the bet-

ter. Four of his Champions from this State are turned out, and I doubt not many others from the different States, as well as some notorious Stock-jobbers and Speculators, and tho' that honourable body may still require a little Purging, I believe there are at present a great majority of very able and warm friends to America; and the few who perhaps may be otherwise, are too insignificant to raise a party sufficient to interrupt the Public good. All the mischief they can do, will be to give intelligence to the Enemy of the secret acts of Congress, and knowing the Public wants, may forestall the markets, and increase the price of provisions, &c., to impede the supplies to our Army. This has been done, it is too notorious. But every measure is taking by Congress and the different Legislatures to prevent it in future.

I observe with pleasure what you say on the Politicks of Europe. Much is expected here from the superiority of our great and good allies, and it is hoped they will not let Slip the opportunity they have this winter of striking a blow, which may shake Britain to the centre. This I could wish, to make the business sure and independent of future Events; As we know not how far the wealth of the Indies may operate in Bribery, on the different Powers in Europe. Tho' some of our very sound Whigs and sensible Politicians here are of opinion, that it would be better for America that the war should continue a few years longer, in order that the repeated savage cruelties of Britain, should more generally inflame the minds of the Citizens of America, and obliterate that prejudice, which may retain in favour of the mother country and her manufactures. This, they say, is the only security we can have for our Independence of a Nation from whom we are derived, and with whom we have been so long connected, by Blood, Religion, Language, Commerce, &c.—Advantages which no other nation on Earth except G. Britain could avail themselves of against us and they, by the influence of such advantages, may in a few years after peace is established, insinuate themselves amongst us by thousands and tens of thousands,

spreading thro' the U. S. some *trained Bands* of Mansfieldites, Butites, Germanites, &c., &c., with Gold and every art to corrupt and debauch our citizens, and being thus prepared whilst we are unsuspecting, labouring in our fields, sleeping in our habitations, or setting under our peaceful Fig trees, they may suddenly hurl destruction on our own heads and overturn our Independence for ever. There is much Truth in this reasoning.

America is now preparing for an early campaign, and each State exerting itself to fill up its respective Battalions. Had this been attended to in the beginning of the war, we should not at this time have had a British Garrison on the Continent of America.

Our troops have distinguished themselves in many instances, in the last summer's campaign, and have taught the Enemy to know, that they are an overmatch for them, at their own favourite weapon, the Bayonet. This they have had sufficient proofs of at Monmouth, Stoney Point and Paulus Hook, and have since become very tender and careful of their skins. General Sullivan, with 4000 men, in the course of four months of the last summer, broke up, burned and destroyed, the whole settlements of the six nations of Indians, and drove them with about 1200 Tories into Canada, except what he took and slaughtered, and returned with the loss only of 42 men. Present my affectionate compliments to your Bro. William and believe me with great regard, Dear Sir

Your affectionate,

WM. FITZHUGH, SR.

TO ARTHUR LEE.

—

COUNT M'NEMARA TO ARTHUR LEE.

ON BOARD THE AMPHION, IN

Newport Bay, 6th October, 1784.

DEAR SIR:

I cannot express to you how sensible I am of your kind remembrance of me. I am also very sorry that my sudden departure from this Continent, and the im-

portant mission with which you are charged, deprive me of the satisfaction of embracing you. You are already on your journey and I am only waiting for the first favourable gale of wind for setting sail. But I expect that some favourable circumstance may one day approach me nearer to you, and that the pleasure of embracing you will not always be interdicted me.

In Virginia, where I made a little stay, I enquired about you. Some people who knew you, told me that you were in good health, but could not tell me where you resided there. I am much obliged to you for the information you gave me of your situation. Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, some agreeable events occurred to me during the war. And since the peace was ratified, I had the honour of commanding his Majesty's Naval forces in St. Domingo; now I go back to my country where I intend to take a little repose for some time.

We should have gone to New York, and I don't know well what hindered us; we lie now at Anchor in New-port's harbor where the Inhabitants treat us with uncommon politeness.—The ladies of this City are charming and very amiable, and the gentlemen excessively polite. My lady Green, whose company I much frequent, has received the best Education, and is endowed at the same time with a great deal of wit, and a great knowledge of English and French authors. She is in a word, a Lady fit to appear in our most chosen companies in Europe. The winter is very rough in New Port, but the inhabitants recompense us fully by their amiable politeness; a person a little acquainted with the Language could with pleasure pass a winter in America. As for my part I can assure you that I would like to come back to it. I am more sensible than I can express to you of the flattering testimony you make to me of your friendship and remembrance. I am extremely sorry that the position I am in, and my sudden departure, hinder me from going to see you. If I succeed in my expectations, I shall have the pleasure of assuring you in person of my most

inviolable attachment and sincerest friendship.

I remain in the interim,

Your most humble and obedient serv't,
C'TE MACNEMARA.

BENJ. HAWKINS TO ARTHUR LEE.

Charleston, 11th Aug., 1785.

DEAR SIR:

I had yesterday the pleasure of seeing you mentioned as being appointed to the board of Treasury, and I instantaneously congratulated the United States upon it. You are the first who has not been previously initiated into the mysteries of speculation, anticipation and facilities. You have abilities and industry equal to any thing, and therefore I shall expect everything from you. The detail of the counting-house your clerks can do, while you are finding out the honest statement of the National Debt, with the best means of extinguishing it, as well as providing for future contingencies. I yesterday saw your friend, Mr. R. Izard, and his family; his eldest son is unwell. He desired me to tell you he did not write to you, because he expected you here *via* the Mississippi. I told him I could give a better reason if I chose to declare, which was, that you had not answered one of the three letters I had written to you.

Mr. John Rutledge has resigned his appointment as Minister to the United Netherlands, and I believe Mr. Izard would accept it. The indisposition of his family alarms him, and gives him a relish again for Europe. I mention this to you because you are the friend of any worthy man, and will know what use to make of it. If you should have leisure to write to me, direct for me at the Post Office, I leave orders there where to forward my letters.

I am, with great and sincere esteem,
Dear Sir,

Your most obd't and humble serv't.

BENJAMIN HAWKINS.

EDMUND RANDOLPH TO ARTHUR LEE.

Richmond, July 18th, 1782.

DEAR SIR:

Your favour of July 2d disappointed me much, in not containing the result of a conference with Col. Mason. I expected the first movement from him, as being the first in nomination. Mr. Jefferson's domestic happiness is threatened with too great an interruption by the illness of his wife, to suffer him to enter into the researches which our subject requires. In this situation no division can be expected of the work for sometime; and this view of the matter has determined me to pursue the enquiry at large, in order to submit my rough hints to the correction and amendment of the Committee.

Should I be so unfortunate as not to hear from Col. Mason, on this weighty business, notwithstanding your request to him to communicate with me, I shall certainly write to him, urge him to assist his country, and through me correspond with Mr. Jefferson and Dr. Walker.

In the meantime I know not how to distribute the labour so as to consign to your pen any particular portion of it. Perhaps, however, your present situation will oblige you, to confine yourself to strictures on the claims of the companies, since you have access to their Documents, but want the others. I take the liberty of suggesting this to you; it being a task which must be executed, and is fully in your power, from the Archives of Congress, and the papers of Col. Cox being open to you; I should have answered your late favour by the last Post, had not my engagements in the court of Admiralty, occasioned my absence from home.

I have the honour to be, with great esteem, Dear Sir,

Your most obd't serv't.

EDMUND RANDOLPH.

N. B.—I hope you have explained, as you promised, the little misunderstanding between Mr. Izard and myself.

Richmond, Aug. 10th, 1782.

DEAR SIR:

I perceive from your favour of 30th ult., that you are immersed in that most entangled of all subjects, American Finance. If it could be reduced to system, instead of consisting of occasional and irregular snatches of Revenue, sure support might be promised to the war. But I fear that as long as the States are tardy, Neckar himself would be found impotent.

The fleet which was said to be within the Bay, never came beyond the Capes. A Frigate was sent in partly to embargo the flags of truce, and partly to order away the remaining French troops. I cannot learn their destination, but every account leads to an opinion that they are not in a state of offensive hostility.

Those gentlemen who so strenuously espoused the Instructions, left the Assembly before their completion. Indeed I cannot understand that they were ever begun. But I am rather inclined to believe that the work was never entered upon, as I recollect that a gentleman urged me a few days before the rising of the Assembly to compose Instructions for ourselves.

What to say to you on the subject of my return, I know not; nor shall I be able to decide until I shall see our Pamphlet in greater forwardness. I have as yet heard nothing from Mr. Mason or Mr. Jefferson. Dr. Walker sent me a few observations, which were lost on the road by the Messenger; I shall probably regain them.

I wish I could give you any interesting Intelligence; but the reports in Richmond, which are the only circulating news, deserve no mention.

Adieu. Pray present me to Dr. Shippen, his lady and family.

Richmond, March 2d, 1783.

DEAR SIR:

I am sorry that your labours have been so unsuccessful, as your favour by yesterday's Post states. Three days intermission from Law would enable me to

complete the rough draft of the Pamphlet. But the rapid approach of the general Court will not allow such an intermission. However, I shall probably have it ready for the inspection of the Committee by the time of your return to Virginia in May. Should Mr. Jefferson's voyage be frustrated by the bright Prospect of Peace, we shall enlist an able auxiliary in the business.

Your friendly information concerning the proposed reimbursement to former Presidents will, I fear, bring nothing to me, as my uncle's Representative. His expenses as President did not exceed those of any other Delegate, and no account exists of any charge whatsoever, nor of any hints on which a charge may be built.

As creditor to my father, you shall receive equal measure with others. What that measure will be I do not yet know.

I have the honour to be, with great esteem, Dear Sir,

Your most obd't serv't.

EDM. RANDOLPH.

—
Richmond, Sept. 24th. 1785.

DEAR SIR:

I am convinced that the letter which I wrote in answer to your favour, when you were on the point of departure for Congress, must have been miscarried; or I doubt not that I should have again received some mark of your friendly attention. Indeed I should not have waited for a reply had not the barrenness of Virginia Politicks afforded so little scope now for a letter.

Although the judges have not delivered a formal opinion, I may yet venture to say that a great majority will declare for the soundness of the principle, "no contribution but when the ship arrives in safety." Its influence, however, in your case, may not be so great as we wish, since the jury have found for Conway as much as they possibly could. The next Court of Appeals will furnish some certainty as to the event, by the judgment which they must render on a similar subject.

The clamour for paper money is very loud in different parts of this country. And the views of the advocates for the emission are not carried to the same objects. The payment of the military debt is the final cause with some; the increase of a circulating medium with others; and the discharge of British demands with a numerous class. At this moment the Report of paper money seems to have locked up the specie, thus affording a fresh plausibility for attempting to augment the medium by paper. Whether a conference between the friends of — money will produce a union, I cannot undertake to foretell; but some of the most strenuous are violently opposed to the quality of a tender. From this division, if its continues, I argue a downfall of the scheme.

Religion too will form a capital figure in the debates of the next Assembly. The Presbyterians will have a sufficient force to prevent the general assessment, possibly to repeal the Acts of Incorporation. The Delegates from those counties, in which the majority is of this persuasion, are expected with full and pointed instructions on both heads. Whatever may be the fate of the assessment, I cannot but consider the Act of incorporation in the light of a compact, which legislative authority may dissolve by the arm of Power, but not by the rules of justice and honour.

The conditional pardons which have been granted to several criminals, have been spoken of as a proper topic for the enquiry of the Assembly. But the Court of Appeals will probably anticipate them, by a determination on their validity or invalidity. For my own part I conceive that our Constitution gives the Executive the same power of pardoning which the King of Great Britain enjoys, and his has been recognized many years before the existence of any statute concerning conditional pardons.

Every day brings new proselytes to the — payment of British debts; the report of a negotiation being opened by Mr. Adams, on the infractions of the treaty committed by G. B., has produced a doubt in the minds of some, who were

not so disposed formerly, whether measures for securing the payment ought not be delayed until the result is known.

I am, Dear Sir, with very great regard,
Your friend and serv't,

EDMUND RANDOLPH.

BEVERLY RANDOLPH TO ARTHUR LEE.

Council Chamber, Richmond, }
Feb. 21st, 1791. }

SIR:—I do myself the honour to enclose a copy of an Act of the last session of the Assembly, instituted An Act to amend an Act, concerning a new edition of the Laws of this Commonwealth, reforming certain rules of Legal Construction, and providing for the due publication of the Laws and Resolutions of each session. You being one of the gentlemen appointed to carry this Act into execution, I must request the favour of you to inform me whether you will accept the appointment.

I am, most respectfully,

Your obd't servant,

BEVERLY RANDOLPH.

Arthur Lee, Esq.

[Answer.]

I have the honour of receiving your Excellency's favour of the 21st, in which you desire to be informed whether I will accept the appointment of one of the Revisors of the Law, under an Act passed the 23d December 1790, instituted an "Act concerning a new edition of the Laws of the Commonwealth, &c., &c."

I have the honour to inform your Excellency, that I will cheerfully contribute everything in my power to promote and effect the objects of the Legislature as one of the Revisors. With the most entire respect, I have the honour to be,

Your Excellency's most
obd't servant.

ARTHUR LEE.

JOHN BONDFIELD TO ARTHUR LEE.

Bordeaux, 15th July 1789.

DE SIR:

My last was of the 12th May, since which many weighty changes have taken place in this kingdom. The seed is sown, but before the crop is ripe many accidents may take place to injure the fruit. I transmit you herewith the proceedings of the States General up to this day; the contended point, the union of three orders, is effected.

The debates on National Abuses and reforms has not yet commenced. The Representatives of the Tiers Etats are composed of men of abilities, many able orators and steady, perseverant, well-informed characters, who have in view to sap the Old Constitution to the roots and form one on principles consistent with the present general idea of the rights of citizens of all denominations. The upper orders appear to dread the influence of the members of the Tier. The Assembly is divided into Chambers, or committees of forty members each. One of the Chambers is remarked to be composed of the most eminent heads of the two parties.

I expect Mr. Jefferson will be with you near the time this gets to hand, being advised he has received his leave of absence.

We have had a difficult winter for the Minister de Finance. The sums they have been obliged to advance for wheat and flour to foreign nations, and the uncompulsive measures they were constrained to observe in the recovery of the Taxes, frequently put them to difficulties. The nation now assembled will soon pave the way to prevent future clogs on one side and bind the hands of dissipation to stipulated limits.

A project is dispersed through the kingdom for establishing a simple Import that shall satisfy all the wants of the Government. By the number of examplaires it is suspected the plan is agreeable to the leading members in the present Senate. The great and sole opposition arises from the many

placed men that would be found displaced. A Tax of this nature would be well adapted for America, where you wish to have every man dependent on his own personal industry for his existence; that true, genuine freedom should reign through the whole extent of the States, unlogged by Custom-houses or Custom-house officers, a chain of men that be-

come, the moment they embrace the profession, enemies to their fellow-citizens. European perjuries and vicious habits will, we fear, corrupt your Infancy and grow with Age.

With regard and attachment I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

[Signed.] JOHN BONDFIELD.

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

In the calm twilight, when the day has given
Her sweetest gift, in one reluctant kiss,
Pressed on the crimson lips of dewy even,
In silent love and bliss;

When Night her star-embroider'd robes unfolding,
Walks through the shadowy portals of the west;
With tender clasp each weary spirit holding,
Close to her peaceful breast;

There will I linger in a dreamy slumber,
Nor heed the moments that are fleeting by;
While thoughts within me rise in countless number
As stars come forth on high.

Then o'er me visions of some vanish'd gladness,
Steal like the twilight shades o'er sunny hours;
And Memory drops a tear of gentle sadness,
Like dew on faded flowers.

What fond remembrances are round me springing,
Like chords awakened by some olden song;
Words half-forgotten—recollections clinging
Affection's roots among.

Tears, warm and bright as April's golden showers,
Mingled with smiles, e'en while they flowed from pain,
Sweet buds of Hope that never grew to flowers,
But blossomed o'er again.

The eyes that shone with such a loving brightness,
Warm, clasping hands, the smile of quiet mirth;
The bounding step, the form of youthful lightness,
Now passed away from earth.

Thus through the vista of the days departed,
By Memory's light I sadly wander on;
Seeking a shadowy joy—till heavy-hearted,
I wake—the vision gone.

Turn from the Past, my soul, and gaze before thee,
Into that far-off, undiscovered land;
When her bright rainbow Hope is arching o'er thee,
Held by the Future's hand.

Here at the entrance of her portal kneeling,
Pray for the angel-guards of Love and Faith;
Shielded by these, and in their power believing,
Walk undismayed thy path.

Fear not the battle—ever Truth defending,
Yield not to foes that shall beset thy way;
For the bright guerdon, ever upward tending;
Let not thy footsteps stray.

Thou canst not tell how far that pathway leading
Shall guide thee up beyond all mortal sight;
How soon may come, in answer to thy pleading,
The dawn of heavenly light.

When the soft shadows of Life's evening stealing
Around thee herald the approach of night;
In the far distance stars of Hope revealing,
To aid thy heavenward flight.

When solemn Death thy weary form enfolding,
Calls thee to dreamless slumber on his breast;
Shrink not from his embrace—thou art beholding;
A Messenger of Rest.

Joyously go—each tender farewell spoken,
But for a little while—love cannot die;
Sweet ties that bind thee here shall not be broken,
But only drawn on high.

Not as in visions of some earthly story,
Whose dim and fading brightness soon is past,
Thou shalt possess realities of glory,
Whose joys forever last.

Then rise to battle O immortal spirit;
Conquer thyself,—first gain the inward strife;
Then to thy foes without—thou shalt inherit
An Everlasting Life.

Charleston, S. C.

MAY.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"*

The ancients supposed—and perhaps rightly—that Genius "was a good or evil spirit or demon, that presided over a man's destiny in life." "Genius, among the moderns, signifies that peculiar aptitude which some men naturally possess, to perform well and easily that which others can do but indifferently, and with a great deal of pain. It is defined by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'the power of expressing a subject as a whole;' by others, 'greater acuteness of perception and memory'; by others 'the predominance of the ideal faculty, or imagination'; by some it is resolved into 'intuitive judgment,' and others still into 'patient thought, study and application.' Probably it comprehends something of all these."

Adopting these definitions as sufficiently accurate for our purpose, we deduce the inference that genius leads or impels us to good or bad deeds, and that we are, to some extent, under the control of this capricious spirit.

Writers of most ages, especially writers of fiction, have, either through necessity or some unknown cause, been in the habit of either writing "to order" or "mortgaging" their brains for the benefit of their appetites. This custom has increased wonderfully—and to the injury of an elevated literature—since the establishment of the present horde of literary periodicals and magazines; more especially where the habit of writing "to order" and for a "consideration" has been adopted.

It has brought to the surface an immense swarm of ephemeral writers, whose productions,—but too often of doubtful morality,—have supplied the place of a higher and purer literature.

Men of true genius, men who possess and know how to use "the celestial fire," if permitted to follow the "bent" of their presiding genius, are thus forced through necessity to fall into the beaten

track, if they would command the praises as well as the purses of the reading public. Thus genius, instead of being permitted to soar in her own native element of "ambient air," is dragged down to the level of newspaper literature, and flounders in the mire and slough of £. s. d.

Let us not be understood as attacking a cheap form of *good literature*, in any way in which it may be presented to the public; for from it; we think that there is a good deal of periodical literature in this country as well as in Great Britain which subserves a good end. But we do condemn a certain kind of "yellow paper" and penny literature that has flooded the land,—a kind of literature compounded too often patronized by journals, otherwise of high standing and good taste.

This species of literature has vitiated the public taste, lowered the standard of pure "English classicity," and forced genius from its empyrean heights to vegetate among the corruptions of an Augean stable.

We think the work which we propose briefly to notice in the present article, illustrates the truth of our foregoing remarks. "What will He Do with It," is the production of a man of decided genius, and not only of genius, but of profound scholarship, great reading, thorough training and wonderful *fertility* of intellect. A man who, perhaps, has never written anything that does not show genius, not always, we are sorry to say, the Good, but often in his earlier writings, that evil demon so closely interwoven with the traditions and superstitions of ancient mythology.

This novel, it seems to us, bears upon the face of it evidences of *hasty* composition. The plot is forced, the denouement *startling* and unnatural, and the style, as a general thing, wanting in that Saxon purity which constitutes one

* "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

of the great excellencies of the "Caxtons," and "My Novel." There is a terseness, a simplicity and a *colloquial homeliness*—if we may use such an expression—in these two novels, not generally to be met with in "What will He Do with It?" Especially is this the case in "My Novel;" there is in that work a "something" in the style as well as the story, that goes straight home to our intellect, and like a kiss from the lips thrills to our hearts.

There are improbabilities in the plot of "What will He Do with It?" that strike us as great defects, particularly so in such an artistic writer as Bulwer. The ease, for instance, with which the careful and *prudent* Vance believes that Sophy is his niece, is by no means in keeping with the character of the man; especially as the proof of the fact rests upon the testimony of parties who hitherto had proved themselves utterly unworthy of belief; and especially, too, as neither Vance nor the reader had the slightest idea that an heir survived his sister.

There is a confusion and lack of artistic finish, in the narrative of the events transpiring in and around Paris. The death and exchange of infants, the introduction of the female singer, and the part played by Gabrielle Desmarets, all, it seems to us, are wanting in that clearness and skilful connection so necessary to complete—as Bulwer should have done—a story, whose aim and design are unsurpassed in the annals of fiction.

Much of the plot is improbable and in bad taste, to say the least of it. Unnecessary events are recorded, and *startling* events occur for which we are entirely unprepared.

The attachment existing between Caroline Lindsay and Guy Darrell startles us, and the whole married life of Darrell—of which we catch but a partial glimpse—is mistified, unsatisfactory and badly managed.

We might mention many other "*startling events*" and mistified narratives in the book, but we are sure they will read-

ily suggest themselves to the most casual reader.

The character of Guy Darrelle, though unquestionably ably drawn and well sustained, lacks that fulness of completeness "as a whole" so necessary for our entire comprehension and sympathy. We are informed that he *has been* greatly distinguished as a lawyer and senator, yet with all his acknowledged ability, we cannot sufficiently *feel* the statement. We neither see the legal acumen nor are we thrilled by the senatorial eloquence. It requires too great a stretch of our imagination to conceive of these qualities, and at the same time keep up with the incidents of his life and the characteristics of his intellect.

None but an author of great ability and unquestionable genius can depict the character of middle-aged heroes. No other living writer save Bulwer could have drawn such characters as adorn the pages of the "Caxtons" and "My Novel," but in the work before us, with a few exceptions, there is a falling off in that masterly finish which constitutes one of the great excellencies of Bulwer's delineation.

We attribute this to no diminution in the vigour of his intellect—for the old fire breaks out occasionally, and throws around us a light at once resplendent and sublime—but rather to the fact, as we have before observed, that the book in all probability was written "to order" and in haste.

The picture presented to us of Darrell's life and character is mutilated; we see the glorious rays of his departing sun, but catch no view of its dawn nor mid-day splendour. The character of Vance is good, decidedly good, but we *see too little* of him; and this may also be said of Lionel Haughton, one of the heroes. Lionel is a very good young man, not deficient in sense, but sadly wanting in independence, and entirely too supple to the golden rod of Darrell. Alban Morley is well drawn and well sustained. Lady Montfort is good, pure and proud, performs many good and kind acts, and several foolish and unnatural ones, such

as are by no means reconcilable with our idea of the *proud* widow of an English Peer.

The minor characters in "What will He Do with It?" are well enough drawn, but there are four prominent characters that unmistakably show the impress of a master hand.

Those who have read the book have no doubt anticipated the names of those characters we would designate as powerfully drawn. We allude to William Losely, or Waife, as he is generally known, to his son Jasper, Arabella Crane and George Moeley.

We trust we shall not be considered as wanting in gallantry to the "sex," if we do not give a prominent place to the pretty Sophy. But we are compelled, against our will, to assign to her an inferior position to that occupied by many of Bulwer's heroines. She touches our sensibilities, it is true, by her unshrinking attachment through "good and evil report" to William Losely, her supposed relative and real guardian, and exhibits a modesty and propriety of deportment exceedingly commendable. But as we are to judge of character and of life *as it is* and not as it *ought* to be, we are constrained to say, that, taking into consideration her early associates, before she fell into the hands of Waife, her sensibility and modesty are somewhat unnatural; and there seems to us to be an overstrained attempt to convert the child prematurely into the woman. There is a premature development of Sophy into a high standard of womanly excellence that destroys the illusions and loveliness of childhood.

We do not know that our opinion will be generally accepted but we think that Waife is more powerfully drawn and better sustained than any other character in the book. He illustrates a grand and gracious lesson in the providence of God, portrayed and inculcated by scenes and events of the most sublime and touching pathos. "Suddenly came calamity! Suddenly arose the soul!" Grand, ennobling thought, thought that lifts writer and reader from the *finite* to the *infinite*!—thought that teaches us

"with what vigilant care Heaven will seek to disentangle the flower from the weed;" thought that forces us to recognize "that celestial tenderness which ennobles a spirit for all eternity!"

Jasper Losely is strongly marked and clearly and ably drawn; we do not remember ever to have read of an instance more fully illustrative of the superiority of mind over matter, of the intellectual over the brutal characteristics of our common nature, than is displayed in the wonderful subjection of Jasper Losely to the superior intellectual and *mental* courage of Arabella Crane.

The superiority of mental or moral courage over physical and brute force, is also admirably illustrated in the interviews between Jasper Losely and Guy Darrell, especially in the attempt made by Jasper to force conditions from Mr. Darrell in that fearful midnight scene so timely interrupted by the arrival of Alban Morley and Lionel Haughton.

The description of that interview would do credit to the ablest writer that ever lived, and is one of those instances in the story, to which we have heretofore alluded, where the great author rises with his theme and sheds around us the illumination of his glorious genius.

We cannot close this article without briefly calling attention to the last of the four characters, that we designated as particularly excellent. George Morley, the gentleman, the scholar, and, better than all, the preacher, deserves recognition and honour from every reader. He is a decided improvement upon Parson Dale; the good Parson had his weaknesses and little failings, that irresistibly brought a smile to our lips; but the noble, pure and intellectual preacher is the true ambassador of Christ; and George Morley has done much towards atoning for the levity and immorality of Bulwer's earlier novels.

Throughout the book we notice occasionally a careless use of words and sometimes doubtful grammar, defects that should never have appeared in the writings of Pisistratus Caxton.

Upon the whole, "What will He Do with It?" as inculcating great moral

truths in a moral and unobjectionable story, is far superior to the novels first published by the same author, and perhaps in this respect fully equal to the "Caxtons" and "My Novel."

But viewed entirely in an intellectual sense, as to plot, incident, artistic connection and machinery, or elegance of style and rhetoric, it is perhaps a good deal

inferior to many former works by the same writer.

Bulwer has much to atone for, and we trust that in the effort he is now making to complete that atonement, he will not mar the beauty of the offering by hasty composition, or mutilated pictures of human error and human grandeur.

E. T.

ASLEEP.

BY AMIE.

I.

Softly now the father slumbers—
Hush! the mystic sign goes round;
Swiftly on the shores of Silence,
Die the rippling tides of sound.
Viewless guardians close and keep
Shut the coral gates of laughter,
When the father drops asleep.

II.

Lips just bursting into music,
Check the song with sudden start,
As a bud that sought to blossom,
Might re-fold its velvet heart.
Through each brain sweet fancies sweep
With a streamlet's soundless flowing
When the father drops asleep.

III.

Lightly as 'mid violets falling,
Glides each foot o'er stair and floor—

Silent as a shadow flitteth
 Hither—thither—turns each door—
 Through the room the sunbeams creep
 Like a troop of stealthy fairies,
 When the father drops asleep.

IV.

When the day-god from the zenith
 Sweeps like chieftain swift and bold,
 And the noontide hours are folding
 One by one their tents of gold—
 Or when up the eastern steep,
 Eve with starry sandals glideth,
 Does the father drop asleep.

V.

In his easy-chair reclining,
 Dreamily his eyelids close—
 His the rest a king might covet,
 Monarch he of sweet repose.
 Countless hearts with joy would leap,
 But to win the peace that follows
 When the father drops asleep.

VI.

Oft my heart grows still with anguish,
 As a star might pause in dread,
 Thinking if this sweet, calm slumber,
 Were but changed to death's instead!
 Many earthly eyes shall weep,
 Many heavenly brows will brighten
 When he thus hath dropped asleep!

VII.

Might I see the white-winged warders
 Of the sweet and unknown land,
 I would whisper, When he enters,
 Let me clasp him by the hand!
 Grant, oh Father, that he reap
 Rich reward for life's well-doing,
 When he wakes, no more to sleep!

GREENWAY COURT; OR, THE BLOODY GROUND.

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XXXIII.

THE PRISONER AND THE JUDGE.

The two men looked at each other for some moments in silence. There was something striking and impressive in this silent examination by each of his adversary; and points of great similarity were not wanting, at least in the carriage of their persons.

Neither of them had anything in common with the humbler class of human beings. Both men, in their attitudes, bearing, and poise of head and feet, so to speak, were plainly of that rank accustomed to command and not to be commanded,—to question but not to be questioned. An indifferent spectator would have said, however, that the mysterious “wizard” was the superior, and the stronger of the two. There was something superb and haughty in the figure no longer bent, but as straight as an arrow, in the eye flashing clearly beneath the shaggy white eyebrow, in the proudly compressed lip, the forehead raised calmly aloft. Lord Fairfax had the air of a nobleman, but the stranger that of a monarch.

“Well, sir,” said the Earl, betraying unmistakable astonishment, for no man had a quicker eye for the indefinable evidences of superior character. “Well, sir, now for your private communication. You have made a somewhat singular request, and used a mode of address which indicates former acquaintance. Where and how did you learn that ‘Lord Thomas of Denton’ was my name upon my patrimonial estate, and there alone? Speak, sir!—let us end this mystery. I listen!”

And sitting down, his lordship motioned with cold courtesy toward a chair opposite to his own.

His companion did not take the offered seat, but said coolly:

“Then you do not recognize me, my Lord?”

“No, sir; I find, it is true, something strangely familiar in your features, but—”

“Possibly I may assist your recollection,” interrupted the other; and throwing off his long overcoat, he stood before Lord Fairfax metamorphosed from a rude backwoodsman into an English gentleman clad in the most courtly and imposing costume. His coat was richly embroidered in scarlet—his frill snow-white,—his waistcoat of blue silk, loaded with decorations, and falling over knee-breeches of the finest material.

“Have you forgotten me?” he said coldly, as he saw the Earl give a great start and suddenly turn pale.

Lord Fairfax almost recoiled, as the stranger advanced toward him, but by a powerful effort summoned his strength again, and replied:

“I have not, sir. You are Sir William Powys!”

“Yes, my Lord” returned the wizard with a stern frown, “I am Sir William Powys! Sir William Powys whom your Lordship’s father stripped of nearly all his possessions in Yorkshire—who swore enmity thirty years ago against your family—whose body bears the scar of a pistol ball lodged therein by your lordship, in the right shoulder here, as that hunter by a strange coincidence declared—who has left the Old World, as your Lordship has left it, to come to the New, and who here, as there, finds one of the house of Fairfax eternally in his path, set in judgment over him, to oppose him, and strive to direct him, in all his acts; to endeavour—vainly! vainly my Lord!—to thwart and to crush him! Not content with alienating from me the heart of my daughter, and marrying her against my wishes!—not content with shipwrecking my happiness and hope in the Old World, your Lordship has followed me hither!—you assemble a body of low yeomen to try an English gentleman for *witchcraft*! Had I not requested this interview the vulgar fellow who arrested

me yonder would have preferred in addition a charge of counterfeiting coin!—against me, *me*, my Lord! *me*!”

And the old man with flushed cheeks, and forehead, looked down upon the Earl with a fiery wrath which made his countenance almost terrible in its indignation.

Lord Fairfax did not immediately reply. He seemed endeavoring to control a sentiment as violent as that of his companion. His compressed lips and heaving bosom indicated the struggle which was passing in his mind, and he was silent for some moments. The effort at self-control was successful. His features slowly grew calm. The flush disappeared from his face, and returning the other's gaze with cold solemnity he said:

“Sir William Powys what you have just uttered, is an injustice unworthy of your character, and unlike your blood which, in all its representatives with which I am acquainted has been violent and implacable, but neither unfair nor ungenerous. You know well that I have had no part in originating this silly prosecution of you for witchcraft. You know that I am simply *among* these people, not of them,—as the Lieutenant of the county, as an official bound to act officially. So much for that. And touching the subject of counterfeiting, it was mentioned in my hearing but an hour ago. These are the wrongs which I have inflicted upon you, as you declare, in the New World!”

The Earl paused a moment, then continued gloomily:

“Of events in England I would rather not speak: except to say that you have here done me equal injustice. I do not believe that my father was harsh toward you—but let that pass. In a single accusation, you are just. I did force a quarrel with you and wound you,—I regretted it. I still regret it; it was unnecessary. But touching the last charge,—there, Sir William Powys, I have nothing to blame myself with. I honestly loved your daughter—she honestly loved me; in spite of your hatred for my family, she became my Countess,—if against your wish, as you say, still not without

your legal consent. But enough, sir. These memories move me bitterly. Let the past sleep. I do not speak angrily as you see, Sir William; I address you as your rank and position demands. I have done, sir.”

There was so much nobility and sincerity in the tone of the Earl, that his words evidently affected the listener strangely. The menacing expression disappeared, and a gloomy calm succeeded.

“My Lord,” he said, “I so far acquit you of this present annoyance as to fully believe that you had no part in it. The pain it has occasioned both me and my child, no less remain. There is, besides, no certainty that in future it will not be repeated—and thus I have reason when I say that the name of Fairfax is my evil genius, for you are the real master and controlling influence in the country. But I pass that by. You have said that my family is implacable. That is only partly true of myself; but I shall not discuss the question. I shall simply say that toward yourself personally I have no ill feeling; indeed I am conscious of having more than repaid all your injuries, as some day you will know.”

Lord Fairfax made a motion with his hand and said with noble simplicity:

“I would rather have it so than otherwise, sir.”

The words seemed to dissipate still further the enmity of his companion. He sat down, and when he spoke again, his voice was greatly changed. It was almost sad.

“My Lord,” he said, “this is a strange and sorrowful world—have you not found it so?”

“Eminently,” replied the Earl as sadly.

“I am seventy years old; you must be nearly or quite fifty. Well, at our respective ages, men should strive to forget the passions of their youth—the enmities and hatreds which sear the soul. You have wronged me—I have wronged you. There let it rest. I am willing to forget all, and to go upon my way without cherishing any thoughts of vengeance in my heart. I will do more: I will

right the wrong I have done you"—here the brows of the speaker contracted painfully—"but not now. Let us come to the business which made me request this interview."

The Earl inclined his head with great courtesy, and listened.

"Nearly two years ago," said his companion, "I bought of your agent here, —and I never expected to see you in Virginia,—the tract of land upon which I live with my grand-daughter. I removed from my small estate on the seaboard, because the chills and fevers of that region, for a considerable portion of the year, rendered it extremely dangerous to her constitution; and again because she derives singular benefit from a mineral spring in the 'fort' yonder. I brought with me only a man and a maid, intending to return in the cold season, but have remained. One of the reasons for this decision, in addition to the health of my grand-daughter, was the discovery of a mine of gold and silver, upon the tract, which I have worked with the utmost success."

The Earl bowed with the same calm courtesy, and the speaker continued.

"I know that by the character granted to Lord Culpepper, from whom you derive your property in this province, you are entitled to one-fourth of the proceeds of all mines of gold and silver discovered upon all lands within Lord Culpepper's grant—and I have accordingly laid aside carefully one ingot from every four, in a box marked "Lord Fairfax." In relation to the coin discovered by the bailiff, in one sense it is counterfeit. I cast it from pure gold in a mould of clay as the amusement of an idle moment; and inasmuch as its value from the absence of all alloy is one-fourth more than that of the real coin, I imagine my innocence of the charge of coining may be established. I have made this explanation," continued the speaker, "in order to propound to you an interrogatory. I do so that there may be no misunderstanding, no ambiguity. Shall I be permitted to remain in this region undisturbed by legal annoyances, or must I go with my child

to another? The heart beats chill at seventy, my Lord, and a man is disposed to quiet. I would ask no favour; I would have you reply as a mere matter of business; I address myself to you as Lord Proprietor of the Northern Neck in which I live, and chief executive officer of the country."

"As such I reply, Sir William," said the Earl calmly, "that your further sojourn in the region shall be, as far as lies in my power, wholly freed from all annoyance. If I were not disposed to make you this assurance, with reference to yourself, I should do so, for your grand-daughter's sake. I cannot forget that she would have been the cousin of my children. No more of that. In regard to the fourth part of all gold mines, I do not claim that right in my charter—or, if you insist, I reply that I wish the child to receive the sum which you have laid aside, as a present from her uncle by marriage. I pray you, sir, not to refuse me this trifle. I shall not stop here, with your permission in my privilege of displaying my affection for my little niece. I am truly proud to think of her as such—a more perfect young princess I have never seen than the child as she came to you in the court room. But enough, sir. I shall not let you offer me this gold again, as I think you intend; let us return and terminate this business. All shall end at once."

And opening the door the Earl made a courteous gesture to the old man, who had again donned his long coat, to precede him, which resulted in their issuing forth together. In the two hearts thus close to each other there was no longer any enmity; but in the elder's there was pain and a cruel hesitation.

They entered the room where the members of the court were seated, and in ten minutes Lord Fairfax had impressed upon his associates, in private conference, the entire absurdity of all charges brought against the prisoner. Indeed the honourable justices were rather ashamed of themselves; and many looks of disgust were directed toward the person of Major Hastyluck, chief instigator and prosecutor, who was slumbering se-

renely with his face on the table. The toils of his arduous position had overcome this watch-dog of justice; after all his labours and his Jamaica, he "slept well."

The Wizard of the Massinuton was thus promptly discharged, and in a moment two soft arms were around his neck, and a face wet with tears was pressed to his thin cheek.

Cannie was crying on the old man's bosom.

XXXIV.

THE RESEMBLANCE.

The old man gently caressed the soft hair of the child, and gazed into her face, which was all April smiles and tears, with a depth of tender affection which made the countenance, ordinarily so proud and cold, almost beautiful and winning.

Then raising his head, Sir William Powys, or the Wizard, if we may be allowed to still employ the name by which he was most generally known, looked around upon the crowd, who regarded him with strange and superstitious interest. There were many persons in the assembly whose heads had moved significantly from side to side when the strange personage demanded a private interview with Lord Fairfax. No good would result for his Lordship, these wiseacres declared, from yielding to this demand. Once alone with him, the Wizard would be sure to "bewitch" him—he would cast a spell on him and then vanish in a cloud of brimstone. Some of these philosophers were by no means certain that if this were not the case, the mysterious Wizard would not be seen issuing from the window of the tavern, mounted upon a handsome flying horse, once Lord Fairfax; now destined to bear the prisoner away in triumph to some diabolical revel of witches in the depths of the "Hog-Back."

It resulted from this condition of public feeling, that when the Wizard, who had fulfilled the expectations of the more

moderate among the wiseacres, by procuring a prompt acquittal through his interview with the Earl, looked round upon the crowd, they recoiled with an unmistakable expression of dread, and left him standing, almost alone, with his child, in the middle of the apartment.

A slight curl of the firm lip greeted this movement, and the Wizard was about to turn away indifferently, when suddenly his eyes were rivetted upon a richly clad figure, framed, as it were, in the doorway, and gazing upon him with deep interest and sympathy.

The figure was that of Falconbridge, who, having watched the absurd trial, and witnessed the scene between the prisoner and his daughter, now rejoiced at the result, and regarded them, as they stood wrapped in each other's embrace, with kindly smiles and pleasure.

The Wizard fixed upon the young man, as he stood thus framed in the doorway like a picture, one of those glances which seem to penetrate into the soul of the person upon whom they are rivetted. There was much in the gallant and graceful form of Falconbridge—in his proud, laughing face, and elegant costume—to attract attention; but the look now bent upon him was not one of simple admiration or curiosity. It expressed surprise, deep feeling, and a species of wondering doubt.

The young man perceived the glance directed toward him, and without understanding it, approached and said kindly:

"I am rejoiced at your acquittal, Sir; as much for your own sake, as you seem very old, as for your little daughter. My father taught me to respect and bow to purity and devotion wherever I met with them, and I think I cannot be mistaken in saying that your child is both innocent and courageous—faithful and noble-hearted."

With these words, which were uttered in that tone of simplicity and sincerity which characterized his voice, the young man held out his hand to Cannie, extending the other toward the old man.

The girl's soft, little fingers glided into those of Falconbridge, and a grave, sweet

glance, shining through the tears in her eyes, rewarded the speaker.

"Thank you, sir," she said in her low, musical voice, "for speaking so kindly to us—to grandpapa. You are not like those people who have gone—your face is kind."

And Cannie pressed the hand frankly, and looked "thanks!" with her whole heart.

The old man had, however, drawn back unconsciously when Falconbridge greeted him. He had not taken the hand. Still looking at him with that strange air which we have described, he said:

"What is your name, sir?"

The words were almost rude, but the tone in which they were pronounced did not so impress the hearer. The Wizard plainly intended no slight—it was some mysterious sentiment of wonder which spoke in his voice, in his abrupt question; and the young man comprehended this instinctively.

"My name is Falconbridge, sir," he replied with a courteous inclination; "I have but recently come to this region."

"Falconbridge! I thought so! I was sure of it!" murmured the Wizard. "Strange! Strange! who would ever have believed—!"

There he suddenly stopped. By a sudden and powerful effort he controlled his emotion—his countenance subsided again into its customary calmness—and he bowed in return, taking the hand which was still half extended.

"I thank you, Mr. Falconbridge," he said coolly, "and beg you will not attribute my singular question to any disposition to affront you. You bear a very remarkable resemblance to a person whom I once knew—this must be my excuse for the very rude reception I have given to your kind speech and sympathy."

"It is nothing—I scarcely noted it," returned the young man smiling, "and as to any kindness, I am sure, sir, that I deserve no praise. My heart leaped when your child came so bravely to your side—and I bow to and honour her. I have never seen a princess or a queen—

but I think she is worthy to be either—to be the noblest little lady in the land!"

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Cannie blushing, "you make me feel ashamed! It was nothing for me to come to grandpapa's side. He is all I have in the world, and I love him dearly, with my whole heart. And you, grandpapa," added Cannie, turning and whispering to the old man with a smile, "you know you love me just as dearly."

"That is very certain," was the low reply, accompanied by the look which always came to the face when it was turned toward the girl; "and now, my child, let us go to a private room. We must remain here all night—but we will return home early in the morning."

"Come with me, sir," said the voice of Lord Fairfax at the speaker's elbow, "I have ample room for you and your daughter at Greenway Court—it will be far more comfortable."

"I thank you, my Lord," returned the other with a ceremonious inclination, "but the nights grow chill, and my daughter is delicate."

"The blinds of the chariot may be easily closed, sir," said the Earl, looking wistfully at Cannie.

"Your Lordship will not consider me ill-bred—that is to say ungrateful, if I still decline your goodness. If my child should wish at another time to visit Greenway Court," added the old man, exchanging a significant look with the Earl, "it will give me true pleasure to bring her thither—or to entrust her to our good friend here, Mr. George. May I take that liberty, Mr. George?"

That liberty! thought George, as his heart gave a bound at the idea of a long gallop through the prairie, with Cannie's arm around his waist; but he suppressed his delight, and replied with gravity and politeness, that it would give him very great pleasure.

"And now, my Lord," said the Wizard, "let me, before I leave you, say how much I am indebted to your Lordship for my release from this prosecution—a prosecution which I dreaded far more for the grief it caused my child than on my own

account. I am old, and care little what comes to me—whether of weal or woe—but she is young and tender-hearted. Thanks! thanks, again, for our freedom!"

The speaker was standing as before with his arm around Cannie, and by them stood Falconbridge, smiling. Not only the Earl, but George, and Captain Wagner, who were near at hand, were struck with the singular resemblance between the three, and afterwards spoke of it. One was seventy and grey-headed—the second twenty-three or four, and in the bloom of manhood—the child a girl of fifteen, with innocent, sweet eyes, and tender lips. But the resemblance was as perfect in all three as if they were the off-spring of the same parents, at the same time.

For a moment they remained thus motionless, then bowing again, the Wizard retired with Cannie to a private room—having arranged with Mynheer Von Doring on the way, for a vehicle in the morning.

Lord Fairfax turned to Falconbridge, and said:

"I think you have not yet consulted me upon your affairs, Mr. Falconbridge. If it suits your convenience at the present moment, you might accept a seat in my chariot, and sleep at Greenway. What say you, sir?"

"I accept your Lordship's offer with many thanks," was the reply.

And very soon the young man and the Earl were rolling toward Greenway, beneath the new risen moon, which mingled its light with that of the setting sun, and communicated to the dreary stretch of prairie land a wild and mysterious charm.

As to George and Captain Wagner, they remained at the Ordinary for reasons best known to themselves, but easily comprehensible by the reader. George stayed because Cannie would spend the night there—the Captain because his eloquence had triumphed in favour of Winchester—and the fair Mrs. Butterton was, no doubt, ready to thank, perhaps to reward, him.

Meanwhile the chariot containing the Earl and Falconbridge, rolled on in silence. The few common-place words had died away. Lord Fairfax seemed deeply pre-occupied.

At last, as they approached the clump of trees, indicating Greenway, the Earl raised his drooping shoulders, uttered a long, deep sigh, and muttered:

"I wonder if a single heart beats still for me, in dear, old England. No, I think not one!—not one!"

XXXV.

CAMPAIGN OF GENERAL LONGKNIFE.

The Captain twirled his mustache.

We would call the attention of the reader to the fact, which we have hitherto omitted to mention, that Captain Wagner was always engaged in twirling his mustache. Or, if this statement seems extreme and improbable, let us simply say that he was often thus laboriously occupied, and seemed to derive much innocent satisfaction from the ceremony.

On the present occasion he gave to the martial appendage a jaunty and gallant curl toward the eyes—then he looked at Mrs. Butterton, who was busily knitting opposite the Captain, and the table by the Captain, upon which was deposited the Captain's warm glass of punch and unfilled pipe.

Monsieur Jambot, for the moment in deep disgrace, was forlornly carrying on a sleepy conversation with Mynheer Van Doring in one corner—a ceremony which resulted between the two in an awful mutilation of King George the Second's English. In another corner George and Cannie were talking in a low tone, and assisting what they uttered with smiles and confidential glances.

"My dear Mrs. Butterton," said the Captain, "have you any commands in Bellhaven—or, as these new-fangled folks will call it, *Alexandria*? It's a shame to be re-christening so promising a child—or I'm a dandy!"

"Any commands in Bellhaven?" asked

the lady with a little simper and flutter, "why do you ask, Captain?"

"Because I think it likely that I'll go back soon. You remain here, I believe."

These cold and cruel words made the lady's heart throb. Then Captain Wagner cared nothing for her!

"Yes," she said faintly, "perhaps till the spring."

"I would like to do as much myself," continued the worthy, "but the rascally Injuns, whose scalps I was to have, won't come, and it is repugnant to the feelings of a soldier to be living on that honest fellow, Fairfax, without doing him any service in return."

"Why, Captain," said Mrs. Butterton with evident admiration in her eyes, for one who spoke in this free and easy way of so great a nobleman, "why, Captain, his Lordship is delighted at your visit, and I heard him with my own ears say, no longer ago than this morning, that you were worth a thousand pounds a year to him in good spirits!"

"All flattery!" returned the soldier, "or I'm a dandy! I have remonstrated with Fairfax about that bad habit he has of trying to ingratiate himself with people by flattering them. He knew you were my friend—and that you would repeat it—and as he thinks I may serve him, he is trying to get around me."

"Oh, Captain! How can you talk so of his Lordship!"

The worthy laughed.

"He's only a man like anybody else, my dear Mrs. Butterton—it's not his fault that he is called Earl and Baron. I'm free to say he'd be a dooms good fellow under any circumstances. I like Fairfax. He's no pretender. And I repeat that I don't like to be eating and drinking, as I eat and drink, at his expense, when the Injun devils decline coming along and getting themselves done for! I was sent for to eat Injuns, not beef!—to drink blood, not Jamaica! And these Injuns—where are they? No-where, or may the—hum!"

The soldier terminated this sentence by swallowing a mouthful of punch, which seemed to refresh him greatly.

"Why, Captain," said Mrs. Butterton,

"you are certainly mistaken about the chance of an inroad. They say there's no certainty of peace from day to day."

"My dear madam," returned the Borderer, "it has been my habit for a number of years to hunt up Mr. 'They Say,' and when I have heard his views to go and lay my plans precisely to the contrary. I have no respect for 'They Say.' I know the rascal—he is as completely ignorant of what is really going on as a mole! Even if the Injun rascals do come along, let Fairfax send down for me! I can't be neglecting my most important affairs dangling hereabouts, and chopping arguments with his Earlship!"

"Your affairs?" persisted the lady, smiling, "why, Captain, you have no *business* in Bellhaven—have you?"

The conversation was taking the direction which the cunning Captain desired. He smiled.

"Well, really," he said, "I hardly know how to reply to you, my dear madam—to reply without touching upon a most delicate subject—you comprehend?"

The lady blushed. What did the soldier mean?

"It is true," continued Captain Wagner, "that many people would say I had no *business* whatsoever to attend to in Bellhaven, like merchants, and shopkeepers, lawyers, and all that small fry, who are thinking all the time of money and nothing else—not like us soldiers, of honour and glory, and—hem!—love."

"Of—love?" asked Mrs. Butterton, faintly. What *could* the Captain mean?

"I would not refer to these matters with any one else, my dear madam," said the worthy, edging his chair across to Mrs. Butterton's side and speaking in low, confidential tones, "but you are my good friend, and are well acquainted with—the lady."

"The lady —?" And Mrs. Butterton's voice died away in her throat.

"The fair Emmelina, your friend," whispered the Captain, bending over. But his companion's agitation made her turn away her head—she could not reply.

"Miss Emmelina," continued the subtle campaigner in the same confidential tone, "is, it is true, past the bloom of

youth. She is nearly my own age, indeed, I fancy, and this might seem to many persons an objection. But is it really such? I am tired, my dear madam, of your school-girls and young Misses—your sweet young creatures, full of sentiment and romance—who clasp their hands when they look at the moon, and read poetry verses and say, ‘Oh, how beautiful!’ I don’t say I never admired ‘em, but I’m past all that, or may—a-hem! I now admire the ripe flower, not the bud—I confess I want a wife, and it has seemed to me that Miss Emmelina, your friend, whom you have so often praised, would make a noble spouse—and likes me well enough to give me a fair start—don’t you think so?—Emmelina!’”

And the Captain scratched his nose, and regarded the ceiling, after this tender exclamation, with an absent and pre-occupied air, which was very striking.

As to Mrs. Butterton, that fair lady remained for some time silent—then, on being again pressed by the Captain, replied that she thought—she had hoped—she—No! Emmelina was *not* calculated to adorn the married state. No doubt Captain Wagner would think—and here Mrs. Butterton assumed a tone meant for hauteur—that she was unjust and unfriendly. Yet candour compelled her to say that she knew Emmelina well, but in spite of a most tender friendship for that lady, must say she was in the sphere she was best calculated to fill—that of an old maid. In that sphere,—said Mrs. Butterton with animated feeling,—Emmelina was worthy of all praise. She had her little faults, such as a propensity to gossip, a disposition to pry into her neighbour’s matters, and a talent for adding to and colouring all that she repeated, which no doubt arose from her smartness. She had certainly been the cause of that terrible fight at the corner of King street, where the two lovers of her corner neighbour bruised each other so awfully, and created such a horrible scandal; but she, Mrs. Butterton, was quite sure that Emmelina had never expected any such misfortune to take place in consequence of her communicating the trifle which she did to one of the young men—

it had given her great pain, and she had deeply regretted it. With these, and a few other little draw-backs—such as an undue love of money,—a disposition to spend nothing more than she was absolutely compelled to—and a strong dislike and suspicion of every one who did not belong to her particular church,—she was very well in her way—as an old maid. Out of that condition, she, Mrs. Butterton, very greatly feared that Emmelina would not be a very perfect character. She was little suited for a wife—still if Captain Wagner thought differently, it was no affair of *hers*. She hoped he would not find out too late the failings in Emmelina’s character.

Having made this lengthy speech, which the Captain listened to with silent attention and a subtle smile, Mrs. Butterton applied herself to her knitting in a more hurried manner than before, and assumed an air of studied indifference.

“My dear madam,” replied the Captain, with earnest and solemn feeling, “I thank you for this interest in me, but are you not misled somewhat in your estimate of the sweet Emmelina, by the opinions of those persons who dislike her? Are the fair sex at all given to gossip? I do not, I cannot believe it, my dear madam! I will never credit the assertion! True, I have heard it said that when they get to be old women—even after the tender and still blooming age of twenty-five,—they experience the extreme pleasure in the circulation of intelligence about their friends. The irreverent and low-minded individual who made this statement in my hearing, added, that *the truth* was so dear to these angelic newscarriers, that much of their existence was heroically and fondly dedicated to the task of decking it in bright apparel, and presenting it in such a manner as to forcibly impress it on the minds of those who made its acquaintance. ‘The poor, plain maiden Truth,’ this wretched person added, ‘scarcely knew herself when she was thus pranked out; and none of her old friends could recognise her.’ Now, all these base insinuations I abhor and utterly reject and despise! Attribute to the fair sex any such poor, nar-

row conduct?—regard them as labouring under this ‘*disease*,’ as the low fellow worded it—as the victims of a sickly craving? Never! never! I don’t respect the man who allows his mind to be filled with such base prejudices! What! madam? Acknowledge that the beautiful and superior sex—the better half of human beings—fritter away their time and intellect on little smirking gossip and tittle-tattle! Believe that they go round and smile and whisper, and stab people in secret behind their backs—and when they meet them afterwards, squeeze their hands and look into their eyes with tender friendship! Believe that when the female mind should grow in dignity and sweetness, that it only waxes smaller and more narrow—festered away into nodes and smirks, and ‘guggle—guggle—guggle—whish—sh—sh—sh!’ beneath the breath! Credit this statement, madam!—think thus of the ladies!—never! never! The cynical and sneering may believe it, but Captain Julius Wagner? Never!”

The worthy uttered these indignant words with such solemnity and emphasis that Mrs. Butterton experienced a sentiment of admiration for the speaker and his lofty views, amounting almost to enthusiasm.

What he said of women was quite worthy of his generous and liberal heart, she replied, and did him honour. It was rare to find a gentleman so magnanimous toward the fair sex, and she would not have him think that she intended to speak harshly of her friend Emmelina. She had alluded to those little foibles in her character, without the least intention or desire of doing her injustice—and perhaps she was mistaken in her. It was more than human nature could accomplish, to become free from every failing—and Emmelina was, perhaps, no worse than many others.

“Again I thank you, my dear madam,” said the Captain, “you are a friend indeed! But let me ask if there is not a chance of all these little foibles disappearing after matrimony—I mean in case I were to become the happy—hum!—possessor of the beauteous Emmelina? I have frequently observed this singular

change. There was my friend, Dick Thonderguste—he married a perfect vixen, and I assure you, on the word of Wagner, that in six months you wouldn’t have known her—she was so meek and mild! There, again, was my old playmate, Charley Ryan, who always smiled when people got angry. He married his cousin, a quiet, sunny little thing, who seemed as good-natured and soft as a May morning. And what was the consequence? In a year, madam, Mrs. Ryan was a tartar—yes, a terror to her household, including Charley! I never dared to go and see him—she looked so black at me. I would sometimes call on Charley when I knew she was out; but when her footstep was heard on the porch, I would take my hat unconsciously, wring Charley’s hand with deep commiseration, and get off, if possible, without meeting the lady. You see I was afraid of her—of that timid little thing!—I, Captain Long-knife!—and all this has induced me to suppose that marriage frequently changes the fair sex. Don’t you think so, my dear madam?—and might it not change Emmelina?—Emmelina!”

And the worthy again gazed at the ceiling.

“It may,” said Mrs. Butterton curtly but sadly too.

“If I return to my home yonder, however,” added the Captain, “I shall take with me the satisfaction of reflecting, madam, that I have been of some service to you. It rejoices me to reflect that this day the town of Winchester has been selected as the county seat. I rejoice upon your account wholly, madam—for confidentially speaking, I regard the village of Winchester as the poorest place on the habitable globe. It is a failure—it always will be:—there are no men of public spirit there—no natural advantages—and mark me! there is no future for Winchester! Stephensburg, on the contrary, is the pearl of towns, the diamond of villages. It bids fair to become a gigantic city. Fairfax is a man of intelligence, and he understood this, and preferred Stephensburg. But for you, I should have gone for it—when, of course, madam, it would have been

chosen. But I could not desert a friend, one for whom I had so great a—hum—regard; so real a—hum—attachment! I declared war against Fairfax on my own private account—I went about to see the justices—I made a little speech—it was nothing,” said the Captain, modestly, “a mere series of remarks—and I beat his Lordship, ha! ha! I say, my dear madam, that if I go, I shall take away with me this pleasing reflection—if I go.”

“Why do you go?” said Mrs. Butterton, fixing upon Captain Wagner her most significant glances.

The Captain sighed, and looked deeply depressed.

“Because—I have not told you—” he said in almost a whisper, “because there is another reason, stronger than any I have given—”

“Another reason?”

The Captain accidentally secured one of the lady’s hands, which hung at her side.

“Because I have been defeated once, madam, and am afraid to remain near the enemy—like a coward! afraid! Because I am subjected to the pain of seeing what I wish to possess, ever before me, yet beyond my reach! Because I am humiliated, mortified, lowered in my own opinion, by finding myself distanced by a professor of the frivolous art of dancing and music playing!”—here the Captain darted a terrific scowl, full of gloomy rage, at the unconscious Monsieur Jambot—“and because it does not become a soldier to get on his knees and beg, or crouch like a hound to be cut! These, madam,” said Captain Wagner, with an air of touching sorrow, “are the reasons which impel me to leave this neighbourhood—which drive me away from your side! If I thought this fair hand, which I hold, cared to rest in my clasp—if I thought it would not drop mine like a hot—hum—indifferently:—if I thought it would retain me, when I was going away forever—then I would stay, for it is my most coveted treasure. But this is folly—farewell! farewell!”

Having uttered these whispered words in a tone of dignified misery and unfaltering resolve, the Captain made a motion

to withdraw his hand and go. But strange!—unexpected!—astounding event!—event wholly unanticipated or thought of by the Captain!—the hand which he would have released would not suffer that ceremony to be performed. With a gentle pressure it retained the soldier’s—and the owner of the hand turned away her blushing countenance—but not before she had bestowed upon her companion a glance which said as plainly as glance could say: “If the fear of defeat is all that you fear, you need fear no longer—for the enemy whom you are afraid of is ready to capitulate—the hand which you think cold, is ready to rest here, in your own for life!”

The fair Mrs. Butterton may not have made use of this elegant and graceful speech which we have skilfully attributed, therefore, to the “glance of her eye”—but before the interview terminated, the overjoyed Captain received from the lady’s lips the assurance that she was willing to become Mrs. Captain Wagner.

The rest of the company could not tell what made the Captain’s countenance shine so resplendently as he finished his punch at a single gulp—or why Mrs. Butterton was so gay and so sorrowful by turns.

We know the meaning of the first of these emotions—the second is as simply explained. The dame was looking with pity at her disappointed suitor, Monsieur Jambot.

XXXVI.

THE EARL AND FALCONBRIDGE.

In the large apartment at Greenway Court, whose picturesque decorations—stage’ horns, guns, old swords, and long tapering rods—were lit up by the cheerful fire-light, and the more steady radiance of two candles in the tall, silver candle-sticks; the Earl and Falconbridge talked long, and on many subjects.

The young man speedily found that nothing need now detain him in the reign. There was no longer any occa-

sion to proceed to the far South Branch of the Potomac, whither he had promised himself a trip with George, who had completely won his heart. The lands which he came to look after, were all laid down upon the rudely-traced maps which Lord Fairfax spread before him: his title was secured beyond all question; and the slight quit-rent only, a mere nothing, guaranteed the right of property conclusively.

It was then that, passing away from business, the host and his guest conversed on other things for hours—those long hours of the Autumn night, which glide by rapidly like joyful dreams, for the happy and light hearted, but which lag so drearily for those whose spirits are oppressed.

Falconbridge listened with a strange interest to the melancholy tones of this singular man. Every thing about the Earl excited his imagination. Here, beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the Virginia wilderness, he conversed with one who had once shone among the most splendid noblemen of the English Court; who had lived in the brilliant circle of which Bolingbroke, and Somerset, and Shaftesbury, and Joseph Addison were the ornaments; who had written for the "Spectator"—and been equally distinguished in fashion and in letters:—this exile was his host, in the lonely mansion, and in his melancholy monologue, there was an irresistible attraction, a strange spell which the young man could not throw off. He leaned forward in his chair and gathered every word which fell from the grim lips—every word was a new thought, a new emotion.

The gallant face of Falconbridge had in its turn strongly impressed the Earl, though he exhibited little evidence of the fact. We have said that his long commerce with the great world had made him wonderfully penetrating in his views and judgment of character. He thus comprehended quickly the man with whom he was conversing. In Falconbridge he recognized an organization of singular nobility and sincerity. The spirit breathed by the Almighty into this clay, was plainly of extraordinary

delicacy. He understood the silent indications of eye, and lip, and smile, and gesture—he saw in the nature of this youth, who was essentially an aristocrat, the truest and most genuine democracy—the scorn of falsehood; the love of truth; the pride of which made him bow only before honesty and what was noble and sincere—all the traits which go to form that lofty character, the true gentleman.

The Earl saw all this at a single glance, and watched with a grim and wistful interest the emotions chasing each other rapidly across the eloquent face. He saw that he was appreciated; and this is always an agreeable conviction with men of proud, strong natures, and original minds. The colloquy thus came at last to embrace a great variety of subjects—the different worlds in which the two men had been dwellers—England over the sea, and Virginia here, with all that made them what they were—the aims of noble manhood, the philosophy of life—the past, the future—and what lay beyond the future of this world, in the undiscovered realm of silence. These mortals who represented from a different point of view a single class—the class of those who take the polestar Honour for their guide, and sail toward the course it points, through gloom and tempest, whether what they sail in be a crazy skiff or a mighty ship—these men, both eminent for lofty traits, for cultivated intellects, and noble instincts, recognized in each other something strangely similar, and gave their confidence unasked.

Falconbridge spoke without reserve of his life, his surroundings in the Lowland, his amusements—of every thing: and the Earl gave a picture in his turn of life in England, without, however, touching upon his private history. It was only in certain moods, and in presence of such old acquaintances as Captain Wagner, that the stern and melancholy nobleman threw off his mask of cold reserve. His manner to Falconbridge was perfectly polite, but perfectly ceremonious too—the young man was plainly nothing more to him than a very agreeable stranger.

"Virginia, Mr. Falconbridge," he said, "is England simply under a different form. It is true that our white retainers, essentially parts of the soil, are replaced by negroes who are legally serfs for life—but I question which is the happier of these classes."

"I know our servants are happy," replied Falconbridge "and we love them as they love us. I have an old nurse who is quite as dear to me as many of my beloved relations. She nursed me in my childhood—has loved me in my manhood—and I am less her master than she is my mistress! for she scolds, and reprimands, and makes me do just what she pleases. I would rage at one half she says from any man in the world, however much above me—but I can't rage at her. I love her because I know she loves me, and I think I would defend her at the peril of my life."

"I really think you would," returned Lord Fairfax, looking at the speaker with grim interest, "you have a cordial nature Mr. Falconbridge."

"I don't regard my feeling on this subject as at all meritorious, my Lord. I should be more than a heathen were I not to love the old nurse who has loved me so faithfully. I would see to her comfort before that of the greatest lady in the province, and would rather she would smile on me than have his Excellency, the governor, take off his hat to me. That would seem very simple to you if you knew how she has loved and cherished me."

"I can understand," said the Earl with the same melancholy smile. "You are a perfect democrat, and would rather talk with some old 'Colonel' on Tidewater than with the greatest Duke of England."

"You are laughing at me, my Lord," said Falconbridge. "What would a Duke take the trouble to talk with me for?"

"There might be no inequality," returned the Earl. "I mean Mr. Falconbridge that in England there is a very absurd mode of viewing the people of the American provinces. They are

regarded as persons of an inferior race, which is simply nonsense. A very great number of persons in the Colonies here are either descended from our nobility—the sons and grand-sons it may be of "younger sons," but of course no less inheriting the family blood—or they are the offshoots of that "untitled nobility," as they have been called, the country gentlemen of England. This class, sir, is after all the real strength of the British Empire:—our peerage is the flower, simply of the vigorous plant. What matter if a coronet, or noble order, does not decorate these men? They are the life-blood of the Anglo-Saxon body—the foremost men of all this world, as Shakespeare writes it—and the time may come when our exhausted stem will look with pride upon its flourishing offshoots, growing in the soil of the west. Thus sir," added the Earl gravely, "I may now have the honour of conversing with a young nobleman above my own poor rank—one who is such by right of blood, if not by title."

Falconbridge laughed as he listened to this grave statement.

"I am afraid you flatter me, my Lord," he replied, "we are only gentlemen—that much I think we really are."

"Gentlemen!" returned the Earl, "only gentlemen? My dear Mr. Falconbridge you will find, as you go on in life, that this is an unphilosophical phrase. It is no slight task to be "only" this. It is better to be a gentleman than a lord who is none—and the greatest lord can be no more. I pray that the historian of my life, if I shall have one, may give me that noble title only. 'Tis my sole ambition, sir—I crave no more. My life has been troubled and unhappy—my fortune adverse. I am growing old in a foreign land—alone in this wilderness after living at the finest Court in Europe—but this does not afflict me very greatly, 'tis a matter of small importance—if my 'scutcheon is untarnished, my name free from all stain, I shall think myself fortunate and happy."

There was something so noble and moving in the melancholy earnestness of the speaker, that Falconbridge uncon-

sciously stretched out his hand. The Earl pressed it gravely and said :

"I take your hand as 'tis offered, sir—as the hand of an honest gentleman, such as I have spoken of—and now, sir, I will no longer detain you with my talk. You are young and must require rest—and I too am weary after this annoying day, in which I have filled a position which is far from agreeable to me."

With these words the Earl rang his little bell, which was promptly answered by the appearance of the old body-servant, and with grave inclinations the two men separated.

The Earl sat down in his carved chair, as the door closed, and leaning his pale face upon his hand, mused long and moodily. At last he rose with a deep sigh and muttered :

"The eyes and lips of this youth have a singular effect upon me—they are wonderfully similar—wonderfully. Well, well, I have arranged an idle trap for him yonder. He must see it—and I will question him. Folly! folly! but what is life, but a tissue of folly?"

And Lord Fairfax slowly left the apartment.

XXXVII.

THE PORTRAIT.

Falconbridge found a cheerful fire burning in the wide fire-place of his sleeping apartment, for the November nights were growing cold, and rendered it necessary.

Old John saw that all was disposed agreeably for his master's guest, and then respectfully edging toward the door, quietly disappeared. Falconbridge was left alone, seated in front of the fire, into which he gazed long, with thoughtful eyes. His mind had been filled with new emotions lately—his life subjected to many novel influences. The beautiful woman—the melancholy nobleman—the jovial Borderer—the wild region, into which he had been so grimly welcomed by the Indian assault—all these personages and objects had flooded his

life with new thoughts and feelings, and were now the subject of his yague reverie.

From time to time a smile would flit over the handsome features of the young man; and then a frown and an expression of pity would succeed. Miss Argal was the origin of the happy smile—the strange letter of the mad lover who had killed himself, caused the frown and the commiserating shadow.

Falconbridge mused thus for more than an hour, taking no notice of the pattering drops which fell down from the wax candle on the silver candlestick,—without observing that the fire was dying out; and that the dimly-lit apartment began to grow chill, as well as to assume a weird, ghost-like appearance in the flickering light of the single candle. As the light wavered to and fro, immense shadows chased each other across the walls and the ceiling; a melancholy "death-watch" tapped in the wainscoting; and a bough of one of the trees creaked nervously against the pane of the window. A fanciful imagination might have seen shadowy faces, peering in through the dim panes, or fancied that goblin fingers were tugging at the grating bells in the old belfries.

Falconbridge heard all these weird, low sounds, but did not heed them; he pursued his reverie. But finally his meditations came to an end—he banished them from his mind, and drawing a long breath, rose erect, and looked around him. As his eyes fell upon a picture hanging above the mantelpiece, he almost recoiled.

It represented a gentleman of about twenty-five, clad in an elegant costume, covered with embroidery. The white hand, half covered with lace, was thrust into the scarlet waistcoat, and the figure was erect and proud. The strange circumstance, however, which impressed the young man so strongly was the startling resemblance which the portrait—for such it plainly was—bore to himself. It was not so much a resemblance, as a perfect copy of his own features. No trait was different, no detail wanting. The clear eyes, large, frank, filled with

smiling pride; the clearly defined lips expressing equal resolution and good humour; the raised head, the smooth forehead, the brown curling hair—all was identical with the traits of the real man. Had the picture descended from the canvass into the apartment, and any one been asked which was Falconbridge, which the other, he would have found it impossible to decide.

The young man's astonishment was so great that he remained for a long time gazing with deep wonder, and in silence upon the picture. Then taking the candle from the table he held it above his head, so that the light fell in a clear stream upon the portrait, and muttered:

"Why that's no picture! 'Tis my other self!"

He sat down again, but could not remove his eyes from the strange portrait. Could it possibly have hung there, when he occupied the room before, without attracting his attention? He could not believe it. Why then had it been hung up since? Had Lord Fairfax placed it there? Was it intended to attract *his* notice? Whom could it be?—what original sat for it? It was plainly no recent picture—whence did it come, and why was it here, in his chamber, with its eyes fixed on him with that motionless stare?

The young man's mind was filled with conflicting thoughts. He could arrive at no conclusion—the strange picture was as absolute a mystery to him at the end of an hour, as when his eyes first fell upon it.

It was not until the old clock on the stairway struck *twelve*! slowly and solemnly, that Falconbridge, finding the apartment grow cold, retired to sleep. The strange copy of himself followed him in his dreams—the eyes shone on him in slumber, as when awake.

He slept uneasily, and started more than once—but finally toward daybreak fell into a sweet and soothing slumber, which was undisturbed by the haunting eyes. From his murmured words and smiles, it was plain that the young man was dreaming of his home in the Low-

lands. His strange past, the stranger picture, the life around him, had all disappeared: he was far away from the valley and the mountains—in his own land again.

When he woke, and saw the bright sun streaming in, he smiled and welcomed it. Then a sudden movement proved that he recalled the night before. He turned his head quickly.

There was the picture.

XXXVIII.

THE OLYMPIAN IRE OF CAPTAIN LONGKNIFE.

Captain Wagner had just mounted Injunhater and, happy, triumphant, his chin in the air, was about to set out from the Ordinary for Greenway Court, when all at once Falconbridge emerged from the forest, and galloped toward him.

He rode one of Fairfax's horses, whose speed he had well tested, according to the recommendation of the Earl, and in the bright morning sun presented a very attractive appearance.

"Whither bound, comrade?" said the Captain reining in the active Injunhater, "you come on like a thunderbolt!"

"I am a very harmless one, Captain," returned Falconbridge, "and the Ordinary is my mark."

"You are from Greenway?"

"Yes."

"Any news?"

"None at all—his Lordship whom I left a short time ago is quite well."

"He always is that, or the devil take it! He rides over the mountains enough to make any body well and strong. You had a pleasant time?"

"Very pleasant."

"And a sound night's rest, doubtless?"

"Well, yes—I slept well enough: but a strange thing happened."

"Strange? What was that? Did you have any more visions?"

"No, Captain, but I saw myself."

"Saw yourself? Oh, you mean you were guilty of the vanity of looking into a mirror, of which there are not so

many in this region. Well, companion, when one's as good looking a fellow as you are, that's not unnatural, or may the devil take it!"

"I did not say that I saw myself in a mirror—I was on canvass."

"On canvass!"

"Yes, my actual self, Captain!"

And Falconbridge described the portrait, the manner in which he had seen it, and the effect which it had produced upon him.

"Strange enough," said the soldier: "and did you mention it to his Lordship?"

"He alluded to it himself at breakfast, and asked me if I had slept well with this *second* nocturnal visitor—you remember the first?"

"Yes, companion, and what was the explanation?"

"A very simple one. His Lordship had placed the picture there as an agreeable surprise to me. It was the portrait of a friend of his who had been long dead—and my resemblance, he said, to this friend, had impressed him, upon our very first meeting."

"Well," said the soldier, "all that's very interesting and striking. I never saw the picture, but mean, as soon as I arrive, to go up stairs and look at it. Did you arrange your business?"

"In half an hour. I need not have come from the Low country hither."

"And you return?"

"Well, yes, I imagine so, Captain," said Falconbridge with some hesitation, "before very long."

"I'm glad to hear it," was Captain Wagner's apparently unfriendly reply. "I think of going down to see Gooch, who, I'm told, sails for England in the spring, and we might jog along together."

"Then you have business with Governor Gooch?"

"Yes—about my lands."

And Captain Wagner gave a twist to his mustache, which made that decoration stand out prominently from his martial countenance.

"I own, or shall very soon own, my dear comrade, some of the prettiest

pieces of ground in the Virginia valley. I will be mysterious, I will shirk the subject for the present, but I have said what I have said," added the soldier in a determined voice, as though some opponent disputed his statement. "My property lies in and around the town of Winchester—a noble place, Falconbridge, the pearl of the entire universe. It is my intention to make Gooch build a fort there, appoint me commandant, and commission me generalissimo of the frontier."

"Oh! really? But he could do worse."

"Thank you, comrade—and to be frank, I agree with you. Once commandant of an armed post, let me hear of the rascally Injuns daring to set foot on my ground! Let me hear that any of the copper-nosed scoundrels think of coming to the place or the neighbourhood! I'll march on 'em, and exterminate 'em off the face of the earth! I will make the Opequon and Lost River run with their blood! I will choke those streams with their miserable carcasses, as I'm told Julius Cæsar did at the battle of Marathon in Africa! I'll cut 'em into slices, and fry, and eat 'em! If I don't I'm a dandy, Falconbridge!"

With which words, the Captain assumed a terrific frown, made a farewell sign to his companion, and setting spur to Injunhater, went on toward Greenway.

Falconbridge laughed, and dismounting, gave his horse into the hands of an ostler, directing him to lead the animal back in the afternoon to Greenway. Then he ordered his own horse, Sir John, to be saddled, and was ere long curbing that intelligent quadruped, with a joyous hand.

To his enquiries regarding the Wizard, his daughter, and George, Mrs. Butterton replied that all three persons had set out some hours before on their return to the fort mountain—George riding his sorrel, the old man and his daughter occupying the landlord's sole vehicle. It was very plain, added the dame that Mr. George was a friend of theirs.

Replying to this significant observa-

tion with a smile only, and saluting the lady with a low inclination, Falconbridge set forward at a round pace, for Mr. Argal's.

He had not seen Miss Argal for almost a whole—day.

XXXIX.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

It was only a few days after these scenes, when as Falconbridge arrived one morning in sight of Mr. Argal's he saw, affixed to the drooping boughs of an elm, in the midst of many hounds, the large chestnut, which was the favourite riding horse of Lord Fairfax.

As the young man entered he saw the Earl, who wore his hunting costume, seated near Miss Argal, and engaged in earnest conversation with her. Mr. Argal was not visible.

The young lady did not seem overjoyed at his appearance—indeed her greeting was rather cool than warm. It was no more than she would have bestowed upon a common acquaintance—and although the nice sense of delicacy possessed by Falconbridge led him to approve of this reserve in the abstract, he could not divest himself of the idea that something more than the presence of a third person actuated the young lady in her demeanor toward him.

He had caught, indeed, as he entered, one of those strangely fascinating glances fixed upon Lord Fairfax, and the circumstance, trifling as it was, made his heart sink unconsciously. It was folly, he reflected, to expect a young lady, because she had plighted her word to one gentleman, to assume toward all others an air of coldness and indifference; but none the less did the electric smile which Miss Argal had directed toward the Earl make the pulse of Falconbridge throb with disquiet, and his brow contract.

Lord Fairfax rose courteously and greeted the young man with grave politeness.

"Give you good day, Mr. Falcon-

bridge," he said; "I am glad to meet you again."

"Many thanks, my Lord,—I trust you are well."

"Perfectly, sir. I am always well when I move about, as I have been doing now since daybreak."

"You have been hunting, I imagine, from your dress."

"Yes, all the morning. I had a chase after a deer but made nothing of it. It led me some miles to the west, and I stopped here to see Mr. Argal and his family. I believe they are friends of yours, are they not, sir?"

"Oh yes—is not that true, Miss Bertha?" said Falconbridge smiling.

"Certainly, sir, we are friends," was the young lady's reply. But the expression of the face seemed to say, "that is all"—in her voice there was something strange and indescribable; but its tones were plainly altered.

The quick ear of Falconbridge, sharpened and rendered nervously acute by the depth of his infatuation, did not fail to mark the change. The furrow in his brow became deeper, and he fixed upon the young lady one of those clear and searching glances which aim at reading the thoughts of those who are the objects of them.

The tone in which Miss Argal had spoken was either accidental, or she thought that she had gone too far. The indifferent, almost cold expression disappeared from her eyes—the beautiful face broke into smiles, and holding out her hand, she said:

"Friends should treat each other more kindly than you do us, Mr. Falconbridge—I have not seen you for a very long while!"

And with this ambiguous speech which conveyed the idea to Lord Fairfax that the young man had not called for a month—but to him, the meaning that *twenty-four hours* was a "very long while" for him to be away from her,—the young lady bestowed upon Falconbridge a new edition of the glance at the Earl which he had intercepted on his entrance.

"At your age, Mr. Falconbridge,"

said the Earl with his weary smile, "I would have made many visits to Mr. Argal's here, especially if I were detained, as I believe you are, sir, at that dull old Ordinary yonder. Pray leave it and come and stay at Greenway Court as long as your affairs engage you in the region, sir. It is really inhospitable in me to permit a gentleman like yourself to thus tarry at a roadside tavern, so near my house."

Falconbridge inclined his head courteously and replied :

"Many thanks to your Lordship. But I shall soon return now—I have been away too long already from home."

"Ah, that need not draw you, I fancy," said the Earl smiling ; "when a young signeur goes on his travels in Europe, we are accustomed to give him the length of his tether."

The young man smiled in return, and shaking his head replied :

"That may be true of young signeurs, as you say, my Lord, but I am not such a person. My father is in straitened circumstances, although we live well, and requires my assistance. I must go back soon, and shall hardly find it worth the while to change my quarters for so short a time."

The Earl acquiesced in this decision by gravely inclining his head, and then turning to the young lady said :

"Do you expect your father to return this morning, Miss Argal? I now remember that he desires to consult me upon some land business, and my visit may save him trouble."

"Ah, he will soon return, my Lord," was the reply ; "I am sure he will not stay long."

"I will wait then, madam."

And the Earl resumed the chair from which he had half risen. He did not look at Falconbridge. The expression of the young man's countenance would have surprised him. He was gazing at Miss Argal with unaffected astonishment—and he had abundant reason for doing so. Mr. Argal had announced in his presence on the evening before that business of importance made it necessary for him to go into Maryland, and had begged

the young man to be as much with his daughter as he found it convenient—it would relieve his mind. He had gone on the journey which would occupy two days perhaps—and now Falconbridge heard the assurance given to Lord Fairfax by his hostess that her father would "soon return," that he "would not stay long"—as though he had ridden out for an hour simply.

We shall do Miss Argal the justice to say, that no sooner had she uttered the words, than she blushed and seemed to regret them. She darted a rapid glance at Falconbridge, played with the ribbon at her belt, turned carelessly a handsome bracelet on her plump round arm—and ended by winding around her finger with graceful indifference one of the profuse curls of her raven hair.

She hesitated for a moment; looked out of the window, and said :

"Perhaps, I have unintentionally misled you, my Lord. I now remember that my father has ridden to some distance, and may not return until night. If your Lordship, however, will remain until the evening, I shall esteem it a favour. The neighbourhood is very lonely."

"I regret that 'tis impossible, Miss Argal. I promised to leave a deed which I have in my pocket, for a new settler in the region, who will call for it. If my body-servant were with me, as is sometimes the case when I hunt, I might comply with your most obliging request."

The young lady turned the bracelet round again on the plump white arm, beat the floor with her foot, and then said :

"Our servants are all away; but Mr. Falconbridge might take it for you, my Lord. He might then return—"

The mark was overshot. Lord Fairfax rewarded the proposition with an unmistakable stare of astonishment, and did not immediately reply. As to Falconbridge, his face turned crimson, and from his eyes darted one of those flashes which at times indicated how dangerous he was when aroused.

"That is—I mean—" said Miss Argal with some agitation, "I meant that your Lordship might be worn out with

fatigue—you might be greatly in need of rest—and as all our servants are in the woods, I thought I might treat Mr. Falconbridge, as a friend,—without ceremony. If I have offended you, pray pardon me,” added the young lady fixing upon the younger of the two her saddest and most beseeching glance. “I am very young and inexperienced—I did not think—if I have shocked you—”

And turning away her head, Miss Argal seemed overcome with emotion.

The young man no longer betrayed any anger. There was nothing but sadness now in his eyes. He did not reply for some moments; when he did speak it was only to say:

“I freely pardon any apparent slight, Miss Argal—I am sure you did not mean any—as I am sure that his Lordship feels that I would willingly spare him fatigue were he gently exhausted—”

“No, no, sir,” said the Earl, “by no means. I am quite rested, and feel as fresh as possible.”

“But you think my conduct unbecoming, my Lord,” murmured the young lady, “to treat Mr. Falconbridge with such rudeness and want of ceremony—I fear you despise me—”

The cloud disappeared from the brow of the Earl. That voice of subtle and wonderful melody dissipated all the displeasure which he had felt, if the word may be applied, to his reception of the young lady's strange proposal. Indeed he seemed fully under the spell of her beauty, and had more than once displayed during the progress of their interview that admiration which he had conceived for her on the first day of their meeting, —and which lingering unknown to him, in the depths of his nature, had come at last to be something more than a

vague sentiment of pleasure in her society.

As she spoke now, or rather murmured in her low sweet voice those words, “I fear you will despise me,” all traces of displeasure disappeared, as we have said, from his countenance, and the cold swarthy face almost glowed:—that dark eye shone strangely.

“My dear Miss Argal,” he said with something approaching earnest feeling, “I pray you do not think so very seriously of a trifle—I am sure Mr. Falconbridge so regards it. If people were despised, for every little mistake, the world would be a terrible place to live in. I must beg you not to take such a view of it. 'Twas nothing,—mere thoughtlessness I am sure. And now I am constrained to leave you. Pray present my regards to your father on his return, and beg him to call on me at my house. I need not say that I shall feel honoured should you choose to accompany him—at any time.”

With these words, Lord Fairfax bowed low, and left the apartment. Falconbridge followed him to the door, declaring his intention to remain. No sooner had the two men disappeared than the sad and submissive expression vanished from Miss Argal's face, her head rose erect, her brows contracted furiously, and she imprisoned her red underlip between the white teeth,—so unmistakable was the fire of anger in her eyes.

When Falconbridge returned in five minutes after bidding the Earl farewell, he found the young lady in the position in which he had left her—leaning sadly on the arm of her chair and presenting the image of a statue of sad sweetness and regret.

He had never loved her more than at that moment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

POESY:

AN ESSAY IN RHYME.

Delivered before the Literary Societies of Columbian College, Washington, D. C., at the Smithsonian Institution, on the evening of the 28th of June, 1859.

BY JNO. R. THOMPSON.

In ancient Greece where Art, we know, was born,
 In the fresh gladness of her early morn ;
 When Learning, laurelled goddess, sweetly smiled
 Above the cradle of her fairest child—
 They kept in Athens sacred festival
 Of eloquence, and song, and wit, and all
 That made of Attica a classic land
 From lofty Pindus to the shining strand :
 With music's lordly swell, the stately train
 Moved onward to Minerva's glittering fane,
 Where from the fervid lips of genius flowed
 The measured chorus and the sparkling ode,
 Pure as Ilissus, where its waters run
 A stream of flashing silver in the sun ;
 And thousand voices, mingling in the pæan,
 Stirred the light wave upon the blue Ægean.
 —Two thousand changeful years have passed away
 Of cruel havoc and of fell decay—
 The polished temples, 'neath the brilliant sky
 Of old Athena now in ruin lie ;
 And a deep pathos, a most tender pity
 Subdues the soul within the ancient city :
 The Erechtheum—how each fragment shines !
 What desolate beauty in the broken lines !
 The Parthenon—alas, the summer breeze
 Kisses no more at morn the perfect frieze
 Which once revealed the glory and the joy,
 Panathenaic, to the Grecian boy.
 But the great poems of the bards sublime
 Remain unwasted by the wreck of Time ;
 Graceful and calm, in symmetry severe,
 These wondrous temples of the mind appear ;
 And light, in richer flood than that which fills
 The smiling circuit of the Athenian hills,
 Streams upon shaft and portico and floor,
 "The light that never was on sea or shore !"

Well may we then the lyric mode combine
 With glowing eloquence, at Learning's shrine,
 When our Panathenæa's rites we hold,

Not with the gorgeous pomp and pride of old,
 Not yielding homage to the gods that reigned
 On high Olympus, as the mythos feigned,
 But with ascriptions of perennial praise
 To the brave singers of immortal lays;
 And all who robe the beauteous form of Truth
 In the bright colours of unfading youth,
 From Æschylus to Shakspeare, from the trees
 Where Wisdom early strayed with Socrates,
 To the lone tower where Newton's tireless eye
 Read the strange riddle of the midnight sky.
 Such rites we celebrate when Science calls
 Her favoured children to a hundred halls,
 To bless the guerdons, nobly won, which prove
 An Alma Mater's all-abiding love !

You ask for rhymes, you bid me idly seek
 To throw the soft enchantment of the Greek
 O'er the rapt sense in a beguiling dream—
 Vain task ! but still be Poesy my theme :
 Turn with me then awhile, and learn the spell
 Its ministers have left on "flood and fell"—
 Summer the Past, and bid its voice rehearse
 Man's chequered story since the primal curse ;
 Or take Imagination's widest range
 O'er ivied battlement and moated grange,
 And mark what renders most a people great,
 And still survives the ruin of the State ;
 How the long, joyous, pensive, tender strain
 Of the world's music cheats the world of pain—
 How Fancy brightens with her magic rays
 The shadowy vista of departed days,
 And casts along the Ages' downward slope
 The blended hues of Memory and of Hope !

Soft you, my modest muse, nor rashly dare
 A flight so lofty through the realms of air :
 With a vague sense of littleness opprest
 I walk around the Theban eagle's nest,
 Conscious that could I steal his mighty wings,
 To me such very unfamiliar things
 Would be as useless as were Roman sandals
 To one of Attila's large-footed Vandals—
 And here the horrid old Horatian maxim,
 Which the poor rhymers had so long to tax him,
 The bard remembers, and may fitly quote,
 (Though doubtless many have the line by rote)
 That neither gods nor men, in their distress,

Nor yet the columns of the weekly press,
Can view as other than a dreadful wrong
The lowlier offerings of tuneful song—
A line which means, as certain critics think,
That smaller poets should not deal in ink,
And that until the mighty prophets come
The part of Poesy is to be dumb.
Dishonoured ever be the narrow rule
Which claims no reverence in kind Nature's school,
Which neither Summer's birds nor blooms obey
In the glad minstrelsy of rising day.
Your Miltons, Goethes, are an age apart,
Meanwhile shall *no* one touch the world's sad heart?
The stately aloe's snowy bloom appears
But once, we know, within a hundred years;
Because, forsooth, the aloe is the glory
Of Chatsworth's notable conservatory,
Shall not the modest daisy from the sod
Turn its meek eyes in beauty up to God?
In nature's daily prayer, when comes the dawn
To tell its beads upon the dewy lawn,
Shall the sweet matins of the rosy hours
Miss the pure incense of the *little* flowers?
Oh gentle spirits, wheresoe'er you dwell,
On breezy upland or in quiet dell,
Whether you sing in solitude and shade,
Or in the sullen, crowded haunts of trade,—
Whose simple rhyming, in its artless grace,
Has touched some hidden sorrow of the race,
Or taught the world one humble lesson more
Of subtle beauty all unknown before,
Or soothed one heart, just when its need was sorest,
With harmonies of ocean and of forest,—
To you be ever honourable meed,
In spite of captious Horace and his creed.
While the great poets soar beyond the ken
Of the world's toiling, heaving mass of men,
Like the proud falcon quickly lost to view
In the wide field of heaven's o'erarching blue,—
You linger round the dwellings of our love,
As birds that carol in the eaves above,
And fill forever, as the days increase,
Our homes with music and our hearts with peace.

The world has changed—there are who gravely doubt
If the great epics have not long died out—
No more in grandeur the Homeric line
Repeats the story of a Troy divine—

No more the pealing medieval hymn
 Rolls down the shadowy canto, vast and dim,
 A minster, noblest of cathedral piles,
 Where Spenser rambles through his woodland aisles,—
 No more the high Miltonic verse reveals
 The glooms and glories of the awful seals—
 In blaze supernal or in dread eclipse—
 Of some new uninspired Apocalypse :
 If these are with th' imperishable Past,
 The Epic surely had not sung its last ;
 For never swept across Time's ample stage
 An unimpassioned, unheroic age—
 And countless generations yet to be,
 In later eras of the world, shall see
 A life as worthy of the epic strain
 As that which fired the age of Charlemagne,
 And future masters of the lyre shall raise
 The swelling epos of our modern days.
 But while the amaranth waits for kingly brows,
 Some laurel wreaths our grateful love allows
 To him whose sunny genius lifts to light
 The meanest objects of our daily sight :
 Who seeks to brighten still the links that bind
 In blest communion all of human kind ;
 Or passion's tempest in the breast would calm
 With some sweet, lowly, penitential psalm :
 Such poets sow the seeds of truth and beauty
 To blossom into holy faith and duty—
 And though the tares of selfishness and pride
 Spring up to choke them upon every side,
 And many a tender shoot the world erases
 From the hard pavements of its market-places,
 Some fall on friendly soil, warm hearts and true,
 Where watered by affection's kindest dew,
 They stretch their boughs into the upper air,
 And in due season richer fruitage bear
 Than fabled branches hung with globes of gold,
 Some thirty, fifty, some an hundred fold !

Would'st know the value of a simple rhyme
 Sent down the widening, deepening stream of time ?
 Let Memory seek, amidst the august scenes
 So recent—scarce a lustrum intervenes,
 The chamber where the dying Webster lay,
 And heard the elegiac melodies of Gray
 Mingling with ocean's everlasting roar
 Borne through the casement from the neighb'ring shore,

The deathless music of th' immortal mind
With Nature's grandest symphonies combined.
Or note the contrast well afforded here
And let the triumph of the bard appear.
Two monumental tributes to the brave
Mark one a famous, one a lonely grave—
Earth's proudest city, gay with gilded spires
And domes which kindle in the sunset's fires,
Guards one, with marble muses looking down
Where sleeps the dust that wore the Caesar's crown :
The universal Earth, the common air
Contain the other—it is everywhere,
As far as mighty England's form of speech,
Blown wide upon the winds of fame, can reach,
Before the mental eye, its shape it rears
Above a turf bedewed with grateful tears ;
And when Napoleon's obsequies, with all
Their gorgeous pageantry of plumes and pall,
Have faded quite away from man's esteem,
Like the swift splendours of a passing dream ;
When the proud chapel shall itself display
A shattered monument of sad decay—
And queenly Paris shall have shared the fate
Of Tadmor overthrown and desolate ;
That plaintive Monody, whose numbers tell
Of him that bravely at Corunna fell—
His silent burial near the midnight camp,
By the pale moonbeam and the glimmering lamp,
Shall still the cruel waste of years defy,
Enduring cenotaph of Poesy !

Would'st learn the fire and frenzy that belong
To the hot verses of the battle-song ?
Hark ! to the sounds that the exulting breeze
Brings to our land across the rolling seas
From distant Gallia's proud ancestral shores,
Where to the fight the glittering column pours.
The active Zouave, the gallant, gay Chasseur,
Feel a new life and impulse in the stir—
With ribbons decked, with faces bronzed and scarred,
Move on the serried legions of the Guard,
Whose steady look of fierce resolve befits
The veteran chivalry of Austerlitz.
Listen ! what thrilling words are these that greet
The excited thousands of that crowded street ?
Not freedom's flag the imperial line displays,
But yet they sing, they shout the Marseillaise !

In vain the cautious monarch would-repress
 That song's impassioned and resistless stress,
 Unchained as lightning, with electric start
 Its sudden thrill is sent from heart to heart ;
 And if, oh Italy, devoted land,
 Once more begirt with beauty, thou shalt stand
 Erect among the nations of the earth,
 In all the strength of Freedom's second birth,
 The force that still must drive the avenging steel
 Lives in the lyric of Rouget de Lisle !

And yet not long, oh Poesy, not long,
 May War, earth's oldest and its direst Wrong,
 Demand thy pæans—Mercy waits and pleads
 With thee to celebrate *her* glorious deeds.
 While many a golden-roofed cathedral rings
 With the Te Deums of victorious kings,
 And from the crimsoned field, by combat riven,
 The blood of hecatombs appeals to Heaven,
 Thine is a higher, holier evangel,
 And thine the rustling pinions of the angel
 That comes, with softest sunshine in its face,
 To soothe and bless and elevate the race—
 Celestial visitant, that walked with Burns,
 “Following the plough,” or when the poet turns
 To catch the Cotter's evening hymn of praise,
 Sung by the ingle's ever-cheerful blaze ;—
 That dwelt with Rydal's bard, all round the year,
 By the sweet margin of Winandermere ;
 And flying wide across the dusky downs
 Into the heart of England's fevered towns,
 Unseen of other men, serenely stood
 Beside the form of gentle Thomas Hood,
 With drooping plumage and dejected eyes,
 By the dark river of the Bridge of Sighs !

The world has changed—there are who much deplore
 That the bright reign of Poesy is o'er—
 Who tell us that as man each year recedes
 From the sweet trustfulness of childhood's creeds,
 And sees these cherished blossoms die within
 The baleful glare of worldliness and sin—
 So, as the planet on its course is rolled,
 As age of iron follows age of gold,
 The dear illusion we would *not* resist
 Fades, like a curtain of dissolving mist,
 Before the glare of science, reaching far
 From wave to mountain, and from star to star,

And still dethroning, disenchanting fast
The idols and the idylls of the Past.
We'll not believe it. Shall the windy ocean
Stop the careering of its rhythmic motion,
Or 'neath the moonlight, when the whirlwinds cease,
No longer woo us to a dream of peace,
Because a Maury, standing at the helm,
Drives the proud bark of Science o'er its realm,
Detects its viewless currents in their courses,
And brings to measurement its mighty forces?
Shall not the sun still seek the Jungfrau's side
To deck with diamonds his majestic bride—
Shall not the glacier's beryl-tinted caves,
Beneath the glittering waste of icy waves,
Still shake with hallelujahs, peal on peal,
And all Chamouni's templed valley reel,
From brawling Arve to pinnacled Aiguille,
Because a learned botanist uncloses
The scarlet petals of the Alpine roses,
And some pale student asks the frozen arch
The secret of the glacier's onward march?
Ah, "star-eyed Science!" Fancy claims in thee
A loving sister of the World To Be—
Admits each worthy, reverent son of thine
As priest to worship at her radiant shrine,
And comes with tenderest sorrow, in her turn,
To place a garland upon Humboldt's urn.

All, all are poets on whom God confers
The gift of Nature's true interpreters;
While the eternal hills their anthems raise
And swelling oceans vocalize His praise.
But not alone from woods, and rocks, and streams,
Niagaras and Alps, and starry gleams,
Must the true poet catch his inspirations
To chant the *De Profundis* of the nations—
'Tis his to turn from Nature's outward things
And trace, with prophet-glance, the hidden springs
Of human life and action in the soul,
Whence the unceasing torrents rage and roll
With headlong fury to the shoreless main,
In thunder worthy of his loftiest strain.
And not from cloud and rainbow must he draw
The subtle principle of Beauty's Law.
'Tis his to wander from purpureal skies
And loveliest landscapes, with a glad surprise,
And gaze delighted into Woman's eyes—
And, as the languor-loving Cingalese,

Whose look is bent on India's opal seas,
 Are ever mindful of the pearls that glow
 With lambent lustre in the deeps below—
 To mark therein the priceless gems that shine
 Of Truth and Purity and Faith Divine:
 And more than all 'tis his in joy to preach
 The glorious gospel of unfettered speech,
 And sing the high divinity of man
 By Freedom far removed from kingly ban;
 Well may the noble theme inspire his rhyme
 In this our richly-favoured western clime,
 Whose banner streams against the sunset's bars
 And blends its baldrick with the dripping stars,
 Where Peace has left her name upon the tide,
 And through the Golden Gates the world's great navies ride!

SONG,

BY ALALCOT, AN INDIAN POET.

Birds in a glen, en-gladdening music made,
 And this was still the merry chant they sang.
 How beautiful this wide world is—
 How soft the air, that stirs each leaf and bough,
 How fair the bright blue sky above—
 The sky, that pictures dreams of happy lands
 Where the Great Maker, MANITO resides,
 Him let us sing. Oh it is beautiful,
 The bright blue sky he made. He breathes
 And the light clouds like warriors move. He opens his eyes
 And the sun shines, to clothe the world in light.
 He makes the air so soft and warm,
 That nature laughs, and the wild deer
 The WAWASCA lifts up its slender feet
 As if, the world were made alone for him.

A.

Washington, July 12th, 1859.

SOMETHING ABOUT SLEEP.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds.—*Shakespeare.*

Sleep is the great conservative: the intervention nightly of this involuntary reticence of action, thought—consciousness is, after all, the normal veto to radical excess and arrogant encroachment; without it we may imagine that passion, will, or care, would reach a fatal crisis, opinion a deadly tenacity, selfishness an unscrupulous acme, grief a permanent despair; but Sleep—a law of nature above and beyond us—every few hours remits toil, reflection, feeling; they gradually subside; self-oblivion ensues; and when reanimated, it is not only with a fresh but a different impulse—the broken thread may be taken up—the dominant idea may resume its sway, the customary task may engage the faculties—but a long interval, when all these have been suspended even to remembrance,—has wrought a certain alteration, however unconscious, upon the sentient being and a new phase or modified inspiration makes work or emotion vary, and so relieve or chasten, purify or deepen itself; the consecutive action has been diverted—the absorbing mood dispelled, and while the formula of life is unaltered, its spirit has been insensibly changed; we have been back to nature; we have escaped from the idea of self; we have gone out of conscious life a while; and we return to it with a certain feeling of dependence—of novelty—of the precarious and the possible, and so, as it were, realize our proper humanity—and are more or less chastened in will, receptive in temper, and thus confess to a kind of perpetual novitiate, which keeps pride, love, anxiety, hope, doubt, and strength of purpose balanced. Without such a marvellous provision these elements would inevitably work to a point of tension where integrity of mind would be no longer possible; warped, worn and wasted, without the recuperative mystery of sleep, is mental enjoyment as well as physical vigor; a

climax produces a relapse as certainly in moral as in material experience; interval is as essential to harmony in the emotions as in music; renewal as much the law of sentiment as of sense; quiescence a principle of elasticity, alternation of power, the latent and the demonstrative in our inward as in our external being; and hence—traced to its ultimate results and psychological influence—the withdrawal of the soul, as it were, from the sphere of the actual and conscious to that of the passive and unconscious, in sleep, is of incalculable efficacy and significance: on this debateable land the materialist and the spiritualist meet not to wrangle but to revere; here is a kind of horizon where the waters of human life and the heavens of immortal being interpose; physiology explains the natural process, but only rare insight and sympathy conjectures the soulful meaning and mystery of Sleep. Exquisitely has Shakespeare hinted this relation of sleep to the harmony of being—in the phrase “our little life is *rounded* with a sleep;” is it not literally so? Do not the angles lose their sharp edges—so that wearisome habit and peaked care become, as it were, outlined into soft proportions through this periodical cessation of their corrosive influence—lapsing into a repose whereby a kind of mitigated continuity is attained? It is remarkable, too, how benignly this retreat from pain opens ever at the climax of human agony—how grief sobs itself to sleep—cold benumbs to slumber, weakness glides into repose, fatigue invites drowsiness, and death is merged in sleep! We talk of the wonders of animal magnetism, but Nature is the most sagacious mesmerizer. A late African traveller relates that the peculiar shake given his body by a lion before he drew blood, rendered him too sleepy to be conscious of pain; “sleep hab no massa,” declared the poor slave;

Somnus is a more inviting deity in Grecian sculpture than Bacchus; it was in dreams that of old our race were taught and warned; the keenest pang of remorse, as painted by the great poet, is that it "murders sleep;" and the choicest boon that man receives from his Maker is described in that pregnant line so beautifully paraphrased by England's noblest female poet—"He giveth his beloved sleep."

The laws of Sleep are among the most beautiful in the economy of Nature; it is recuperative or the reverse, partial or complete according to the state of body and mind,—the legitimate exercise of the one and the serenity of the other being requisite to secure it in perfection; herein the sanction of physical and moral laws is curiously apparent: sleep reflects their sway with exactitude; and is one of the most prevalent of compensatory agencies in human life—sweetly oblivious to the child of toil, prolonged for the immature, haunted to the guilty; its cessation for a long period often prophecies insanity; its unlimited indulgence benumbs the faculties;* unknown in its pure delights to the luxurious idler,—beautiful beyond the poet's dream in childhood, horrible in its nightmare struggles in the *gourmand*, calm as sculpture, feverish as passion, venerable in the aged, angelic (according to the beautiful Irish superstition) in the smile of the dreaming infant—there is not a phase of humanity it does not reflect. Two great functions of life it secretly fulfils—lessening the flow of the arterial current, and so giving rest to the human machine and, at the same time, renewing the wondrous nervous force whereby we live, endure, enjoy and act:† each sensibility is quickened, each organ revived, every muscle newly strung. "In dreams," says a German philosopher, "a species of genial vegetation arrests the wearing strife between mind and

body, and by associating them more closely together, restores and regenerates our existence."‡

And then the waking up—to what? therein lies the bane and the blessing; those are deep chapters in human history that record the feelings wherewith heroes, saints, criminals, lovers, and mourners, have awoke to reason—after delirium, to consciousness of a prison-cell, to the sense of a great bereavement, to the greetings of a triumphant affection—to find oneself, like Byron, famous—to the abandoned revel,—to the fatal Concierge, to the shadow of death or in fresh and winsome scenes, such as made Montaigne, on his travels, leap joyfully from his bed,—to monotonous routine, bitter drudgery, newly acquired freedom, or to the scaffold; what anguish and ecstasy are involved in these contrasts!

As an animal blessing—that most sensual of natural philosophers—Sancho Panza, has memorably announced the praise of sleep in terms so hearty that we never weary of repeating them. It is one of the most admirable touches in the peerless romance of Cervantes, to contrast the Knight's voluntary vigils with the gross slumber of his Squire and put into the latter's mouth such a panegyric as this: "While I am asleep, I feel neither hope nor despair. I am free from pain and insensible of glory. How blessings light on him that first invented this same Sleep! it covers a man all over—thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even. There is only one thing, which somebody put into my head, that I dislike in sleep; it is that it resembles death;

* "Certain it is that on entering middle life—he who would keep his brain clear, his step elastic, his muscles from fleshiness his nerves from tremor,—in a word, retain his youth in spite of the register, should beware of long slumbers."—*Bulwer Lytton*.

† "It would appear that during sleep there is an accumulation of the nervous force, which is brought into use and gradually expended after sleep is terminated."—*Brodie*.

‡ Dietetics of the Soul.

there is very little difference between a man in his first sleep and a man in his last sleep." The essential difference between the two, however, has been aptly defined;—sleep is well called a metaphysical not organic death; and it is because of this partial separation, as it were, of the phenomena of body and mind, of consciousness and action—that spiritual and introspective men have ever found such food for speculation and hints for psychological discovery in dreams. De Quincey has written of them with almost scientific insight; Coleridge composed *Kubla Khan* while asleep; Shelley recorded and Allston related dreams memorably; Charles Lamb advocated a morning reverie in bed to digest them; Byron had a superstitious regard for their revelations; and Lord Brougham, in his *Natural Theology*, accounts for them by a transition state between sleeping and waking; Alfieri dreamed continually of magnificent horses; Montaigne's father caused him, in infancy, to be awakened by music, to avoid all jar of sensation in passing from sleep to consciousness, as a means of harmonizing the temperament; and a Swedenborgian writer says that in sleep we are especially "open to heavenly intimations," and adds, "the great use of Sleep is usually supposed to be the renovation of physical or intellectual strength; but to the new church it is known that its highest use is Regeneration."*

However little dreams may signify to the logical mind, we take it no philosopher will repudiate them as genuine indications of the laws of the intellect. The same genial author who first pointed out the important fact, that our mental faculties act in sleep independent of volition†—has noted three other peculiar facts in regard to dreams—that, however inconsistent with experience and recognised laws, they never excite surprise,—that "we can voluntarily recollect our sleeping ideas when awake," but not the reverse, and that "a very curious circumstance attending these, our sleeping imaginations, is,—that we seem to receive

them by the senses;" what a sphere of illusion and of spontaneity, then, is that of dreams; and how much light might be thrown on the natural and psychological conditions of humanity, were an introspective, yet judicial intellect to authenticate the facts and infer the truths involved in the phenomena of dreams. As to their imagery, under intense cerebral excitement, we have a memorable chronicle in the autobiography of De Quincey; never has language more grandly responded to the creative appeal of lawless, yet high imagination, than in some of the pictures and phases of consciousness revealed by this eloquent and acute writer, as bred by opium acting on an organization at once exquisitely sensitive and profoundly emotional. Dreams, too, have a patriarchal authority; they seem to have been an essential part of human experience in the primitive ages—a recognised medium of spiritual communication: what a solemn meaning to the heart of childhood, have the dreams of Daniel, Laban, Jacob, Pharaoh—the Midianite Soldier—the Chief Butler and Baker, and how like two mysterious portals of entrance and departure from earthly scenes, in the life of Christ, is the dream of Joseph, prompting the flight into Egypt, and the dream of Pilate's wife, foreboding the blood of the innocent! "Being warned of God in a dream," is the familiar language of primitive faith. That is, indeed, a beautiful motto which the sculptors inscribe on the little cross whereon reposes an infant Christ—*ego dormio, cor meum vigilat*; how true of the Sleep wherein love and faith rule the soul! In its more casual action the mind, in sleep, seems to be specially excited from two opposite causes—excess and deprivation. If we recall our dreams, when not inspired by a strong emotional mood, they appear at first incongruous, capricious, lawless; but reflection usually shows that the predominant idea, or feeling, can be traced to the reaction of a neglected or the continuity of an over-exercised faculty; it seems as

* Sampson Reed on the "Growth of the Mind."

† Dr. Darwin.

if the latent reasserts itself in our natures when the will is in abeyance; or the impression of which we are last and longest conscious, before slumber, prolongs its dominion. To one of these causes we can frequently attribute at least the subject if not the method of our dreams. Thus the man absorbed in abstract study is apt to dream of actual adventure—the seaman of land—the student of pleasure, the idler of toil, the isolated of society, and each mind not occupied with a ruling passion, will be apt to expatiate in dreams either upon a recent subject of conversation, reading and experience, or upon that which recent habit most ignores and Nature most craves. A series of experiments has proved how intimately connected are the impressions of the mind in sleep with physical sensations;* and one of the most remarkable things concerning its activity in dreams, is the total change to consciousness as to the sense of duration and space—a most suggestive psychological fact. That certain undefined laws underlie and regulate the phenomena which, of late years, have excited so much wonder, exaggeration and conjecture, under the name of clairvoyance, magnetism and spiritualism, no candid or scientific observer doubts; and it is remarkable that, whether trance, ecstasy, or inspiration be the phase, all are merged in or associated with Sleep. Philosophers noted similar exceptional cases long before either of these theories had become popular. Dr. Mitchill†—one of the pioneer naturalists of New York, for instance, many years ago drew attention to the case of Rachel Baker—a young woman who preached and prayed in her sleep with extraordinary perspicuity and effect. In his once famous but now rare tract on the subject, Dr. Mitchill says of this and similar phenome-

na: "In some of its forms it manifests its nearness to hysteria and catalepsy. It resembles reverie; though this is so moderate in the present case, that the train of thought may be changed by interrogating without rousing her. It would be incorrect to liken it to the common though curious phenomena of dreaming. It is allied to somnambulism, though she remains in a recumbent posture, with her eyelids constantly shut; strictly it is *somnamniloquism*; she appears like an oracular corpse." It is suggestive to compare scientific details like these with the spiritual argument of a late thoughtful writer, who significantly asks: "Are not certain and undeniable illusions as real to us in sleep as any part of the experience we call our life?—the things we see and feel in dreams as real to us, as potent over our feelings, as veritable sources of joy or pain as anything we dignify with the name of reality and think it madness to deny?"‡ It is remarkable that of the illusions here referred to those of sight are the most frequent; as Berkeley drew from the laws of vision his ingenious argument for the immaterialism of the Universe, the same faculty is the most active when the corporeal being is "laid asleep."

One of the earliest American novels and one of the most popular Operas of the day are based on the phenomena of Somnambulism; and among the gentle marvels of Natural History few are more curious and suggestive than Hibernation; whoever has beheld the nest of an Alpine marmot lined with moss and grass cunningly prepared in autumn—to which the little animal repairs at the approach of winter, closes the entrance of the burrow, and sinks into a torpid slumber, beside his store of provender, which lasts till spring; whoever has ex-

*"An impression is made on a nerve and from thence transmitted to the brain, producing in its minute structure certain changes, which affect the mind itself; but there is no doubt the same effect may be produced without the intervention of the nerves, by the blood acting on the brain, as shown by Bichat."—*Brodie*.

†See a Memoir of him, just published, by Dr. J. W. Francis, of New York.

‡*Man and His Dwelling Place*. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1858.

amined, in some gloomy cave or ruined cell, a huge bat suspended by his claws, as motionless as an anatomical preparation; whoever has dislodged a dormouse from his soft crypt, or a crocodile from his oozy bed—and not realized one of the most singular of nature's mysterious instincts? And of all the records of medical science, what can compare with those which authenticate prolonged slumber and trance?—those exceptional interludes wherein a kind of living death seems to fuse the laws of vitality and dissolution or suspend their action and, as it were, keep the soul on the horizon between earth and heaven—by a mystic sleep attesting its relation to both? Not less significant is the facility with which human beings in peril, or, at some climax of destiny that rouses to intense consciousness all the powers and sentiments—reign themselves to “nature's sweet restorer.” Three celebrated warriors of antiquity were remarkable for sleeping profoundly immediately before their most hazardous achievements; and the calm slumber that precedes an execution has become proverbial in the history of State and criminal trials. Habits are versatile in regard to sleep as in every other function of life; soldiers and mariners, doctors and watchmen, fall into and awake from slumber with an alacrity incredible to those who have never been obliged to enjoy rest by casual instalments. In Southern climates the *siesta* is an inevitable luxury; for the infant and the aged a doze is the most available refreshment. Dr. Spurzheim prepared for his lecture by turning his face to the wall and sleeping for ten minutes, which habit enabled him to do at will, and this brief repose of brain gave him as fresh a look as persons of less strict and simple hygiene bring only from a night's sleep.

“In dreamless sleep,” says Brodie, “there is a suspension of volition.” Does not this, in a large measure, account for its invigorating influence? Fatigue of mind is chiefly induced by the *wilful* exercise of the faculties; the “labor we delight in.” Spontaneous mental activity exhilarates rather than drains

the vital energy. It is when this eager, positive, domineering, importunate Will is quelled—and the faculties obey their own impulses, and subside or assert themselves—that the mind literally *rests*, and thus enfolded in oblivious slumber, the heart beats calmly and the brain recuperates. Sir Walter knew this grand law of our human economy and glided, long before dawn, from his dormitory to his study-table to create with freshness and freedom. For, paradoxical as it may seem, sleep is not only our perennial fountain of strength, it is our only area of freedom; elsewhere the slavery of care, of custom, of opinion, of social or material law is consciously felt; at some point the life-fetter chafes the soul and no smile of fortune or height of fame exempts humanity therefrom,—but asleep, we are free! Well says the keen humorist, Douglas Jerrold: “The only cap of liberty, since in it men one-third of their lives visit the land of Sleep—the only land where all men are equal—the veritable cap of liberty is the night-cap.” And justly does he elsewhere apostrophize: “O, ye gentle ministers who tune our sleeping brains with happy music, who feed the snoring hungry with apples fresh from Paradise, who make the henpecked spouse though sleeping near his gentle tyrant, a lordly Turk, who write on the prison walls of the poor debtor, ‘received in full of all demands.’” Amid the incongruous associations which a visit to the old palace of Vaux excite, how memorable was the cabinet where hung Le Brun's celebrated picture of Sleep, under the guise of a beautiful woman in profound repose, so exquisitely delineated that La Fontaine said of it: “*La Songe de Vaux laisse tomber les fleurs et ne les repande pas.*”

It were a curious inquiry to ascertain the religious effect of sleep—as an intervention in human life, a monitor, an intermission of customary pursuits and inevitable retirement from the world. This nocturnal self-surrender is intimately associated in the mind of childhood with the sense of dependence, with breathings of devotion; not without awe does

the mature consciousness recall that simple couplet wherewith sleep visited the eyes of infancy; "my soul to keep" in this mysterious slumber is perchance our first psychological idea; hence the devotional sentiment is blended with the act of repose: Coleridge very naturally expresses the habitude:

"Ere on my bed my limbs I lay
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust my eyelids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought repress,
Only a sense of supplication;
A sense o'er all my soul imprest,
That I am weak yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal strength and wisdom are."

Almost the only literary relic of a most noble character,—sprung from the highest revolutionary stock, vigorously trained and graciously inspired,—a lady* who left her impress on scores of fair pupils, but passed away with no shrine but that left in their hearts—are a few verses on this subject which embody, as it were, the spirit of her life, beginning thus:

"Not on a prayerless, not on a prayerless
bed
Compose thy weary limbs to rest;
—For they alone are bless'd
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep;
Nor, though by care oppressed
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed."

Throughout nature the alternation of sleeping and waking has analogies—the tides, winter and summer, night and day illustrate the same great law whose absolute meaning science vainly seeks. We can rest every part and function of

the body without sleep—except the brain; but how that wondrous machine could otherwise recuperate human imagination cannot surmise, and when re-vitalized by sleep, how through every little nerve seems to run the animating restorative! No wonder Linnæus when he found the lotus-blossoms asleep, and gallant Kane when he kept his half-frozen comrades from yielding to the narcotism of Arctic frost, and Parr when he dozed away his last years, and De Quincey when he recorded his dreams fugues, and Irving and Jean Paul when they elaborated reveries either in the deserted Alhambra or some domestic nook of *faderland*,—unconsciously touched upon a prolific wonder—and passed a mystic sphere wherein, "as in a glass darkly," are involved more of vital law and suggestive truth than the matter-of-fact and the exclusively practical can ever realise. That gradual indifference of the senses, that incapacity of attention which, after a few hours of activity and consciousness, steals over us inevitably and with such power that men have slept along the verge of precipices on their mule's back and continued mechanically to play on musical instruments,—how does it level human distinctions, how does it bring us back like children to the bosom of nature, to the weakness of humanity! We become recipients; and only by deprivation know how to value nature's great medicine, sleep. The Chinese punish crime by murdering sleep; and after a few days of enforced vigilance, the victim prays to die by any torture to escape the great agony of perishing from sleeplessness.

An ingenious treatise has been written on the Art of procuring Sleep; but its suggestions include the very conditions which it is most difficult to secure, and after the preparatory state of body and mind is attained, the prescription is little else than a recourse to some monotonous process of thought or fancy, to which the sleepless have often resorted

*Margaret Mercer of Maryland.

in vain.* Nature, indeed, herein is paramount; and has apportioned her somniferous charms with subtle gradations;—compare the brief sleep of the monkey with the almost life-slumber of certain fish; the authenticated power of magnetism and the effects of climate and habits; Frederic and Napoleon slept little, and the latter's last dream was typical of his life; peasants and sailors sleep while kings and scholars strive vainly to escape reflection and win what to them is the most renovating of experiences—a lapse of consciousness; and what a varied range of phenomena, all justly included in the term Sleep—between an infant's peaceful rest and the somnolency of coma and catalepsy! It is this power beyond ourselves, this benign or fatal encroachment on conscious being, that makes sleep so affecting an image of humanity, which poets exhaust their tender pathos in describing and artists their choicest skill in delineating. Why does the exquisitely beautiful Ariadne pictured asleep so captivate the fancy? Not altogether because of lovely contours and graceful *abandon*, but because, with this delicious image of repose, is associated the idea of desertion—the thought that her love-dream will be dispelled on awaking—that each moment of that sweet unconscious trance bears farther and farther away her faithless lover.

It is the artlessness, if we may so call it, of sleep contrasted with the active perversions of humanity, that gives it such dramatic effect, as when the sailor-boy sleeps on the rocking mast, and the soldier on the field of battle; its necessity pleads, its helplessness appeals, its unconsciousness awes, its mystery “gives us pause;” from the first it was a function fraught with destiny; how significant despite its familiarity that phrase in the record of creation,—“and the

Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam”—which heralds the nativity of woman! How the relation of sleep to the elements is manifest to the traveller who has seen an unconscious form borne into the Hospice of St. Bernard, from a couch of snow—wooded to a fatal slumber by cold; or gazed upon the bland olive face of a young Italian beggar sleeping at noontide in a church porch; or felt his own eyelids droop at twilight when crossing the Pontine Marshes or inhaling the breeze which sweeps from a field of full-blown poppies! What a pleasant marvel is the sleep of plants! Byron once asked the American painter, to whom he was sitting for his portrait, what he thought of him: “That you are an unhappy man, my lord,” was the reply. “Why?” asked the poet. “Because,” said West, “when you are abstracted, you catch your breath into a sigh, precisely like a child that has sobbed itself to sleep.” This remark made in the prime of Byron's health and fame, is singularly pathetic when associated with the last words he uttered on his death-bed at Missolonghi,—“I shall now go to sleep.”

Petrarch fell asleep his head resting on an open book, and so died. What a romance fancy weaves from the tradition of Milton's youthful slumber under the trees at Cambridge, and the scroll left in his nerveless grasp by a fair unknown. Of cabinet heads how few are more memorable than the Sleeping Boy—the gem of a Venitian gallery and familiar all over the world through countless copies.

That sensitive organization which causes vivid impressions, that fertility of the mind that makes it, as Herbert says, a kingdom, accounts for the peculiar enjoyment of sleep by the poets, both as a vital fact† and a subject of contemplation. Its luxury has never been more

* “He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart.”—*Binsns*.

† “The poets are generally well affected to sleep; as men who think with vigour, they require respite from thought.”—*Bulwer Lytton*.

attractively set forth than by Tennyson in his "Palace of Sleep," and "Sleeping Beauty;" and one of the bitterest touches in the "Locksley Hall" is the "drunken sleep" of the unloved bridegroom; Shelley celebrates its "mighty calmness;" and Wilson's Ode to a Sleeping Child is full of pathos; Keats enfolds it in a classic voluptuousness; how exquisite is the description of Madeline asleep:

"Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again."

Who that has kept anxious vigil at the couch of pain and trembled for the life that seemed to quiver in the balance, can forget the eager expectancy, the solemn desire that the healthful sleep which marks a favorable climax, should descend upon the loved? Such can echo this favorite plea of Fletcher's:

"Care-charming sleep! thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince! Fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers—easy, sweet
And as a pearly stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow, murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this Prince, gently, oh, gently glide
And kiss him into slumber like a bride."

Well asks and pleads England's greatest living poetess:

"What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved—
A little dust to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blessed for our sake!
'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

"And friends, dear friends!—when it shall be

That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say 'not a tear must o'er her fall'—
'He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

Notwithstanding the eloquent beauty and the profound truth of such apostrophes, perhaps the indirect and casual reference of the bards to sleep, more nearly hint its benign economy and its latent significance. Thus criticism has recognized a peculiar aptness in the phrase of Shakespeare—"how *sleeps* the moonlight on this bank;"—so the point of Collins' description of Fear is that on the "ridgy steep" of "some loose overhanging rock, he throws himself to sleep." Leigh Hunt utters a natural exclamation in his vigil by a sick child—"sleep breathes at last from out thee;" Talfourd well attributes an invigorating rest to "the selectest fountains of repose;" and Coleridge has a fine expression in the Ancient Mariner:

"O Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That *slid* into my soul;"

while Mrs. Browning describes the aspect of Death as "long disquiet merged in rest."

An infinite variety of epithets might be gleaned from Shakespeare to the same effect, as when he calls sleep a "golden dew," and compares patience to the "midnight sleep." But it is in its relation to the passions that he has treated of this mystery of our being as only the Poet of Nature can. How memorably the wakefulness of Remorse is unfolded in Macbeth!—of Jealousy in Othello whom "not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, can medicine to that sweet sleep he knew but yesterday,"—of haunted and cruel ambition in the dream of Richard, and of fantasy in Mercutio's description of Queen Mab; how chastely beautiful the sleep of Imogen, how innocent that of the infants in the Tower! How Duncan's venerable sleep unnerved his murderer's

hand! How profoundly Hamlet muses of its relation to immortality—"to sleep—perchance to dream!"—and how natural in the midst of the supernatural the Ghost's allusion to his custom in life "of an afternoon" to sleep; Cleopatra's wondrous fascination is indicated memorably in death:

"She looks like sleep
As she would snare another Antony
In her strong toil of grace!"

And what a comprehensive epitaph is this—"after life's fitful fever he sleeps well?" or where shall we find in the same space a better picture or philosophy of the whole subject than in King Henry's familiar soliloquy?

"How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse! How have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! Why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st a kingly couch,
A watchcase to a common larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the tops,
Curling their monstrous heads, and banging them
With deaf'ning clamors in the slipp'ry shrouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes;
Can'st thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy, low lie down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The greatest achievement of Michael Angelo's chisel is dedicated to Sleep—his Night and Morning are sublime marble embodiments of its poetry. And next to Don Quixote's Squire, Sterne has best celebrated its common-place comfort, as when, vexed on his Sentimental Journey, he remarks: "There is one sweet lenitive for evils,—which nature holds out to us,—so I took it kindly and fell asleep." Of English poets Young and Thomson—the one in his famous apostrophe, and the other in his *Castle of Indolence*, are specially identified with the praise of sleep; but two later bards have not less faithfully, though in quite diverse methods, celebrated its occult power. Shelley in an episode of *Ianthe*, and Wordsworth in a characteristic Sonnet:

"How wonderful is Death,
Death, and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave,
Its blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!
Hath then the gloomy power
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steals like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
On which the lightest heart might moralize?"

"Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,

Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness ?

Will Ianthe wake again ?

And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture, from her smile ?”

“ Yes, she will wake again,
Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
And silent those sweet lips
Once breathing eloquence

That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
Or thaw'd the cold heart of a conqueror.

Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,

The baby sleep is pillow'd :
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.”

* * * * *

“ A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and
seas,

Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and
pure sky;

By turns have all been thought of; yet I
lie

Sleepless; and soon the small bird's mel-
odies

Must hear, first uttered from our orchard
trees;

And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more,
I lay,

And could not win thee, Sleep! by any
stealth:

So do not let me wear to-night away:

Without thee what is all the morning's
wealth?

Come, blessed barrier, betwixt day and
day.

Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
health!”

Sydney's thirty-ninth Sonnet also is
quaintly beautiful:

“ Come Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of
peace,

The baiting-place of wit the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's re-
lease,

The indifferent judge between the high
and low.

It is, indeed, singular how for genuine appreciation of all true, gentle and lovely things in life and nature, we must look to the Poets; with all their faults—this one service vindicates the race; they will not suffer familiarity to subdue zest, custom to blind perception—but forever emphasize the unwritten music of creation, and bring the careless eye and the worldly heart to see and to feel the beauty and the blessing. I find sleep best known, loved and enjoyed, as well as celebrated by the poets: “there is no creature,” says brave and cordial Christopher North, “that has so many enemies as sleep; it is worthy our admiration, if, weak as we are, we can ever enjoy a half hour's dose in any real comfort; the world that must be up are ever rating the world that must not, and would, if they could, enforce domiciliary visits and assassinate repose;” and what grateful quaintness in Cowley's remark—“the poppy is scattered over the fields of corn that all the needs of man may be easily satisfied, and that *bread and sleep may be found together*”; Dr. Franklin has been ranked with those material philosophers who believe that man can live by the former alone—and hence, perhaps, his stoical advocacy of early rising, which “argues an insensibility” to the infinite possibilities of sleep quite in contrast with Irving's relish of its somnolent suggestiveness—whereof he has made an immortal illustration in the “Legend of Sleepy Hollow;” and this reminds us that all sympathetic writers like our own genial literary pioneer—all who charm instead of startling, and win instead of encroaching, do so by virtue of a certain repose of temperament, a certain facility of dreaming, awake as well as asleep, which makes them receptive as open flowers to dew, or harvest fields to sunshine, and so salubriously productive like soil that lies fallow, and wall-fruit that sleeps in the full noontide. But even Franklin might have enlarged his ideas of the utility of sleep had he lived to witness the machine of a native inventor, who having puzzled

his brain for days to surmount a difficulty in the application of a new principle, finally caught the missing 'notion' in a dream, sprang up and realized it at once. Who has not sympathized with Eutychus, the young man who fell asleep under St. Paul's preaching? A dull sermon is the most proverbial soporific. A critic had a grudge against a poet whose chief production was an epic. To enjoy a sweet revenge he wrote a play which was brought out with elaborate scenic and other accessories; act first represented a square in an Eastern city and two penniless Yankees consulting as to ways and means; one produces a handbill offering an enormous reward to whoever will cure the Sultan of sleeplessness; they determine to invent a narcotic pill and adventure for the prize or forfeit which was the bow string. It failed, and they are about to be led to execution, when one of them pulls the aforesaid epic from his pocket, reads the first four lines, the Sultan's eyelids drop, the next four he nods, the next he snores! Their lives are spared, their fortunes made, and the critic revenged. Yet why should sedative books be ridiculed? They are far less injurious to the constitution than laudanum. Sleep indeed has its comic side, as all know who have passed nights in a French diligence or days in an American railroad car. It was irresistibly laughable to see Lafayette, during his last visit to this country, when enjoying an afternoon nap, mechanically raise his right hand and imitate the act of lifting his hat in courtesy—a habit acquired by the incessant salutations incident to the long ovation which welcomed him to our shores. And good old Zachary Taylor, on the day of his inauguration as President of the United States, was missed by his family at dinner-time, and his son-in-law, after searching the White House from hall to garret, found the General in a room asleep—sitting half upright in a chair,—the "weary honours" had tired him out sooner than a battle, and in the simplicity of his heart he had turned from parade, hand-shaking and office-seekers to a solitary nap.

It is an approved means of physical

renovation in these degenerate times, to repair with a pleasant company to the woods, traverse them, hunt, fish and bivouack, and especially sleep among them, as if somewhat of pristine vitality were exhaled from bark, leaf and herbage, whereby nerve and blood grow pure and strong. Where we sleep, hath indeed as much to do with the salubrity of the process as how and when. The most luxurious slumber imaginable is to be found in a hammock swinging under a sequestered verandah amid picturesque scenery; if the blue sky is visible through foliage stirred now and then by the summer breeze,—if loved voices mingle with rural sounds, the soft splash of a water, the low hum of insects, the laugh of children and the rustle of bearded grain,—if fatigue has unstrung the muscles and gentle feelings soothed the heart, then and there, in that pendant, flexible couch, what delicious reverie, what transcendent rest is possible! Next to it is an afternoon nap, late in May, in a Venitian gondola, with eyes that take fondly in before they close, the placid surface of the Adriatic, the distant domes of the city of the Sea, the rosy outline of the Dalmatian hills, and the radiant troops of sunset-clouds tinted with amethyst and opal, while a familiar melody dies upon the ear, and the slight undulation of the sombre and canopied barque cradles the dreamer between wave and sky. Repose Sybarites might envy, is to be found on a hay-mow, whose elastic heap and balmy fragrance seems like nature's couch for weary boyhood; and as to artificial beds, from the mattress to down, and the English four-poster to the German smothering-machine they challenge a distinct inquest. The berth is ever a precarious resting-place, at least to the landsman, its narrow dimensions, isolation, the faint light of the bull's eye over head, the gurgle of the hungry sea by the pillow, to say nothing of twitches and huge waves breaking wrathfully against the thin barrier, are not favorable to oblivious sleep, except when weariness or custom invite. Many an invalid, notwithstanding, has found the briny air somniferous and a ship at sea a sleep compelling cra-

die. A new form of somnolent delight has come into vogue with the water-cure; when the convalescent or recuperative process has fairly begun, there is no sleep more sweet than that which comes to the mummy-looking invalid in "a pack;" swathed in watery folds the pores drink in a soothing moisture, the frame is relaxed, the nerves calmed, the blood equalized, and so, brain and muscle seem to rest as never before, and often visions more entrancing than wine or opium ever bred, steal over the senses and into the soul through intimate bodily contact with the crystal element. Analogous sensations are experienced during the nap which scientifically succeeds the Turkish bath. Indeed, strange as it may seem, probably the choicest sleep we have ever known, or at least that we can distinctly remember, is that which has intervened between the goals of a pilgrimage. The fatigue incident to travel makes sleep a peculiar refreshment; and then too, it is associated with novel scenes and varied experiences. After a midnight ascent of Etna and a sunrise observation on its hoary summit, when the tired mule stops on the return at Nicolosi, so "drunk with sleep" is the rider that he rolls off, and along the wall of the locanda, round the door-post to tumble simultaneously on a bed and into oblivion! And, after days of exploration on the Rhine, in Italian picture galleries, amid Alpine heights, over Spanish plains, through Sicilian valleys, or Parisian thoroughfares—the feet weary with walking, the eyes with gazing, the mind with taking in new ideas and re-arranging old ones—how welcome the couch and how memorable its refreshment although beset with dreams of avalanches, banditti, marvellous viands, fascinating faces, haunted castles, pictured martyrdoms and sculptured genii! Well hath Art, we then feel, embodied sleep as Beautiful—from the antique Somnus to Van Eecke's sleeping boy, Chantrey's children and Canova's lions. One of the most touching instances of the antagonism between the spirituality of Christ and the material natures of his disciples, is that plaintive question he asked them during his agonizing vigil—"Could ye

not watch one hour?" Nature and the soul manifest their relation under no condition more emphatically than that of sleep to which the animal nature yields passively, and over which the aspiring triumphs.

Although we apply the term metaphorically to the Universe, sleep is as truly an attribute of the elements of life. Winter is a recuperative somnolence of vegetation: the poet's adjuration therefore is not less true than beautiful:

Tread softly, softly, like the foot
Of winter shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white and cold and mute
Lest he should wake the spring below.

Is there a more transcendantly peaceful image than a sequestered lake in midsummer, when the winds are laid? How sleep the leaves in mellow transitory rest on an Indian summer noon,—the ocean in a calm, the deserts at breezeless midnight,—the fields that lie fallow,—the clouds that hang in motionless piles of fleecy gold or amethystine pearl; fern and daffodil, mist-bloom and lily—in a dark nook of the forest or a garden-bed—when unstirred by the wind and drinking in sunshine—seem to bask and slumber, and when the crocus first pierces the mould—or the vine-leaf rises from its winter thatch, or even an early grass-blade shoots its pale green spire—how irresistible the idea of a waking! There are aspects of the mountains when they appear to sleep; cloud-shadows linger on their ridges, twilight envelopes their summits, a kind of dreamy mist veils their vivid hues, and the brooding image they then wear is like a vast slumber; even sunshine when modified by atmosphere, foliage or water, or prolonged through a Southern noon, instead of fructifying and enlivening, seems to linger and droop as if lapsing into intense repose. The most common idea of sleep is its animal refreshments—its blessed oblivion;—those familiar images—"sleep, that unknits the ravelled sleeve of Care," and "lights on lids unsullied with a tear,"—most

forcibly express the average estimation; the more fanciful speak of the "arms of Morpheus" and the "land of Nod" and the "Ivory Gate," and the humorous allude to those greatest of traditional sleepers—the inevitable *seven*, so difficult to arouse proverbially—who retreated into a cave near Ephesus, during the persecution of Decus and slumbered there one hundred and eighty-seven years, awaking when Theodosius reigned; it is, too, a pregnant figure of speech to designate any kind of backsliding by remarking of the recreant—"he has fallen asleep in the lap of Delilah"—poor Samson's memory being saddled with a permanent illustration heavier than the pillars he raised, or the city gates he

carried on his brawny shoulders. In contrast to these familiar estimates, we have two endeared metaphysical recognitions of sleep, whereby it is associated with the origin and end of human life,—with the highest and the most mysterious facts of humanity:—Wordsworth's immortal Ode begins "*our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting*," and Bryant's immortal Requiem ends with the household words—

— "sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams."

Editor's Table.

What is most improperly called a "Panorama," a long moving picture of striking scenery or imposing events, such as we shall very soon have of the war in Italy, is just now a popular entertainment in our cities. As the canvass rolls by, unfolding to our view Alps and oceans, cathedrals and battles, coronations, conflagrations, volcanic eruptions and so forth, we hear, in the pauses of a cracked piano, the voice of the Showman, as of one crying in the wilderness, who tells us all about the localities represented, with a great deal of pleasant information to be obtained in no other manner, because it is improvised for the occasion. Now if the real scenery, thus depicted in defiance of all colour and perspective, could be drawn out before us, the mountains rising in the true tints of nature, covered with forest trees and relieved against a sky that was not of indigo; if the rivers themselves could pass through the field of vision beneath moonlight that came not from the

magic lantern, and instead of the professional Mr. Slum with his undescriptive drawl, we could have by our side a man of taste and feeling, familiar with every gorge and waterfall, to point out the minor beauties that might otherwise escape our observation, then, indeed, we should have a "panorama," let us say a diorama, that would afford us the truest enjoyment. Just such a gratification as this has recently been ours. Without the discomforts of travel, without the sense of locomotion almost, we have seen some of the finest landscapes and wildest passes in the United States *rolled along by us*, while, seated in a luxurious arm-chair, within easy reach at any moment of a cigar or a julep, in the company of a Judge, two poets, a philosopher and a statesman, we listened to the charming talk of W. Prescott Smith, Esq., apropos of the scenery on the line or the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.

We cannot assume the office of historiographer of the late literary excursion from

Baltimore to Wheeling, (Mr. N. P. Willis in his delightful letters to the *Home Journal* will record the more remarkable incidents in a new coinage of nouns) nor can we be altogether silent concerning a string of experiences so charming and so novel. There seemed to be a competition between Nature and the B. and O. R. R. Company to minister to our satisfaction, and it puzzled our Boston jurist, (the distinguished Judge Warren,) our American savant, (Commander M. F. Maury,) our brace of poets, (Willis and Bayard Taylor) and our Ex-M. C., Ex-novelist, Ex-Secretary, (the Hon. John P. Kennedy) to determine which came off the better, for if Nature provided her rushing waterfalls and deep, cool glens, her blue peaks and glowing sunsets, her grandeurs of mountain storm and dizzy precipice to charm and to inspire, the Company, represented by friend Smith before-mentioned, and Mr. Waters as hosts, and by Jacques (vide *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1859,) as Commissary, furnished us in comfortable coaches, clean airy inns where trout and venison abounded, inestimable luncheon *en route*, and an unfailing stream of generous fluids (Cognac for the cele-brandi and lager for the cele-beerrimi*) all that was desired to soothe and cheer the material man.

For a considerable distance after passing the Point of Rocks, the railway follows the course of the Potomac River, and the train dashes through the magnificent cleft of the Blue Ridge at Harper's Ferry like a monarch through the triumphal arches of the capital of a kingdom he has subdued; indeed, has not the region beyond been conquered by steam, a second conquest over time and space, as the first, achieved by the pioneers, was over the wilderness and the savage? But old Father Potomac fought the invader well, for not a rod along his course does Engine 235 of the B. and O. R. R. Co., a king of engines, proceed, which has not been won from the defile in a sharp contest between science and the river. Perhaps it was not so much an encounter of steam and stream, as of mind, the master, and

matter, the slave, in which the bright, brawling, rocky-bedded, mountain-ribbed, meadow-margined Potomac frequently caused the engineer to throw down his instruments in despair. Bridges of wood, bridges of stone, bridges of iron, leap over it again and again for a hundred miles, puzzling the passenger to keep up with his geography and suggesting to him (especially if he be a guest on a literary or artistic excursion with Jacques at his elbow compounding beverages) that he sees two rivers instead of one. In the amusing farce of the Critic, Mr. Puff introduces the Thames as one of his characters, but the confusion consequent upon so unusual a transaction is so great, that the river comes in upon the stage, with both its banks on one side, which we might have suspected of an Irish stream, the Shannon for example, or the Liffey, but which occasions some surprise in an English water-course. But the Potomac appears in this impossible Milesian condition all the way to that remote gorge which holds twilight a prisoner in the deep valley, three hundred feet below ballasted road-bed and "Trimble tie," where the Savage River, (the Potomac in its infancy, a moody, wayward, laughing, noisy thing,) runs along un-mill-sited and undammed, a blessed infantile existence!

But leaving the scenery to be read of in the capital sketches of Strother and Brantz Mayer, or else in some unwritten poems of our companions, we must say something of two individuals who deserve mention in the next edition of "People I have Met." Henry Church, upon whom we made a morning call at a point fifty miles this side of Wheeling, and who followed us out to the train and gave us three cheers on our departure, is an antiquity indeed. He was born at Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, England, in 1750, and has therefore nearly completed his five score years and ten. He came to America in the invading army of Great Britain, fought on the British side in several battles of the Revolution, was taken prisoner by the patriots, and afterwards by Mrs. Church, who bound him with rose

* Lest public indignation should be unduly excited against the amiable gentleman who made these puns, we forbear to give his name.

wreaths about the time the great grand-fathers of the present generation were making love to the dear old ladies that have been dust so long, and who still survives to keep him company at the age of 106. We did not see her, as *she had gone out for her accustomed exercise*, but as we sat and talked to a man who may have marched through London streets while Sam Johnson stood on the pavement to see the troops go by on their way to enforce the doctrine of "Taxation no Tyranny" upon the American rebels, and who had caught a sight of Washington's commanding form across the blaze of battle in the van of the opposing column, we could not but reflect upon how much had been compressed into that one lifetime and regret that Henry Church had not been a man of education for the benefit of history. How many doubtful points might he not have been able to settle! But possibly mental activity might have worn out the springs of the machine and the educated Henry Church might have been in his grave this half a century.

A near railroad neighbour of this aged couple is a fair, modest and graceful young woman, whom we must designate as Miss Anonyma Magistra, whose lonely school-room we visited while waiting for a train to pass. Let us not state the exact spot occupied by this temple of instruction, lest we offend the school-mistress by bringing her into an undesired notoriety, but we may say that a more refreshing translation to the period of bare-foot steppings up the steep of learning, we have never experienced than when we came into the presence of this bright-eyed, soft-voiced creature, regarded with so much awe by the forty or fifty chubby, ragged, stockingless little boys and girls who sat around her. One little fellow there was, who, if there be any truth in physiognomy, will some day make his mark in the world, that struck us all by his resemblance to the youthful Charles in Vandyck's celebrated picture of the family of the unhappy king of England. The face, with the hair coming down upon the forehead and cutting across it in a straight line like a domino, was the very same, and if the Prince of Wales had been painted with his trowsers rolled tightly up above his ankles, and half-a-dozen June apples

in his pocket, we should have had the exact portraiture of our young academician. We had a recitation in spelling, and readings from the Common-place Book, and we left with the school-mistress a handful of quarters to be distributed in prizes at the end of the session, (the largest of which we are sure Charles the Second has received and expended by this time,) and then the train! But O grave Judge Warren, should you ever resume your solitary judicial labours or your sittings *in banco*, how must the dignity of the court be disturbed when some wicked friend whispers in your ear, B double e, *Bee!*

But we must forbear. If there be any among our readers who have been inspired with a desire, by these rude sketches, to see the region through which the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road passes, let us advise them to devote a fortnight or, better still, a month of the hot season to a personal exploration of it—let them look down from Jefferson's Rock, bathe in the delicious pool of the Berkeley Springs, eat trout and venison with Mr. Daily at the Glades Hotel, Oakland, exhaust their superlatives at Tray Run Viaduct, and rejoice with Nature along the Tygart's Valley River, and they will come back with a store of memories that will be enduringly delightful.

We are in receipt of a letter from a lady in New Hampshire, who resided for some years as a missionary in Siam, correcting some alleged errors in the article on "Life in a Palace," which appeared in the Messenger for June. Our correspondent complains that the article is calculated throughout to make a false impression on the mind of the reader, as undervaluing the influence exerted over the mind of the King Chau Fah Yai, and the direction given to his studies by the American Missionaries at Bangkok. Our correspondent refers to the Rev. Mr. Caswell, as one who devoted much time to the instruction of the King in the English language, and she encloses a letter from a friend, who was also several years in Siam as a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., together with an autograph English note of the King himself, written more than ten years ago, which of course shows the statement in the concluding paragraph

of the article—that five years ago the King knew not a syllable of the English language—to be incorrect. She adds, as a belief of her own, that Chau Fah Yai had procured a font of English type more than sixteen years ago, and her friend further states that the article is in error in attributing the honour of building the first square-rigged vessels in Siam to Chau Fah Noi, since, upon the authority of Dr. Bradley in his Bangkok Calendar for 1859, it rightfully belongs to Phra Noi Wai. In making these corrections, substantially as they have been communicated to us, (which we do with great pleasure,) a sense of justice to our contributor demands that we should say that nothing could have been farther from her purpose than to detract from the value of the services of the American Missionaries in Siam, nor to ignore the influence of educated Christian sentiment upon the character of the King; nor in fairness do we think that such has been the real effect of her sketches. Our fair contributor was herself one of these missionaries, she lived many years at the Siamese capital, she is a woman of acute observation, as our readers must have long ago discovered, and her means for acquiring precise information were ample, so that in the main we must insist that what she has written for the *Messenger* is worthy of the fullest credit, or at least has only that slight tinge of exaggeration which a person of warm fancy, inspired by a glowing memory of the Orient, might naturally throw over a truthful narrative. The facts, we are confident, can be relied on generally, though in one instance, certainly, she has been betrayed into an unintentional misstatement, and our thanks are due to our courteous New Hampshire correspondent for enabling us to put the matter right in the pages of the *Messenger*.

We have a favour to ask at the hands of the reader—in a certain contingency. If he has read, or intends to read, the versified essay of "Poesy" (mark you, that we are not so unreasonable as to request that he will do so,) by the Editor, given in the preceding pages of this number of the *Messenger*, we desire that he will correct a bad typographical error on page 132, 22nd line from the top, and instead of "*summer* the past," read "*summon* the past." Only the largest poetical license will permit us to take liberties with the centuries gone-by, but to "*summer*" them is an indignity that nothing can excuse. Perhaps we should consider ourselves fortunate that the compositor did not make us "*simmer*" the past, and get at once into hot water.

We are indebted to the author, A. J. Requier, Esq., for a copy of his admirable Address, recently pronounced before the Literary Societies of Howard College, Marion, Ala., on the "True Aims of Life." Mr. Requier is one of those votaries of the Muse and of literature in general, who, under more favourable auspices for literary success, would have stood in the front rank of Southern men of letters as a professional class. Perhaps it is better that he should pursue the law, looking to its substantial rewards, but we have reason to rejoice that devoting himself to that exalted and exacting profession, he has not wholly abandoned the walks of polite learning. The address before us is compact of truth, presented in earnest and eloquent language, and it will strengthen a favourable opinion that his fine Ode on Shakespeare has excited for him throughout the country.

Notices of New Works.

THE IDYLS OF THE KING. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. [From James Woodhouse & Co., 139 Main Street

The last line we had from Mr. Tennyson was that absurd lyric of the War, in which he made so many dactyls of the Riflemen of England, and called upon them with so much earnestness to "form." It is refreshing to turn from such professional exercises, and even from the blare of trumpets and the pæans of victory across the Channel, and hear him sing once again the old song of love and courtesy, of womanly affection and knightly trust. "The Idyls of the King" is a sweet strain, yet burthened with a deep humanity, and the music speaks rather to certain moods of consciousness than to the ordinary sense of melody in forms of verse. There is less vagueness of expression than is usual with the Laureate, yet to those who have not learned to like him, the very simplicity of the style may seem open to cavil. The flow of the blank verse is rather Shakspearean than Miltonic, that is, it resembles those exquisite passages in the plays of the great dramatist, in which he strikes the chords of love with such subduing sweetness, more than the organ bursts of the *Paradise Lost* on which the soul is lifted to "solemn adoration." The art of versifying is successfully hidden from the reader; the thoughts glide along in metre as smoothly and naturally as a clear, unbroken, sequestered stream courses through the meadows, and on the bright surface of the rhythm are reflected the "Idyls" or pictures of that poetic age in which Arthur, legendary King of Britain, moved among his minstrels and necromancers and ladies faire. We recognize the gift of the true poet in the atmosphere of reality thrown around a realm of impossible creations; as in the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" we read of elves and fairies all trustingly, so we follow the story of Vivien and Merlin without a protest against the wizard spell, for the images of the legend are vitalized and humanized by the poet, who detects the play of universal passion beneath the cuirass of the Round Table and the fantastic dress of Queen Guinevere's companions. Camelot is still a part of Britain, and those who walked among its gardens and its halls were akin to the gentlemen and ladies in paeletots and crinoline, who wait upon Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, or go out yachting with her from the Isle of Wight.

The poetic vein worked by the Laureate in these Idyls was first struck by him in the exquisite fragment of the *Morte d'Arthur*—though there are several of his earlier poems which appear to have been "studies" for the more finished and elaborate performances he has now given to the world. The difference is as marked as that between the first sketches in oils of a great artist and his final master-pieces that preserve his fame. In the lighter works there are hints and suggestions of the great triumphs that the master is to achieve, but they lack the breadth and completeness of the grander successes which place the enduring seal upon his genius. That Mr. Tennyson has not exhibited his full power heretofore, we think, is due mainly to the fact that he has suffered himself to be diverted from the true line along which lies its natural direction. He attempted humorous versification in "*Will Water-proof's Monologue*," but his fun was so subtle that few could discover it. He ventured upon dramatic composition in the "*Princess*," and again in "*Maud*," with no better success. It is fortunate that he has become at last fully conscious of his want of constructive ability, and turned to forms of poetry in which he has certainly no equal among living men.

The four legends around which Tennyson has thrown the charms of his fancy and his diction in the present volume, are the story of Enid, the true wife of Geraint, her constancy, her wrongs, and her reward; the myth of Vivien, the lovely siren, who drew Merlin the Wise into her toils, and by cunningly possessing herself of his own enchantments, put him to sleep for years and thus debased his noble spirit; the tale of love and sorrow which narrates how Elaine, a beauteous damsel, conceived a hopeless passion for Lancelot du Lac, pride of Arthur's Court, and died thereof; and the record of the sin, disgrace, suffering and fate of Queen Guinevere.

Each of these Idyls brims with the richest wine of the poet's soul; it is no unworthy simile rather to say that each resembles a crystal goblet filled with the *Eau de Vie de Dantzic*, that rare cordial in which particles of gold float and sparkle in tremulous brilliancy. Here is a song of Enid's which must serve as an illustration—

It chanced the song that Enid sang was
 one
 Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang:
 "Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and
 lower the proud:

Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine,
storm and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor
hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile
or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or
down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many
lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own
hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring
crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the
cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor
hate."

The legend of Vivien tempts us to quote
on every page, but we must be content
with the following, which seems to us very
beautiful--

"Nay, master, be not wrathful with your
maid;
Caress her: let her feel herself forgiven
Who feels no heart to ask another boon.
I think you hardly know the tender rhyme
Of 'trust me not at all or all in all.'
I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it once,
And it shall answer for me. Listen to it:

*'In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.*

*'It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.*

*'The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.*

*'It is not worth the keeping: let it go;
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.'*

O master, do you love my tender rhyme?"
And Merlin looked and half believed her
true,
So tender was her voice, so fair her face,
So sweetly gleamed her eyes behind her tears
Like sunlight on the plain behind a shower.

We confess, however, that of the four
Idyls our preference is for Elaine, in which
the dainty melancholy of the strain so well
consorts with the subject of the poem.
Lancelot, in journeying to the joust of the
great diamond, loses his way and stops at

the lonely castle of Astolat, where dwell
the fair Elaine with her aged sire. The
maiden falls in love with the knight, who
suspecting it not leaves with her his shield,
which she keeps with hope and pride. In
the tourney he wins the diamond, but being
severely wounded remains in the hut of a
hermit, while the jewel by some chance
finds its way to the hands of Elaine. She,
under pretext of restoring it to the rightful
owner, rides with her brother to the place
where Lancelot lies and nurses him in his
illness. We will allow the Laureate to tell
what ensued, unwilling to break in upon
the music of his verses through a long
extract--

Her face was near, and as we kiss the child
That does the task assigned, he kissed her
face.

At once she slept like water to the floor.
"Alas," he said, "your ride has wearied
you.

Rest must you have." "No rest for me,"
she said:

"Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at rest."
What might she mean by that? his large
black eyes,

Yet larger through his leanness, dwelt upon
her,

Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself
In the heart's colours on her simple face;
And Lancelot looked and was perplexed
in mind,

And being weak in body said no more;
But did not love the colour; woman's love,
Save one, he not regarded, and so turned
Sighing, and feigned a sleep until he slept.

Then rose Elaine and glided through the
fields,

And past beneath the wildly-sculptured
gates

Far up the dim rich city to her kin;
There bode the night: but woke with dawn,
and past

Down through the dim rich city to the
fields,

Thence to the cave: so day by day she past
In either twilight ghost-like to and fro
Gliding, and every day she tended him,
And likewise many a night: and Lancelot
Would, though he called his wound a little
hurt

Whereof he should be quickly whole, at
times

Brain-feverous in his heat and agony, seem
Uncourteous, even he; but the meek maid
Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him
Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,
Milder than any mother to a sick child,
And never woman yet since man's first fall,
Did kindlier unto man, but her deep love
Uphore her; till the hermit, skilled in all
The simples and the science of that time,
Told him that her fine care had saved his
life.

And the sick man forgot her simple blush.

Would call her friend and sister, sweet
 Elaine,
 Would listen for her coming, and regret
 Her parting step, and held her tenderly.
 And loved her with all love except the love
 Of man and woman when they love their
 best,
 Closest and sweetest, and had died the
 death
 In any knightly fashion for her sake.
 And peradventure had he seen her first
 She might have made this and that other
 world
 Another world for the sick man; but now
*The shackles of an old love straitened him,
 His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.*

Yet the great knight in his mid-sickness
 made
 Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.
 These, as but born of sickness, could not
 live;
 For when the blood ran lustier in him again,
*Full often the sweet image of one face,
 Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,
 Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.*
 Then if the maiden, while that ghostly
 grace
 Beamed on his fancy, spoke, he answered
 not,
 Or short and coldly, and she knew right
 well
 What the rough sickness meant, but what
 this meant
 She knew not, and the sorrow dimmed her
 sight,
 And drove her ere her time across the fields
 Far into the rich city, where alone
 She murmured, "Vain, in vain: it cannot be.
 He will not love me: how then? must I die?"
*Then as a little helpless, innocent bird,
 That has but one plain passage of few notes,
 Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er
 For all an April morning, till the ear
 Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid
 Went half the night repeating, "Must I die?"
 And now to right she turned, and now to left,
 And found no ease in turning or in rest;
 And "Him or death," she muttered, "Death or
 him,"
 Again and like a burden, "Him or death."*

But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was
 whole,
 To Astolat returning rode the three.
 There morn by morn, arraying her sweet-
 self
 In that wherein she deemed she looked her
 best,
 She came before Sir Lancelot, for she
 thought,
 "If I be loved, these are my festal robes,
 If not, the victim's flowers before he fall."
 And Lancelot ever prest upon the maid
 That she should ask some goodly gift of
 him

For her own self or hers; "And do not shun
 To speak the wish most near to your true
 heart;
 Such service have you done me, that I make
 My will of yours, and Prince and Lord am I
 In mine own land, and what I will I can."
 Then like a ghost she lifted up her face,
 But like a ghost without the power to speak.
 And Lancelot saw that she withheld her
 wish,
 And bode among them yet a little space
 Till he should learn it; and one morn it
 chanced
 He found her in among the garden yews,
 And said, "Delay no longer, speak your
 wish,
 Seeing I must go to-day:" then out she
 brake:
 "Going? and we shall never see you more.
 And I must die for want of one bold word."
 "Speak: that I live to hear," he said, "is
 yours."
 Then suddenly and passionately she spoke:
 "I have gone mad. I love you: let me die."
 "Ah, sister," answered Lancelot, "what is
 this?"
 And innocently extending her white arms,
 "Your love," she said, "your love—to be
 your wife."
 And Lancelot answered, "Had I chos'n to
 wed,
 I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine:
 But now there never will be wife of mine."
 "No, no," she cried, "I care not to be wife,
 But to be with you still, to see your face,
 To serve you, and to follow you through the
 world."
 And Lancelot answered, "Nay, the world,
 the world,
 All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart
 To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue
 To blare its own interpretation—nay,
 Full ill then should I quit your brother's
 love,
 And your good father's kindness." And
 she said,
 "Not to be with you, not to see your face—
 Alas for me then. my good days are done."
 "Nay, noble maid," he answered, "ten
 times nay:
 This is not love; but love's first flash in
 youth,
 Most common. Yea, I know it of mine
 own self;
 And you yourself will smile at your own
 self
 Hereafter, when you yield your flower of
 life
 To one more fitly yours, not thrice your age:
 And then will I, for true you are and sweet
 Beyond mine old belief in womanhood—
 More specially should your good knight be
 poor,
 Endow you with broad land and territory
 Even to the half my realm beyond the seas,
 So that would make you happy: further-
 more,

Even to the death, as though you were my blood,
In all your quarrels will I be your knight.
This will I do, dear damsel, for your sake,
And more than this I cannot."

While he spoke
She neither blushed nor shook, but deathly-pale
Stood grasping what was nearest, then replied:
"Of all this will I nothing," and so fell,
And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

Then spake, to whom through those black walls of yew
Their talk had pierced, her father. "Ay, a flash
I fear me, that will strike my blossom dead.
Too courteous are you fair Lord Lancelot.
I pray you, use some rough discourtesy
To blunt or break her passion."

Lancelot said,
"That were against me: what I can I will;"
And there that day remained, and toward even
Sent for his shield: full meekly rose the maid,
Stript off the case, and gave the naked shield;
Then, when she heard his horse upon the stones,
*Unclasp[ing] flung the casement back and looked
Down on his helm, from which her sleeve had gone.*
*And Lancelot knew the little tinkling sound;
And she by tact of love was well aware
That Lancelot knew that she was looking at him.*
*And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand,
Nor bade farewell, but sadly rode away.*
This was the one discourtesy that he used.

So in her tower alone the maiden sat:
His very shield was gone; only the case,
Her own poor work, her empty labour, left.
But still she heard him, still his picture formed
And grew between her and the pictured wall.
Then came her father, saying in low tones,
"Have comfort," whom she greeted quietly.
Then came her brethren, saying, "Peace to thee,
Sweet sister," whom she answered with all calm
*But when they left her to herself again,
Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field
Approaching through the darkness, called;
The owls
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixt
Her fancies with the sorrow-rifted glooms
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind.*

And in those days she made a little song,
And called her song, "The Song of Love and Death,"
And sang it: sweetly could she make and sing.

"Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet! then bitter death must be:
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

"Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me.
Call and I follow, I follow!—let me die."

Elaine's wish is gratified, and her pining away, and strange burial in the barge, make up the rest of the Idyl. It is the same story which we have read in the former verses of Tennyson—

— a funeral with plumes and lights
And music went to Camelot.

Elaine was the "Lady of Shalott."

The Idyl of Queen Guinevere we shall not draw upon. It is the story of guilty love which Dante introduced in the *Inferno*, and Scheffer has powerfully pictured on canvass. It must be read entire in the volume.

THE ROMAN QUESTION. By EDMOND ABOUT.
Translated by H. C. Coape. New York:
D. Appleton & Co. 1859. [From. A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

M. Edmond About declares himself a loving son of the Roman Catholic Church, but if he is not ex-communicated for his essay, it will be because Pius the Ninth is of a more amiable and forgiving disposition than some of his predecessors in the Papal Chair. It is true that the Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope is a matter quite distinct from the truth or falsity of the tenets of Mother Church, and may be discussed freely without trenching upon the theological question which underlies the existence of that ancient and powerful establishment. But M. Edmond About writes with such force and brilliancy—his epigrams are so stinging, and his raillery so strongly resembles that of Voltaire, that we

might not wonder if his Holiness should consider the volume as *less majesté* and read its author out of the Church's pale. With the religious aspects of Catholicism we have nothing to do, and if the treatise before us were devoted to the topics of the Confessional, the Celibacy of the priesthood, ab-solution, &c., &c., we should content ourselves with merely acknowledging its receipt, but the perpetuity of the Pope's temporal power concerns the political welfare of several millions of people who have for years suffered the grievous ills of clerical mal-administration, and we can therefore, without impropriety, refer to M. About's strictures as well calculated to make a powerful impression on the public mind at this important juncture of Italian affairs. The terms of peace in Europe are not yet settled, and the external pressure of a weighty popular sentiment may yet so far modify the views of the contracting parties, that instead of extending the magisterial authority of Pio Nono, they may altogether abolish it. That this was the original purpose of Louis Napoleon, himself in full communion with the Church, would seem almost certain from the fact that M. About's work was first published as a series of letters in the columns of the *Moniteur Universel*, the official organ of the French Government, and supposed to speak the individual opinions of the Emperor, and although the publication of these letters was stopped upon the complaint of the Papal Ministry, yet when they were collected and printed in Brussels, the volume was permitted to obtain a wide circulation in France before the Censorship interposed to put an end to the sale. Indeed, it may be assumed, we think, that the Gallican wing of the Roman Catholic Church favours the abrogation of the kingly sway of the Supreme Pontiff, believing that their Lord and Master disclaimed all earthly dominion, when he said "my kingdom is not of this world."

The reader will find in "The Roman Question" the same felicities of style which marked the novel "Tolla," so well known in France, England and the United States. The following sketch of the Roman nobility is exceedingly characteristic—

They are such as education has made them. Look at those brats of various ages from six to ten, walking along the Corso in double file, between a couple of Jesuits. They are embryo Roman nobles. Handsome as little Cupids, in spite of their black coats and white neckcloths, they will all grow up alike, under the shadow of their pedagogue's broad-brimmed hat.

Already are their minds like a well-raked garden, from which ideas have been carefully rooted out. Their hearts are purged

alike of good and evil passions. Poor little wretches, they will not even have any vices.

As soon as they shall have passed their last examinations, and obtained their diplomas of ignorance, they will be dressed in the latest London fashions, and be turned out into the public promenades. They will pace for ever the pavement of the Corso, they will wear out the alleys of the Pincian Hill, the Villa Borghese, and the Villa Pamphili. They will ride, drive, and walk about, armed with a whip, eye-glass or cane, as may be, until they are made to marry. Regular at Mass, assiduous at the theatre, you may see them smile, gape, applaud, make the sign of the cross, with an equal absence of emotion. They are almost all inscribed on the list of some religious fraternity or other. They belong to no club, play timidly, rarely make a parade of social irregularities, drink without enthusiasm, and never ruin themselves by horse-racing. In short, their general conduct is beyond all praise; and the life of dolls made to say "Papa!" and "Mama!" is equally irreproachable.

One fine day they attain their twenty-fifth year. At this age an American has already tried his hand at a dozen trades, made four fortunes, and at least one bankruptcy, has gone through a couple of campaigns, had a lawsuit, established a new religious sect, killed half a dozen men with his revolver, freed a negress, and conquered an island. An Englishman has passed some stiff examinations, been attached to an embassy, founded a factory, converted a Catholic, gone round the world, and read the complete works of Walter Scott. A Frenchman has rhymed a tragedy, written for two newspapers, been wounded in three duels, twice attempted suicide, vexed fourteen husbands, and changed his politics nineteen times. A German has slashed fifteen of his dearest friends, swallowed sixty hogsheads of beer and the Philosophy of Hegel, sung eleven thousand couplets compromised a tavern waiting-maid, smoked a million of pipes, and been mixed up with at least, two revolutions.

The Roman prince has done nothing, seen nothing, learnt nothing, loved nothing, suffered nothing. His parents or guardians open a cloister gate, take out a young girl as inexperienced as himself and the pair of innocents are bidden to kneel before a priest, who gives them permission to become parents of another generation of innocents like themselves.

It is hardly fair to comment upon the impunity of crime in Rome, when we consider the lawlessness of our American cities, but the following anecdote, from M. About's chapter on that subject is good, apart from the context:

The following incident occurred while I was at Rome; it serves to illustrate the pleasing fraternal tie which unites the magistrates with the thieves.

A former secretary to Monsignor Vardi, by name Berti, had a gold snuff-box, which he prized highly, it having been given him by his master. One day, crossing the Forum, he took out his snuff-box, just in front of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, and solaced himself with a pinch of the contents. The incautious act had been marked by one of the pets of the police. He had hardly returned the box to his pocket ere he was hustled by some quoit-players, and knocked down. It is needless to add, that when he got up, the precious snuff-box was gone.

He mentioned the affair to a judge of his acquaintance, who at once told him to set his mind at rest, adding, "Pass through the Forum again to-morrow. Ask for Antonio; any body will point him out to you; tell him you come from me, and mention what you have lost. He will put you in the way of getting it back."

Berti did as he was desired; Antonio was soon found. He smiled meaningly when the judge's name was mentioned, protested that he could refuse him nothing, immediately called out, "Eh! Giacomol!"

Another bandit came out of the ruins, and ran up to his chief.

"Who was on duty yesterday?" asked Antonio.

"Pepe."

"Is he here?"

"No, he made a good day of it yesterday. He's drinking it out."

"I can do nothing for your Excellency to-day," said Antonio. "Come here to-morrow at the same hour, and I think you'll have reason to be satisfied."

Berti was punctual to the appointment. Signor Antonio, for fear of being swindled, asked for an accurate description of the missing article. This having been given, he at once produced the snuff-box. "Your Excellency will please to pay me two scudi," he said: "I should have charged you four, but that you are recommended to me by a magistrate whom I particularly esteem."

Whoever has strolled along the Corso at evening and seen the excited crowd gather around the building where a lottery drawing was going on, will recognise the truth of this account—

The institution of the lottery is retained by the Popes, not as a source of revenue only. Lay governments have long since abolished it, because in a well-organized state, where industry leads to everything, citizens should be taught to rely upon nothing but their industry. But in the kingdom of the Church, where industry

leads to nothing, not only is the lottery a consolation to the poor, but it forms an integral part of the public education. The sight of a beggar suddenly enriched, as it were by enchantment, goes far to make the ignorant multitude believe in miracles. The miracle of the loaves and fishes were scarcely more marvellous than the changing of tenpence into two hundred and fifty pounds. A high prize is like a present from God; it is money falling from Heaven. This people know that no human power can oblige three particular numbers to come out together; so they rely on the divine mercy alone. They apply to the Capuchin friars for lucky numbers; they recite special prayers for so many days; they humbly call for the inspiration of Heaven before going to bed; they see in dreams the Madonna stuck all over with figures; they pay for masses at the Churches; they offer the priest money if he will put three numbers under the chalice at the moment of the consecration. Not less humbly did the courtiers of Louis XIV. range themselves in the antechamber he was to pass through, in the hope of obtaining a look or a favour. The drawing of the lottery is public, as are the University lectures in France. And, verily, it is a great and salutary lesson. The winners learn to praise God for his bounties: the losers are punished for having unduly coveted worldly pelf. Everybody profits—most of all the Government, which makes £80,000 a year by it, besides the satisfaction of having done its duty.

The reader will see from the extracts we have given, that whatever else may be said of "The Roman Question," it certainly is not dull. Indeed it may not fear simply as a book for amusement to be put in competition with any of the novels of the month.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCE AS A MINISTER; *With some account of his Early Life and Education for the Ministry*; Contained in a Letter from him to the Members of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston: Rufus Leighton, Jr., 1859.

We are at a loss to know why this volume was published. Outside of Mr. Parker's "Society" it can only be regarded as a fantastical exposition of his peculiar No-creed, while to those who have been refreshed these many years by his ministrations, it will convey nothing new in the way of the truth according to the Gospel of Parker. All that we can conscientiously commend in the man may be found in the independence of his nature in matters of opinion, and his singularly clear and strong style, which is at times lighted up even with a poetic glow.

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Its effects commence by deposition from the blood or corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

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Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER, *Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.*

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Vol. 28
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No. 3.

SEPTEMBER

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER

J. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR



MACFARLANE, FERGUSON & Co.
PROPRIETORS,

1859.

RICHMOND, Va.

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RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER, 1859.

LETTERS OF A SPINSTER.

Concerning the Inauguration of the 50th President of the United States, and the Public Affairs of the 21st Century.

LETTER XVI.

FROM MISS JANE DELAWARE PEYTON,
Presently at Washington,
TO MISS MARY TIBERIN BOONE,
Rasselas, Oregon.

WASHINGTON, *Quarter of the Senate,* }
Feb. —, A. D., 2029. }

I do not think, My Dear M., that there can be urged a stronger argument (I mean, of course, an argumentum ad hominem, for of others there is no lack) in favour of kindness and charity to the unfortunate, and self-denial to ourselves, than is to be found in the reflection which we have all made at one time or another, that the break of day comes always to the watcher, whether the night have been spent in necessary, though unwelcome, labour, or in the sick chamber of a fellow-creature, with a sensation more refreshing and happier than when the dark hours have been wasted in feast and revel amid the glare, heat and din of a crowded assembly. The fact has often recurred to me as a practical illustration of that general truth, so often enunciated from the pulpit, yet so little attended to: so much questioned and cavilled at by optimists: so constantly admitted in every-day life and experience: which is this, that the positive character of all our enjoyments depends always upon some antecedent of suffering or of pain; or, in the words of Holy Writ, that through

much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven. After sitting through the long, silent hours of night by the pillow of some haggard and feverish sufferer, it is like a hopeful assurance of good to come, to watch the lattice becoming distinct in the outer light; to hear the first twitter of the awakening bird; to lift the casement and listen to the rustle of the trees, pranking their foliage and preparing for another visit of the sun; to taste the morning wind rising from the earth like incense; and to feel with thankfulness that joy cometh in the morning.

How different the sensation when the early day, with all its freshness and promise, meets us as we drive from a prolonged and giddy revel through the silent streets: the dark figures of the houses just beginning to rear their half-defined outlines, like shapeless giants, upon the grey sky, while here and there a dim light moves across their surface from window to window, as the sons and daughters of toil bounce themselves to their appointed tasks. Onward you roll, giddy, feverish, and envious of those who are just awakening to the new day; the rattle of the carriage wheels, beating out, with its hoarse rumble, the hum of the music which would still keep time and cadence in the whirling brain; and you shrink to your darkened chamber, half expecting to find yourself there

asleep, feeling all the while as if you had been robbing the blessed heaven of somewhat, and were afraid of the light.

Some such sensations were mine as I drove, yesterday, from the grand ball *masqué*, of which I wrote to you in my last. You will find elaborate notices of it in all the newspapers, which are about as correct and as near the reality as Fontenelle's descriptions of the inhabitants of Saturn; for these people, which the facetious Frenchman made out to be tall fellows, with yellow beards and long arms, the learned have long since proved to be nothing less than huge centipedal shell-fish, who live as men of wealth and leisure do among us, upon the clams, oysters and snails furnished ready to their hands. In judging of such festal notices, there is one general rule to be observed, which is, that those which are worst written are always the most correct—a rule which will apply about as well to every species of official writing of the present times. The truth is, that in such cases, the description of the fete is always written out some days before it takes place. The manner in the present instance having been as follows. Every king, queen, knight, princess, flower-girl or gipsy, who designed themselves for the entertainment, had sent in advance their mercer's or milliner's note or certificate, describing their several equipments and regalia, with their stature, the length of their foot, and the color of their eyes, hair or beard. These documents were addressed to the reporters of the *Mercury*, the *Times*, the *Press*, the *World*, or such one of the editorial gentry as happened, for the time being, to be in the confidence of the several debutants. At a proper season, these officials met in grand conclave, produced each his bundle of invoices, and when they had been compared, they set about to devise tableaux, invent incidents, vamp up speeches, coin bon-mots; and when the whole material had been worked and kneaded into proper consistence, the bill of the play was laid before the lady of the feast for her approval. When her sanction had been obtained, the grand bulletin, with

some few characteristic flourishes to designate the proprieties of the several journals, was sent to press in the several publication offices, so that the affair was in print before the music had ceased playing. This arrangement has the great advantage that it makes the fete, with all its incidents, consistent and certain. It has also, indirectly, a moral tendency in another direction. It prevents adventurers and people of fashion merely from leaving their tailor's, milliner's or jeweler's bills too long unpaid, or making them unproportioned to their means and revenue. That king or princess would be permanently disgraced who should bespeak his regalia, and get himself and his appointments properly inset in the tableaux of some favorite journalist, to whom the artist should, after all this, and at the last moment, refuse his furniture on account of an unpaid bill.

We were set down at the door of the mansion, amid a blaze of light; and though the entrance and vestibule were kept clear by a strong body of police, yet the street in the immediate vicinity was crowded with curious spectators, who, as the revelers alighted, ventured boldly at conjectures, not only of the personages, but at the characters they were best fitted to sustain. This was a good prologue to the play within, and the hits at individual peculiarities were sometimes so plain and so well put in as to produce shouts of merriment. We were received by a confidential servant transmuted for the night into a grey-bearded senechal, with solemn step and silver wand, who scanned us in silence, received the cards containing our real and counterfeited designations, and consigned us to an usher, equipped a la Chinois, in a nankeen frock, with trowsers and peaked shoes, who marshaled us to the dressing-rooms. On our entrance here the magical design of the evening began to appear, and the real world had slipped from us altogether. The furniture of the apartments had been travestied for the occasion. The mirrors were held up by monstrous animals, winged-lions, dragons and hippogriffs. The lights issued from the mouths of serpents, ostriches, flamed

from antique cressets, or were flaunted by fauns and bacchanals. The sofas and lounges had been transformed into huge crocodiles, seals and saurians, sphynxes, couchant leopards and hounds. The menials were the only realities in the apartment. They wore loose, puffed bodices, of a large-leaved, red and yellow pattern, concealing the bust up to the throat, leaving the arms bare from the elbow; from this depended light, close skirts, with an embroidered border, the foot gear consisting of blue stockings and red slippers. The hair was dressed close, with large, plain hoop ear-rings. They were excellently well chosen—"tended us i' the eyes, and made their bends adornings."

Here in this green-room of the play-house, before the mask or domino had been fitted, or the character fairly put on, to which we were pledged for the evening, we exchanged civilities with our acquaintances, and as each new costume was relieved from its husk and wrappings, and came out for perusal, it was greeted with critical admiration, with applause, or with mirth, as the case required, or as the amiability of the party would permit. The great concern with the mummers was to know if there were duplicates of the same character; and while we were adjusting our own habiliments, there were developed two very excellent representatives of good Queen Bess, with high, starched ruffs, and long stays, projecting above the shoulders, like the wings of an eagle. Both the queens were stately and well equipped; but one of them being darker of hue than the other, and the auburn wig, which she wore out respect to history, suiting ill with the olive of her complexion, she, in the most perfect good humor, resigned throne and sceptre for the evening, and by help of some letting down and some trussing up, a pair of clouted shoes and a peeled poplar wand, was forthwith and amid much laughter, transmuted into a very good edition of Meg Merrilies. Here we found also an excellent semblance of Lady Macbeth, with large, ghostly eyes, thin and half open lips, watchful and merciless. She was snuffing her wax

taper, and perfuming the hand from which the imaginary spots were to be rubbed out. She wore the peculiar head gear, in which Retzsch had delineated the Lady many years since, with the folds of the drapery plaited over the forehead, giving the outline of an imperfect and unstable regal crown. By the way, what a genius the great outliner must have had? He is comparable only with the english Hogarth, and the difference between the one and the other is, that the creatures of the Englishman were, in almost every instance, exemplars of common, nay, even of the lowest life, while those of the German range through all possible forms of humanity, connecting themselves on the one hand with the celestial above, and on the other with the animal beneath. There is certainly no power or faculty belonging to our race which, when closely regarded, is so wonderful as that which makes the painter and the musician the sculptor and the poet; and there is none, the capacity for which is so decidedly born with us, or which is so palpably the result of organization and independent of culture. That a man, with a simple stick, armed only with a bit of pigment at the end of it, should be able to produce such combinations on a smooth surface of plane and curved lines, as shall represent every distinct phase of human life and passion—should, by the inflexion of an outline made instinctively, and in so delicate a curve as to defy the measurement of the highest power of the microscope, produce determined expressions of human feeling which can neither be misconstrued nor misunderstood, is surely a most wonderful endowment. Nor is the power of the artist less miraculous, who can bring from a hollow reed or a few strained wires or thrums sounds that make us deem the full choir of heaven is near! These capabilities have always seemed to me more astonishing than the powers of reason which we are so fond of referring to, as the dominant and distinguishing characteristic of our race. For which reason I always place Shakespeare, Raphael and Mozart higher than Newton, Kepler or Galileo.

Here we found ourselves among many light fancies, coming in and going out—Swiss girls, Scotch Girls, Italian girls. Fenellas not mute, and Floras not yet in blossom. But, as we were nearing the door, there swept by us a majestic shade, which it will be well to describe before it fades from my remembrance. This was a nationality—a personification of the great State of New York, the Empire as she is sometimes called. The lady was tall, fully developed, and rather massive in her proportions, with a head such as we would give to the mother of Coriolanus or of the Gracchi. The face was beautiful, quiet and queenly, as if it had never encountered the disagreements which writhe and solidify the features. Over it rose a tiara, which we at first thought represented the head gear which the ancients gave to Cybele, but on a more close observation we discovered the design to be more suggestive and cognate. The circlet at the lower rim was of chased silver, over which rose in high relief, and in or-molu, a chain of alternate paddle-wheels and helices, the two great movers of the sea. This was surmounted by a dark band, representing very perfectly the bulwarks of a large ship; and at the intervals, where the usual regal crown has crosses or fleurs de lis, there were mast-heads, made life-like by the stays or rigging by which they were supported. The lady wore about her neck a curious necklace of little blocks and sheaves, and above a broad zone, on which were embroidered seals, dolphins and marine productions, and in the hollow of the corsage was seen emblazoned the arms of the great State, with the modest and hopeful motto, "Excelsior." The bodice and tunic were of piled and mottled silk, the color of autumn woods. In her hand she carried a bundle, very artistically tied, of wheat-stalks, inset among tufts of fir and leaves of oak.

Leaving this imperial lady, we threaded our way towards the reception room—as we neared which there appeared, leaning on one side of the entrance, and looking alternately at the company within and those without, a gigantic ape, with a knotted stick in one of his long, lean

hands. As we started at this untoward apparition, it very courteously mopped and mowed at us, and gave us to understand in apeish dumb show that we might safely enter the apartment. An animal of similar proportion stood on the inside of the door, and, by signs and gibberish, motioned us towards a group of maskers standing near by, and who seemed to be the principal personages of the fete. As we advanced to pay our homage and salutation to this party, a suppressed and unearthly chatter from the ape behind gave notice that something was about to happen, when a slight pull on the sleeve of St. Bridget, whom you know I am to represent for the evening, made me turn suddenly, and the lady hostess stood before me. Her good-humored and really handsome face looked out from a halo of broad ruffles, such as tufted the tab capes ordinarily worn about the year seventeen hundred and something by English land-ladies. The corsage was that of the merry wives, Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page. The dress of common calico, very capacious, and with an extensive train, which was drawn through the pocket holes. In front she wore a white apron, fitting close like armor—a bunch of antique keys at her girdle. Her hands were folded before her, and over each arm hung a snow white napkin. Her short courtesy and salutation of "what lacks the reverend mother?" came from her much more naturally than our studied "*Pax vobiscum*" and "*Benedicite*"—the latter being more removed from the original character. When, with a slight toss of the broad ruffles and a deep inclination towards the folded hands, our merry land-lady bade us be of good cheer and turned to receive other maskers who had already passed the apes—the pillars of Hercules to this fairy world of pleasure. We were met immediately and welcomed by the lord of the mansion, who, as all husbands are or should be on such occasions, was quite a secondary personage, disdaining all disguise, of which he is, indeed, incapable, and giving to the pleasures of the evening only his great wealth, set off with a wealth of kindness of infinitely greater value.

We were now fairly naturalized and entitled to the privileges which our vestments denoted, and were borne onwards towards the heart of the assembly by a full tide of gay revelers. The whole of the very spacious mansion had been thrown open to the company. The courts, corridors and piazzas having been temporarily enclosed for the occasion, by light metal and canvass partitions, thus affording every variety of temperature and of light, and producing here and there nooks and cross-alleys, which had been curiously converted into grottoes or shrines, where masks might exchange gibes, confidences or explanations. The lower floor was, however, the stage for the principal persons of the drama. From these lower apartments the moveables had been gathered and arranged in the corners and recesses. The walls had been also decorated for the occasion, by bold frescoes, and hung with wreaths and tapestry. In the middle court, the floor of which is Mosaic of a large pattern, were arranged beaufetts and sideboards, spread with light delicacies, fruits, ices, conserves, sherbet, wine and punch; which restoratives were administered by swarthy Nubians and Abyssinians—adepts in their mystery, and studious to please. In this apartment there had been contrived several miniature fountains, which sent up a combination of tiny jets, trained by the Engineer to represent different forest trees, of which the most successful imitations were those of the willow and the fir. These fountains not only cooled and purified the air, but kept clear the passages most likely to be crowded during the evening. Opening from this, by narrow entrances, were on one side the supper-room and on the other the saloon for dancing, where many of the gayer fictions of the evening had already been conjured into the mystic mazes of waltz, coranto and cotillion.

Into this apartment, however unsuited to our religious habit, we were not altogether unwillingly flooded, and the scene here had already approached to enchantment. The variety of costume, the fantastic character of some of the masks, and the ever fluctuating colors of the

tableaux were quite sufficient to fascinate the simple St. Bridget, who could only tell her beads to the cadences of the music, and was now perfectly aware of the charms such entertainments possess, and their power to steal away the senses of the old as well as the young. Many of those in costume wore also masks or dominoes—a resource which gives to the masker greater boldness and self-possession. So you have heard of the lawyer, afterwards so distinguished, whose first speeches in court were made from behind very dark spectacles, giving him, by this expedient, the confidence, or, I should rather say, the abstraction of a blinded horse.

The costumes were contrived with the utmost propriety and historic correctness, and generally at an immense and unnecessary expense—the mimic queens being robed in material of nearly the same value, and in some instances, I think, of even greater value than had ever fallen to the lot of their prototypes. There were a great many standard antiquities—an Othello, whose moorship was signified by his ear-rings, although a ring in the nose, aided by all the brown unguent in the world, would have been powerless to negrofy the bold saxon outline of his features. A beautiful Titania, in a cerulean tunic, and diadem set with glow-worms. A gigantic knight, in real steel armor, and a shield bearing the motto, '*Arma togis cedunt.*' A Palmer, with

"His cockle hat and staff,
And his sandaled shoon."

This latter personage being, like myself, unmasked, we held brief colloquy. He told me that the cockade, for a long time, and indeed at present, a mere military or political decoration, was derived from the cockle which, in the fighting times of the Crusaders, looped up the slouched hat of the Pilgrim from Holy Land. This wicked Palmer also informed me that the beads of a rosary were originally a Mahomedan invention, used by the Dervishes, who carried coffee-berries, strung in this manner at their girdles, eating one now and then as stimulants in their long vigils, and that from this sensible origin, which in

some sort resembles the practice of tobacco chewing in the present day, came at length the use of beads as a record and tally for prayers. This profane pilgrim also advised me to substitute for my true beads a string of coffee and chocolate drops or bon-bons. He is the son of a rich merchant, in process of training for the bar, who dresses by the monthly carte—cries bah! and bravo! in the right places at the theatre—makes love and writes wooden verses. There is more hope of a fool than of him.

There were many other historic celebrities, such as bold Robin Hood and his contemporaries:

"Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,
Friar Tuck and Little John."

But the personifications best received and understood were those of characters nearer our own time and of a much commoner order. Thus we had a living *Perruquier*—a production which would seem to have required a transmigration of souls as well as a transmutation of dress. This was a little dry man, with an olive, parchment face, a nose that seemed to be doughy and to have a drop at the end of it; large, protuberant, clear and restless eyes, a mouth small and puckered at the corners, with straight, light hair, sticking out in tufts, into which a comb had been stuck lengthwise. This creature wore loose, bunched and parti-colored breeches, over which, in front, came a white apron, having arms. He carried a napkin and a vase of strongly concentrated rose-water, with which he incensed the community; and his remarks upon the dresses and other appointments were of the most original and racy character. He is, I understand, a wit without profession—his merry sayings being all unforced and original.

As rivals to the barber we had two colporteurs, one of tin wares and patent drugs, and the other of books, tracts, magazines, and unbound books in general. The stock of the last mentioned trader consisted of loose, thin volumes with blue, yellow, red and green covers, having on their backs coarsely engraved

pictures, and titles about the size of those used in grocery stores, such as "The Bloody Hand," "The Broken Heart," "The First Love," "The Smuggler's Revenge," "The Lost Man." Each work having appended to the main title another expanded one by way of commentary and advertisement. As thus, "The Bloody Hand, or The Murderer's Welcome." And so for the rest. These two worthies were quite entertaining. The tin-man being an excellent sample of a species not as common now as in earlier times. He was a little stooping man, with long arms and a broad breast, wearing a brownish red coat with green horn buttons and large pockets. The complexion a-dust, and nearly the colour of the coat, with light grey eyes, constantly in motion,—the eyelids being stuck round with thick short lashes like thorns, or rather like the fac simile of this most delicate of human organs when it has been attempted in wax-work. His conversation turned chiefly upon the metaphysics of his trade. He admitted that quack medicines acted mostly upon the imagination, or, as he said, by faith; and told how he had made a very decent but very simple and credulous young gentleman as drunk as a fool upon repeated glasses of Elder-water, administered for Bourbon Whiskey, in a case of incipient consumption. On being questioned as to the morality of such ministrations he said tersely, that they were justified both by reason and by Scripture—that there was a class of people who were susceptible of no other medical treatment, and that the Scriptures set forth plainly the consequence of casting pearls before swine.

The correlative of this personage in the book trade was a tall, bony individual, with a pale and rather serious face. His shape and figure being of the order which is generally termed loosely knit. The central part or frame work, containing the stomach and vital principles—the boiler-room of the engine—being apparently too small for the members which it was intended to work. Such a frame as we sometimes see in its full and most advantageous development, driving

long bolts in a ship-yard. This personage wore a white plain cravat, tied in a bow-knot, like that of a vestry-man—a plain black travelling coat, not professional or giving any intimation of a design to quiz the clergy. In offering his wares he brushed away the green, yellow and blue bound volumes—the family of the Bloody Hand and the Broken Heart, which were merely the froth and barm of his compost, and showed below in plain black binding with thin-lettered titles, volumes containing the body and staple of english literature; the pure Hippocrene from which all the yeasty products of fermentation had been purged and worked off. He expatiated largely upon the mystery and trade of authorship, as if he had been reading Jean Paul Richter's "Selection from the Devil's Papers;" said that plots, unities and morals were no longer necessary in poems, plays or written fictions of any kind; and that such books might be manufactured as readily as stereoscopic pictures, and by nearly a similar process. The *dramatis personæ*, being quite limited, and the tinsel and properties cheap and easily furnished. He said, however, that notwithstanding all these economical advantages, belonging peculiarly to the present age, there had nevertheless been found artists who were silly enough to copy directly from other writers without the use of any photographic process whatever. The effect of such apeish practice being exactly like that of stereoscopic from plain pictures, where the effect of the duplicate view is only to becloud and deaden the representation.

There was some friendly discussion between these two pedlars of mind and matter on the subject of international copy-right, which became rather piquant. The tin merchant insisting that to make the case of a patent for a machine, and that of the copy-right of a book at all similar, it would be necessary for the author to define and secure his mode of working, and not the book after it had been written. He said that a weaver of cotton or wool did not patent the calico or cloth, but the spindle and the loom on which it had been spun and woven. That

therefore to make the cases parallel the author should claim and specify his mode of gearing up and driving the intellectual power-loom; should let us know whether he wrote full or fasting, at midnight or at dawn; what had been his previous and customary exercise and diet; whether he had any particular method of biting his pen like Neander, or his nails like another distinguished author, (I forget who;) whether he smoked as all the German authors did and do; whether he drank hock, as Schiller; Hollands as Byron; laudanum as Coleridge; beer as Charles Lamb; or a single peremptory glass of punch as Wordsworth and Paley say they did. He said that a patent was a gratification properly bestowed upon one who had enlarged the productive power of the community, while a copy-right was simply a monopoly for the sale of wares already made.

The book man was nigh having the worst of it, when there came to his relief a new character, in the shape of a modern fortune-teller or wise-woman. This personage was tall with a well counterfeited stoop; a pale or white-leaden complexion; a hooked nose rather broad at the beak; light grey eyes, covered by eyebrows like bat-wings, nearly meeting over the nose, and extending with a fell swoop toward the ears; thin lips and a tooth, which I presume had been set for the evening, and protruded between the lips, giving to the mouth an expression of avarice and greed. Her fingers were long and richly jeweled. The dress plain white; on her head she wore a turban looped up on the left side with a small aigrette representing an owl's head. She enquired of the book man for an almanac, for the Institutes of Clair-voyance, the *anima galvanica*; as also for a recent publication entitled *Modern Miracles*, being an account of many wonders, cures, trances, divinations and discoveries performed by the help of unseen agencies, and authenticated by the testimony of credible witnesses. The old lady who assumed the character for the evening, has had recently some credulous relatives imposed upon, plundered and nearly crazed by

this class of factots, of which she was therefore fully competent to become the representative.

The adepts in this mystery now are, for the most part, women, whose advertisements appear in the newspapers of all the larger cities, and who practice a species of jugglery made up in about equal parts of astrology and mesmerism, the practice whereof affords constant opportunity of adding functions of a much more wicked and dangerous character. For astrology I have always had a sincere and decent respect,—not for its threatening nomenclature of houses, aspects, stations, and so forth, nor for the spells, charms, horoscopes and nativities with which it came to us from the Arabs, but for its having been the Horn-book of Astronomy, upon which were spelled out, in the infancy of mankind, the principal truths of that sublimest of the sciences; and, more especially because it is the earliest expression of that belief in supernatural agencies, which, when properly civilized and educated, is the most distinguishing characteristic of our race. It is impossible, I think, for any well-conditioned intellect not to sympathize with these first developments, of that “longing after immortality,” however crude, ill-directed or absurd may be its first aspirations. With the other ingredient composing the modern system of sorcery, which was first called animal magnetism, somnambulism, and Clairvoyance, I have no manner of patience. It came, as you know, into notice at the beginning of the first French Revolution, where it was the bond, mystery or sacrament of the secret, political associations which preceded that terrible epoch. Under the leading of Mesmer, who came to Paris as its apostle, it was advocated as a remedial agent in acute diseases, a potent herb in an invisible Pharmacopia. In this stage it was for a time patronized by a French Minister until its hospital became, as might have been expected, a mad-house. From this its highest state it soon dwindled, and was nearly forgotten amid the wars and revolutions of the eighteenth century. About the year 1820 it revived again, profes-

sing supernatural powers, in respect of moving weights, turning tables, reading unseen writing, and writing with invisible hands: after playing for some time this harlequinade, at once ridiculous and impious, it finally descended among the wise-women, giving them an aid in some parts of their necromancy and a substitute for some others; the only good point about its present state being that *eo nomine* it requires no express compact with the Devil.

The sorceress showed us flowers which had been painted, while in a mesmeric state by a young woman born blind. Verses, or rather rhymes, made in the same manner by a deaf mute, (a thing not all impossible, as I have reason to know.) Also a description of the interior of Africa, written while in a state of spiritual ubiquity, by a person who had never been out of the city. She was proceeding quite volubly, when the conference was broken in upon and finally concluded by the burly FriarTuck. This worthy had approached the group in company with the mailed knight, and addressing the latter personage, recited, in tones that might be supposed to have come down the chimney, and which were ludicrous from the size of the speaker and volume of the voice,—the following stanzas:

“I was not always a man of woe,
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the cross of God:
Now strange to mine eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange in mine ear—
In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wizard, Michael Scott.

“A wizzard of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca’s cave
Him lifted his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame.”

It would be both dull and tiresome to attempt the description, even of the most notable of the many masks and costumes. Of the more modern and general, a very good one was that of the hand-

some man. This was a gentlemanly person of about five and forty. A little embonpoint, with a very fair complexion; light curly hair, and clear blue eyes; the nose being sharp and having the slightest possible tinge of red at the tip of it. The lips wore a perpetual smile, and the mien and carriage were so very debonaire that he seemed perpetually to be at the commencement of a bow, without ever performing the flexure. The coat was purplish blue, with small gilt buttons; the vest and breeches of white satin, the former slightly embroidered; the cravat white, followed by a profusion of white ruffles. He was a perfect sample of that barely sufferable humanity, which health, good humour, and good fortune produce among mankind; and his conversation might all have been taken from the back of any grammar. As thus: How do you? How's your dear mother, cousin, uncle, niece, grandam, and so forth. Heard they were sick, dead, recovered, gone abroad, and so forth. You look extremely well, charming, irresistible, killing, blooming, and so forth. I am truly delighted, surprised, charmed, mortified, astonished, confounded, and so forth. The beginning of each sentence was what mathematicians call a constant, and the variables were all adjectives, plain, pretty, and polite. Another good presentment was that of "a good fellow." This was a full and rather large person, with a brown and shining face, all the features of which were in action at the same time. He was richly but carelessly dressed, with very palpable bijouterie of greater value than taste; wore a perpetual smile, indicative of peace and plenty within, and kindness to all without.

The revelry had continued now till near midnight, and the company began to break into coterie, which, as they came to be grouped together, were waited upon by the assiduous ushers and attendants of the house, who distributed among them small pieces of ivory assigning them their places at the supper which was soon to be forthcoming, and thus preserving the festive relations which

had grown up in the course of the evening. About this time a slight flourish of the music, followed by the performance of the National Anthem, announced the arrival of the President, with some of the chief officers of his household; and he was soon noticed gradually making his progress through the company, by all of whom he was greeted with that kind and reverential attention which every good citizen pays willingly to a chosen and popular ruler. There was both dignity and affability in his bearing as he mingled with the merry and particular coloured mummers, and participated in their enjoyments. After a brief interval the supper room was thrown open, and we were shown in groups and parties to the places which had been assigned to us. The refectory was light and tasteful, and was eaten and drunken in a staid and decorous manner, altogether different from the wolfish and graceless process of the aboriginal feast which I described to you in a former letter. Here the elders of the party, dams and granddams, politicians and bon-vivants, remained for a considerable time recruiting themselves with news, victuals, and convivialities, which become both more necessary and more enjoyable as people grow older. The younger portion escaped again to the dance and the promenade. As the President emerged from the door of this apartment, he was amused with this little by-play which was quite dexterously managed. A double row of petitioners had arranged themselves on each side, who when he passed presented him with little scrolls, purporting, as they said to be, applications for reforms, ludicrous or impossible, supported by vehement entreaties, and referring rather to private than to public grievances. A very stately and matronly personage surrounded by eight or ten of the smallest figurantes of the party, presented a supplication that the pay of all public officers, particularly those of the army and navy, should be increased by an allowance "per capita" for the number of their children. Instances were referred to in support of this arrangement, which produced amusing rejoinders and enlarg-

ed the general mirth. A rather tall and very graceful lady, and a young one, too, who had personated Clorinda with considerable success during the evening, demanded the right of office and suffrage for all her sex. This claim was opposed by our friend the knight, who offered wager of battle in opposition. A very respectable looking old man in dark grey coat and white cravat, asked the restoration of the old trial by jury, which has now been out of men's mouths for a century. In short, there were all sorts of claims preferred—for bouquets from the public gardens, for places at the ensuing ceremonial, and for all kinds of rewards, gratuities and amnesties for adventurers and delinquents, which were courteously received and disposed of.

Thus the night wore on. The dancers thinning out gradually, while through the pauses of the music there stole out softly and sweetly from some deserted nook or grotto, contrived for the purpose, sweet and simple lays, sung by amateurs of the company, who had been enlisted for the occasion by our princely host. Some of these were mirthful, some sad, but all sung in the purest taste. The last of these warblings, which the most sensible part of the company understood as a signal of the near approach of daylight, was sung by a celebrated cantatrice to an unseen accompaniment. It was Ariel's song from the *Tempest*, commencing:

"Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Courtesied when you have kiss'd
(The wild waves whist)
Foot it feately here and there;
And sweet sprites the burthen bear,
Hark!—hark!
Bur, bowgh, wowgh,
The watch dogs bark,
Bur, bowgh, wowgh,
Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The conclusion was irresistibly comic. Adieus, leaves, complaints, bows and wretched smiles were now getting thick on all sides. When in the

middle of the principal saloon there arose the melancholy sound of a hurdy-gurdy, accompanied by a coarse and creaking voice, which sung to a most doleful tune a ditty, commencing with:

"Good people all, I pray give ear,
A doleful story you shall hear."

This was the envoi of the festival, and amid much laughter a general retreat was effected, leaving neither wounded nor baggage behind. I made, I am told, a very passable nun—wore a long loose black robe, with hood, girdle, and rosary. From this experience I have come to the conclusion, that of late parties a masquerade ball is the best, as being somewhat edifying, and very amusing,—also very expensive, and consequently unfrequent.

Adieu,

J. D. P.

LETTER XVII.

WASHINGTON, *Quarters of the Senate,* }
Feb. —th, 2029. }

MY DEAR M.

We are approaching the great event. The President elect arrived at Bon Repos on Thursday, where he will remain until the inauguration, which is now distant only five days. In the mean time they are making large preparations for his reception and for the rejoicings which are to follow. As the procession from the Government House to the Capitol is purely civic, there has always been some difficulty in arranging the truly American part of it, which is the music. Nothing official is done among us without a grand march. We are practical operators. You may remember when the Italian Opera began first to make inroads upon the English stage, how the critics of that day, Johnson, Malone, Stevens and others, who had for years been employed in writing notes upon Shakspeare and the earlier dramatists—avoiding always the passages which were really difficult, and perplexing generally those which were not—how this class of censors expatiated upon the denaturalization of the legiti-

mate drama, which must be occasioned by this new-fangled innovation: when Othello must stab himself in a sonata and Hamlet moralize by the gamut—where all the voices of all the passions must be conjured down into *fa. mi. sol. la. re. ut.* Even at a much later day and in a more musical clime, Madame de Stael set herself about making a defence *raisonné* of the musical drama. Such criticisms could have had no place had the innovation complained of occurred in our own time and among us—where a man can neither be born, married, hanged, or buried, without the necessary overture of drum, trumpet and fiddle, and where in public as in private matters—the consecration of a church—the examination of a school—the opening of a road, or the nomination of an alderman, must all be done to a musical accompaniment.

As nearly as we can learn on the present occasion, the following dispositions have been agreed upon: The Avenue from the Government House to the Capitol is to be kept clear by patrols of cavalry, and to be lined by the uniform police of the city and the militia of the district, no other soldiery being admitted to the city during the ceremonial. The bands are to be stationed along the route so as to be out of the sound of each other's drums. The whole of the procession, with the exception of the Marshall and his aids, to be on foot. This is all we can learn of the order at present.

While these matters are in preparation let me introduce you to a most important part of the governmental machine—I mean the Bureau of Public Printing, which includes a type foundry, a manufactory of paper and ink, and the whole apparatus necessary for making any printed book. The buildings containing this part of the public service are situated in a square nearly west of the Capitol, and called the Imprimery. Of these, as you may suppose, there are several, we will speak only of the principal ones, all of which have this peculiarity pertaining to no other edifice that I know, to wit: That all the ornamental parts, both of the exterior and interior, have been formed

from the refuse and debris of the material here elaborated. So that like a snail-shell, or a bee-cell, the house is made out of the non-assimilated products of the animal's food. The roofs, where not of glass, are composed of very thick glazed paper, incombustible to any ordinary application of fire, and made out of old material whose fibre had been so repeatedly cut as to have lost entirely its adhesive properties. In like manner the cornices, balustrades, capitals, and all the exterior ornature, has been constructed of coarse papier-mâché of the same character. In the early ages of the republic, paper once printed on was considered as refuse, was used for lighting pipes and fires, and for all manner of unworthy purposes. In those days it was customary for shopkeepers and traders in the smaller towns to lay the President's Message and accompanying documents—which made annually 8 octavo volumes of about 600 pages each and weighed nearly thirty pounds—upon the counters of their shops, to be torn up, sheet by sheet, for envelopes and wrappers for the small packages and parcels sold to their customers. Indeed, nine-tenths of the thirty or forty thousand copies of these papers, which were printed at each session of Congress, had always before the commencement of the ensuing session, been sold by the pound for this purpose. This waste continued until literature and printing became so very multitudinous that men began to be apprehensive not only that the world would not contain all the books that were to be written, but that it could not furnish paper enough on which to write them. At this stage it became necessary not only to look for new material out of which to make paper, but also to introduce economy and management for its preservation. Old paper, therefore, came into demand for the same purpose, and to as great amount, as old iron or other indestructibles, for the purpose of being made into new. It was soon found, however, that by repeated uses its tenacity was destroyed, and that the thickness of each new product must be increased to make up for its diminished adhesion, until finally it became too

comminted to adhere at all except in very large masses, when it was appropriated to the decorations I have been describing.

The buildings (The Imprimery) were located in a small depression in the old valley of the Tiber. The selection having been made, as I suppose, because at that time there was yet water enough in the channel of the stream for the uses of the different factories. The first house—the germ of the present establishment—was erected about the middle of the nineteenth century by a citizen, to whom had been farmed out, as was the custom, and at an immense profit, all the public printing of the government. When it became as now, a Bureau of itself, the additional buildings necessary for the several operations were from time to time erected, with plain walls and partitions, the decorations being left to be filled up and completed hereafter, according to a prescribed plan, and as fast as the refuse product, out of which they were to be constructed, should accumulate. The two principal buildings are finished, and present a species of architecture equally bold and original. The façades are plain, the principal decorations being about the doors and windows. The main building, which occupies the north side of the quadrangle, if denuded of its principal portico and wings, would resemble very much a gigantic parallelogram of India Ink, the windows and decorations giving it the appearance of the hieroglyphical emblazonry which is always found on that pigment when genuine. The main entrance to the lower story, which is but little raised above the street, is in the middle of the northern or longest side. It is made through a narrow portico, rising like a triumphal arch or a trophy, over which dominates a groupe of three colossal figures, executed in papier-maché, and representing the primitive printing press as worked by the master printer and two workmen. They are in the act of giving the impression and withdrawing the printed sheet. The fellow at the lever has his muscles represented as if just relieved from tension, like those of an athlete who has just dismissed his

discus. While he who holds the ink balls has nearly the attitude of an English hero of the ring, with his gloves on, but not yet squared up for action—standing in the attitude described in Moore's slang translation of Virgil—

“With daddles high up raised and nob
held back
In awful prescience of the impending
thwack.”

Both these figures are dressed like Flamands, in the pictures of Teniers, with bare arms, short, curled hair and beards, and in face and limbs are fine representations of intelligent and hearty labour. The one who withdraws the sheet is taller than the others, and has the loose coat or gown and long hair which indicates the master. This is the principal figure, the face is decidedly German and has an expression of quiet certainty and forethought. The colour of the group is that of a dark bronze. The figures are gigantic, well chiselled, (I should, perhaps, rather have said chewed,) and so placed as to maintain the effect of their enlarged dimensions by being always in near contrast with real working men of their class. At each end of the building there are wings straight and plain on the outside, but curving inward toward the main front in a circle whose radius is about one-third the length of the building. These wings contain the entrances and stairs leading to the upper part of the building, and they also serve to support a light but capacious dome, which projects over the centre of the front and gives to the whole edifice the appearance of an immense open pavilion. The main front between the wings is divided into compartments by rows of pilasters, along the bases of which run a series of hanging galleries communicating with the interior. The windows are highly decorated and the plain and vacant spaces filled with well executed designs in high relief, of the same paper material, representing important personages and events in the history of printing. This will serve to give at least an idea of the Architecture of these factories: of the presses, caldrons, vats, furnaces, cylinders and machinery

which work within, I have not the time or ability to write any comprehensible description.

You will naturally wonder, in this age when political economy has long been a perfect science, that any enlightened government should commit the absurdity of engaging by its own agents and on its own account in any branch of traffic or manufacture, as such a course not only destroys the competition among artists, by which their fabrics are advanced and perfected, but invites to peculation and must always produce a worse article at a greatly increased cost. The Gobelin tapestries and the Potsdam porcelains, though in the first instance they were really government manufactures, (the Kings of France and Prussia being both the proprietors, utterers and consumers of the ware;) yet they belonged to a much less informed age than the present and soon lost, when able to support themselves, their original character of royal foundations. The truth is, the present arrangement, though contrary to well established general principles, was found necessary, and that after the trial of many other expedients to prevent one of the most hideous and corrupt species of peculation to which the country has ever been subjected. I say hideous, because when a gross and sordid vice attaches itself to any of the agencies, bearing upon public instruction or public morals, it is like usury in the temple, more abhorrent from the purity of the precinct in which it is practiced. That you may better understand the matter I will give you a brief history of the public printing from the commencement of the government until now.

At the epoch of the revolution and the origin of our government (chronologically about the middle of the 18th century,) the world was just passing out of what might be called the age of literature into what may as appropriately be termed the age of books. From the days of Milton to those of Brougham and Macaulay, a learned man who wrote with skill and force, and had besides (what was then requisite and indispensable) both position and principles of his own, became on this

ground a power in the State, and could exercise at once and naturally the function of a public censor and teacher of the people. It was no matter where such a person was found, whether at the bar or in the Senate, in the University or on 'change, his right to be heard as a public instructor was at once recognized and respected. The basis of the power which he wielded did not depend merely upon the capacity to express his opinions and enforce them by argument and rhetoric, but upon the education and knowledge, in the attainment of which such opinions had been formed. A portion of this class of men would naturally become journalists, or at least utter their views and sentiments through some accredited gazette or periodical. If their theories were well founded, reasonable and well sustained, both the author and the journal became popular, and the profit of the publication soon repaid the labour of the writer. A journal thus established would naturally attract and receive patronage from that party, or faction, in the State whose principles and measures were most consonant with its own: and in governments admitting such provisions, its author, or editor, would be rewarded with a pension or with a sinecure office. This is the natural growth of a legitimate publicist. But in our country the process has always and necessarily been forced. The first political editors of our country had acquired reputations in other fields and in other countries than our own before they presented themselves here among us. They were, therefore, purchased from the first: mercenary from the beginning. They were paid for writing at dictation. And the government not having then either sinecures or pensions at its disposal, the consideration for their services was derived from the perquisites of the public printing; the prices for the mechanical labour of this business being from the commencement much advanced above those of the trade, and retained at the same standard for nearly a century thereafter, until the profit became enormous and the temptation to peculation irresistible. You can easily conceive what a mammoth corruption

must have grown up when the percentage of the public printer was levied upon an annual expenditure of four millions of dollars.

The venality naturally growing out of this temptation was greatly increased by a general deterioration in the character of literary men occurring about this time. When writing became a trade and business, the principal qualification of those who practiced it, viz: that of knowledge, principle, and position, was in a great measure lost sight of, and any person who could write rapidly and intelligibly, and had acquired or copied the style and manner of an author of reputation, was accounted competent to conduct a public journal, without any previous education in the constitution, law, or history, either of his own country or of any other nation. Indeed, in editing a political or state paper, an entire absence of any such information seems to have been considered an advantage. The writer was then a soldier, entirely expeditus, unloaded with any equipage or provision—a light partisan, equally ready for pillage or for fight. When literature had attained this state, which it did about the middle of the nineteenth century, the immense farm of the public printing fell necessarily into the hands of political adventurers, free companions, jobbers of votes, and contractors for patronage, who defended any opinion that would pay, men generally who could not write themselves, and who purchased writers as they did the ink, paper, and machinery of their establishments.

In these days, when any particular measure of a public character was to be defended or opposed, one of this corps was selected for the occasion. If he happened to be entirely uninformed, so much the better. He would be then entirely untrammelled by any antecedents—and could easily be indoctrinated into the required opinion. He would be referred to authorities, supplied with facts, precedents, arguments and anecdotes, everything consequential being left to his own invention. This process was called, technically, stuffing, cramming, or posting up, and the machine, if good when thus loaded, would discharge any requisite

number of pages on the subject under consideration. Nor was it in politics alone that this species of stuffing and rendering was enacted, but treatises on art and science—public lectures—even religious and moral instruction, were written and uttered by the same rule. The productions of such authors were all feigned issues, had neither depth nor sincerity. The price of a page went into the lists of prices current, and was more uniform than any other article of commerce. I think there is no fact more palpable, or more conclusively settled by all experience, than that every species of writing becomes worthless in proportion as it becomes mercenary. Those who have had occasion now to refer to the books of the age of which we are speaking, all agree that there is an emptiness and superfluity about them, indicating that great extent of surface was the prime excellence then considered, and that books might then have been written by the acre. Indeed, at this epoch, there were many instances of persons of talent and education, who having fallen from their first estate and dwindled into mere stipendiaries of the prolific press of the day, are remembered now only on account of their earlier efforts, before this blight and pestilence had fallen upon them. The true dignity and proper function of literature is well described by many of the really true writers who lived about the time of its greatest demoralization; but it is no where more forcibly set forth than in the following fervid passage from an opuscule of Mirabeau, who was himself a rare instance of great talent of this kind, most fearlessly and disinterestedly displayed. Speaking of his contemporary journalists, he says: "Ah, if they would but loyally devote themselves to the noble business of being useful: If their unconquerable self-love would deign quietly to exchange factitious fame for true dignity—If, instead of slandering and tearing each other to pieces, destroying reciprocally their influence, they would unite their efforts and labours to crush the ambitious man who usurps, the impostor who deceives, and the slave who sells himself—if despoising

the vile service of gladiators they would wage, as true brothers, a crusade against falsehood, imposture, superstition and tyranny, wherever they show themselves, in less than a century the world would be changed."

But to return to the particular instance of the public printing in our own country, of which it is our main business to speak, when the original monopoly was at its highest, the amount of paper, ink, and pasteboard, used in the public service, would seem incredible now. A petition for a pension, a claim for damage, a communication on any, the most indifferent subject, which came before the Legislature, with all its attendant documents, references, and reports, were printed by thousands. And, as these papers were neither read nor cared for by any one except those immediately concerned, it afforded a grand opening for constructive printing, or printing which was ordered and charged, but never executed. At this time, also, there were instituted several expeditions for the exploration of remote seas, of polar regions, and uninhabited districts of the interior, and though a few of the directors of these undertakings confined themselves strictly to the objects of their appointments—relating the incidents of travel in separate publications, made at their own expense, a course which, when the subject was interesting and the book clearly and modestly written, was sufficiently remunerative; yet others went largely into the superficial knowledge, the square-yard writing of the day—heaped up correspondence—made compendiums of history, and all the ologies that were then known in the world—and farther to illuminate and illustrate their volumes, and to sweeten them into literary conserves, so that they might for a few years at least be saved from becoming sugar and candle wrappers, filled them with most expensive illustrations—so that some of these curiosities became immensely more expensive than valuable. The report of the exploration of the boundary of a new territory often cost more than the entire annual revenue of an old State. It is upon record that the cost of publication

of three of the scientific expeditions undertaken in the nineteenth century, the results of none of which were of any use or interest twenty years after they had been executed, was four times greater than the expense of publishing the great work of Agassiz, a cotemporary publication, and which will be a book of reference for centuries yet to come.

When the outcry against this abuse became too loud to be neglected, the first step towards its abatement was the appointment of committees in each house of congress, who should direct both what documents should be printed and the number of copies of each; but this duty did not belong legitimately to a committee of congress, and its responsibilities in such a duty could at any time be shielded by precedent. Besides, at this time accusations of venality had been made against Legislators themselves, and in some instances, one at least, were universally believed to have been well founded. The action of the committees, therefore, could not be expected either to reach or stay the evil.

When the inefficiency of this arrangement had become apparent, the next step resorted to was the appointment of a Superintendent of Printing. This officer was to be independent of the Printer himself—to examine the material used—in-spect the work executed and audit the accounts. The salary of this new functionary was fixed at that of a *Chef de Bureau*, and when we consider that the income of the agent, whose operations he was to supervise, and that too derived from perquisites, amounted to about fifty times the compensation thus fixed for the superintendence, we may easily conceive what kind of a relation would be established between them. In truth, the policy and wisdom of this measure may be set down as about equivalent to that of setting a starved dog to worry a half-gorged lion. These Superintendents were continued for a few years; succeeding each other like kings in those histories which are half fabulous: one very good and one very bad, alternately: one honest, watchful and unpopular—the next rapacious, unprincipled and corrupt, until it became

plain that the last menage was the worst of all: and the evil grew so notorious that when one man said that another was as honest as the Public Printer, the saying might be taken either as a compliment or a slander, at the pleasure of the recipient, and was decided not to be actionable in the courts.

The present system was at length resorted to, as the only one by which any reasonable service could be obtained at less than an exorbitant cost. In this way the waste of useless publication (by which I mean that which went formerly into the shops for wrapping and waste paper)

is saved. This goes back into the vats and forms of the paper mill, and is made and re-made until it becomes unfit for farther use, and furnishes the papetier out of which the printing houses are ornamented. The superintendence is similar to that of an Arsenal or Armory, and can have the same checks and guards, to ensure a faithful and competent management. Such subjects are enough to make one sick. So I will, for this time, shut them out of consideration by ending my letter.

Adieu,

J. D. P.

M A D E L A I N E .

BY AMIE.

Mute, pallid lips—heart icy cold.

'Neath stirring grass and drenching rain,
The maddening clasp of the sods between,
Dead Madeline!

One only flower in a path all thorns—

One little fount in an arid plain—
The blossom is crushed—the fount is still,
Lost Madeline.

Thy chant-like murmurs shall soothe no more

The restless heart and the fevered brain—
A wide bleak world, and a silenced dead—
Mute Madeline.

Down the vintage slopes the clustering fruits

Enrich the hills with their purple stain—
None lightens the homeward load at eve,
Sweet Madeline!

I watch in vain for a smiling face,

Like a lily out-leaned from the window pane;
The shutter is barred—the cot is chill,
Cold Madeline.

No step to greet me—no lip to bless—

No heart to love me—ah, life grows vain—
No low, wild music—no hand in mine,
Dead Madeline!

BACON'S PHILOSOPHY, AND MACAULAY'S CRITICISM OF IT.

BY W. S. GRAYSON, MISS.

Probably the finest criticism of Bacon individually, is that written by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1837.

Next to the *Reviews* of Milton and the Earl of Chatham by the same writer, that of Lord Bacon, is the most favourable example of the acute genius of this remarkably fine writer.

We admire the estimate he makes of the man, but have to receive his review of the Baconian philosophy with many grains of allowance.

Macaulay is eminently an historian, and just as eminently not a philosopher. Few men, we are inclined to think, are better calculated to write a history of philosophers, and there are few eminent men whom he could excel in writing a history of philosophy. His genius revels in the world of men, and not in the world of mind. He can dissect a character, but cannot analyze an hypothesis.

At least, we are perfectly satisfied that he has signally failed in comprehending the hypothesis on which Bacon's fame reposes.

No theory in philosophy has made a greater impression on the public since the time of Aristotle than the observational method, and yet Macaulay says, this "the inductive method, has been practiced ever since the beginning of the world by every human being,"—page 281.

Can any two statements be more remarkable?

Macaulay adds, "Not only is it not true that Bacon invented the inductive method; but it is not true that he was the first person who correctly analyzed that method and explained its uses. Aristotle had long before pointed out the absurdity of supposing that syllogistic reasoning could ever conduct men to the discovery of any new principle; had shown that such discoveries can be made by induction and by induction alone; and had given the history of the inductive process, concisely indeed, but

with great perspicuity and precision."

Singular therefore is it, that it should have conferred immortality on Bacon! How remarkably obtuse must have been the philosophic world in passing by the merits of Aristotle to bestow its plaudits upon a philosopher "whose rules are indeed proper, but we do not need them, because they are drawn from our constant practice,"—page 282.

The wonder is still greater that Bacon's name should be in every body's mouth in strains of admiration, for the genius displayed in the discovery of the soundest analysis of many centuries, when it is constantly practiced by the most ignorant clown, by the most thoughtless school-boy, by the very child at the breast,—page 281.

To solve this riddle is the object of the present essay.

We say that our opinion of the philosophy of Bacon is precisely coincident with that of Morell, but we would be doing this writer injustice, did we not explain, and say, that Morell's language conveys two very dissimilar opinions, and while he adopts the one, we do the other. He says that Bacon preferred observation and experiment to all false attempts at construing nature on *a priori* principles, and that it was to listen for *a priori* principles that Bacon "made silence within" the mind. Morell applies the Baconian system to the observation, as he says, of the natural developments of them in the mind, and keeps the mind silent until they spontaneously arise, when they may be there discovered.

We apply the Baconian system differently because we believe that the mind is intrinsically—inherently, limited and finite, which it could not be if it could spontaneously originate truth—which we regard as essentially a divine or original prerogative.

Hence we apply the Baconian analysis to the study or arrangement of nature, as nature truly appears to be. We pay

no attention to the mind by any retroverted study of it when we proceed to observe, in order to find *first* or a *priori* truth. These we expect, prevailing in the sciences, severally, of matter, of morals and of mind.

We regard the great cause as the author of all truths constituting those sciences, and that those sciences prevail or exist beyond the senses of the human body proximate to the great cause in nature—and not proximate to the mind.

If first truths were proximate to the mind,—what they must be if they first arise in the mind—then the senses of the body would exclude the possibility of observing them in the outer-world. Whereas the truth is, that all mathematical first principles are regulations of matter external to the mind and to the senses. The whole question resolves itself into this—which was first created, matter or mind? If matter, then, as all mathematical or geographical principles exclusively regulate matter, these truths must first have prevailed in the external world. Upon no other supposition can the observational method be of any intrinsic value.

If the mind does spontaneously put forth or develop first truths, then it has no free agency—if it does, it must be by its free agency in thought, and it could not be free and yet develop according to a fixed mode or law of its nature. The very moment we make the mind develop in accordance with a necessary law,—we take away its freedom or free agency in thought—which free agency is inconsistent with an agency restricted to a necessary or pre-arranged development.

Hence we advocate the Baconian hypothesis, in order to vindicate the mind's freedom when it observes. Hence we locate the first principles of all senses not in the mind, but in the external world.

The opinion we entertain with respect to the philosophy of Bacon, is precisely coincident with that of Morell who, at page 66, of his "Speculative Philosophy," says, "Its many excellencies all have admitted to be unquestionable. Its primary care, to clear away prejudices

and make silence within, in order to listen for truth was conceived in the loftiest spirit of sound wisdom. Its constant inculcation of observation and experiment overturned all those false attempts at construing nature on a *priori* principles what had rendered the vastest exertions of many mighty minds entirely nugatory." The mystery is here solved, but not solved as the author designed.

It is very remarkable that Morell should have made this estimate of the observational method, considering his adherence to the natural development theory.

Bacon's hypothesis is founded not on a *priori* principles of mind or consciousness, but on principles prevailing in the outer world.

Morell holds that the human mind, like a grain of corn, contains, in a crude or germinal state, all the forms and categories of thought, that afterwards are evolved. Hence he founded deductive philosophy on a *priori* judgments, while Bacon founded his judgment on observations. This distinction Macaulay never perceived and never dreamed of.

The Baconian method, which, so far as Macaulay was concerned, was in *nubibus*—would say that the truth that "a part was not the whole—was less than the whole," was a principle ruling externally *first*, to be there first existing, before it could be internally observed or comprehended. In other words, that the *internal first perception* of mathematical truths for example—truths relating to matter, its size, relative magnitude, position in time and space, &c., was not truly the first of those truths as Morell would insist—as Hamilton would insist—but was *posterior in origin* to their prevalence in *external* nature. Hence the observational method and the glory of Bacon.

If any one had sought of the author of the inductive process to apply his method of analysis to the relative size of matter as posited in nature by the wisdom of God, he would if, true to his own system, have taken pains specially to guard him against imagining that those laws *first arose in the mind*—he

would have guarded him against internal study in order to discover *in the mind* the *first* appearance of these truths, and would have urged as his reason or hypothesis, that the mind, being devoid of length, breadth or thickness, could not therefore spontaneously develop truths relating wholly to matter, and that therefore its apprehension of them must be from the study or observation of *external* nature where they *first* prevail. We will come to look at Macaulay's explanations after a little.

It is obviously a mere contradiction in terms to say that truths relating to matter—the axioms of mathematics for example,—externally prevail, and also to say that they are *a priori* judgments, or that they arise in the mind, or are there instinctively developed, as the doctors of the common school of sense insist.

The hypothesis of observation would insist that the *mind* as contrasted with *external nature*, was of the *two*, first devoid of them, and that therefore by the use and employment of the Baconian method of observation, the minds of men *go to their* apprehension, and then, and not till then, do they *arise in the mind*—and hence it is manifest that they arise in the mind not *a priori*, but *a posteriori*, if we may say so—in the world of matter, and *thence transmitted* by observation. Hence the value of the Baconian method, and hence the unparalleled glory of Bacon.

To rule matter, to be rules, prevailing in outer nature,—to be a natural science, is the first *a priori* office of mathematical science, and hence they afterward come by observation to rule or *regulate* the *judgments* of the human mind.

This being so, then any man of ordinary comprehension, who has the most superficial idea of the tenets of the school of common sense philosophers, can estimate the value of the observational method and the great glory of Bacon.

In our judgment one of the most remarkable instances of the misconceptions into which great minds sometimes fall, occurs in the case of Macaulay's

estimate and perception of the Baconian mode of analysis. He has turned aside from the view of observation, as contrasted with the sensational philosophy of Locke, to consider induction merely as a mode, to be applied indiscriminately to the first truths of the mind, and the first truths of external nature—and has not even given the point in issue the slightest consideration.

What the Baconian process chiefly resists is the method of internal study, gone into, in order by perception of the mind's spontaneous outshoots or developments to lay the ground work for successful philosophical speculations. The tide of learning tended at his day, as it tends at ours, to the retroverted, instead of the observational—to the theory of spontaneous development of truth,—rather than to the voluntary apprehension of it—to the theory of common sense—to the theory that consciousness immediately reveals truth instead of the theory that intercourse with outward life and nature reveals them—the theory that truths first arose in the mind, rather than the theory that they arose in the mind because they have first arisen or prevailed in outer life and nature.

The idea entertained by Macaulay is, that the "chief peculiarity of Bacon's philosophy seems to us," says he, "to have been this—that, it aimed at things altogether different from those which his predecessors had proposed to themselves," p. 271.

Did any one ever imagine that Bacon's predecessors had any other object or end in view than to ascertain some safe ground for human beliefs? Did any one ever imagine that Bacon had any other?

All Bacon's predecessors, without exception, had in view to verify the truth, and that alone. Did Bacon propose any other to himself—clearly not.

What was the fruit sought by Aristotle and the dialecticians generally? It was a mode of verifying the truth, or some safe and secure ground for human beliefs, and this is at this day the great and the only want of the philosophic world. What was the "fruit" sought by all Dialecticians? It was sound judg-

ments and this they sought by syllogisms, or an artificial system of technical reasoning.

When Bacon scornfully cast this aside, did he seek any other or different fruit, when he substituted in the place of the rejected logic, observation of cause, or rules of motive in nature? He certainly did not." "What, enquires Macaulay, "was the end which Bacon proposed to himself?" It was, to use his own emphatic expression, "fruit." "It was multiplying of human enjoyments and the mitigating of human sufferings." This says he—this purpose to relieve human suffering—to contribute to physical pleasures "was the object of all his speculations in every department of science—in natural philosophy—in legislation—in politics—in morals."

This we roundly resist, and affirm that Bacon's aim and purpose was dialectical or logical, and not pious or Christian. We concede to Macaulay that in Bacon's private life, the rules that contribute to the physical conveniences of life, stood in much higher estimation than those that form the basis of moral pleasure. But instead of being a topic of laudation of the man, it is rather the provocative of lamentation and tears.

Macaulay contrasts the philosophy of Bacon with that of Seneca, and gives the preference to Bacon's because Bacon preferred the physical conveniences of life, while the heathen preferred the fortification of the soul by the practice of virtue.

The charge that Macaulay lays at the door of Seneca, to his disparagement, is that he "dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime that they could never be more than theories," while he lauds Bacon, because he turned aside from all theories of moral perfection, in order to give the greater attention to the philosophy that makes the shoe-maker and the house-carpenter, the clothes manufacturer and the carriage-builder.

Macaulay brings a charge against Seneca that a Christian should be slow to make, i. e. that his theories of morals were inadequate to fortify the soul. No such charge could be brought against

Bacon, because he lived in the age of Hugh Latimer,—in the sixteenth century of the *Christian* era, and Seneca did not.

"Assuredly," says he, "if the tree which Socrates planted and Plato watered, is to be judged of by its flowers and leaves, it is the noblest of trees. But if we take the homely test of Bacon—if we judge of the tree by its fruits, our opinion of it may perhaps be less favourable." And what are their fruits? The pleasures of the body."

That the conveniences of life, for which we are indebted to the principles of *natural* philosophy, tend indirectly and consequentially to the moral progress of our race is not denied, but what is denied, and that vehemently, is that they have any *necessary* or *unavoidable* tendency—any *direct* and *immediate* tendency to produce that fruit of social and individual happiness. Hence devotion to natural science, although commendable in a subordinate point of view, is neither the *chief* excellence of any man, nor is it to be reckoned as a more noble characteristic than devotion to the principles that support human virtue.

Bacon's test, if applied to the greatest benefactors of our race—nay, even if made to bear upon the Saviour of all men, would conduct us to the same conclusions to which it led Macaulay concerning Plato, viz: that they were devoted to the duty of unfolding theories of human virtue—theories that conduce to human virtue, and not primarily to the multiplication of the sensual enjoyment of a temporal life.

We insist, if the Christian revelation be true, that nothing temporal—nothing that merely regulates matter in time—nothing other than the principles of *ethereal* science—nothing other than the science that Socrates and Plato so loved, and so misunderstood—nothing other than the philosophy of the New Testament, and their study and observance, in all the relations of life, which they regulate—can directly produce private or public virtue. Physical conveniences, which Bacon so loved and Macaulay has so lauded, are produced by the study and practice of a very different set of laws or principles—

the science of *things*, as contradistinguished from the science of the *soul*.

Speaking of philosophy, Seneca says, according to Macaulay: "the object of her lessons is to form the soul: non est, inquam, instrumentum ad usus necessarios opifex." "To this, (adds Macaulay,) if the *non* were left out, the last sentence would be no bad description of the Baconian philosophy."

Leave out the *non*, and the philosophy taught is the one on which Bacon acted when he received the one hundred pounds from worthy Mr. Aubrey, by the back stairs, or the four hundred from the no less worthy Mr. Egerton—page 264. (He sought to obtain at the hands of Mr. Physical Science what would conduce to his temporal conveniences, very much to the chagrin of Mr. Moral Philosophy. Plato and Seneca embraced Mr. Moral Philosophy and shook him cordially by the hand, and bowed politely but distantly to Mr. Physical Science; and Bacon, reversing this, embraced Mr. Natural Philosophy and shook him cordially by the hand, and bowed distantly to Mr. Ethereal Science; and Macaulay throws his hat into the air, in acclamations of praise of the superiority of Bacon's genius.)

Seneca insisted that those persons who merely practiced the principles of *natural science*, which, when reduced to practice, only contribute to the temporal conveniences of life—the improvement of the circumstances that tend to the sensual enjoyments of our race—were not philosophers in the truest and highest meaning of that term—a truth that not one man in a thousand will deny, when it is properly presented to his consideration; and yet obviously true as were the teachings of this heathen philosopher, Macaulay says: "For our own part, if we were forced to make our choice between the first shoe-maker and the author of the three books on Anger, we pronounce for the shoe-maker;" thus virtually assuming that study and obedience of natural science is preferable to study and obedience of the ethereal principles regulating the social relations of life.

Why might not Bacon have used this

formula and have said, when exhorted in conscience to the obedience of ethical philosophy, whose immediate tendency is rather to restrain than to augment physical conveniences—"we pronounce for the principles of *natural science*; whose study and obedience have prepared for our hands the gold and the temporal conveniences which it represents—prepared for our enjoyment the comforts of body and the pleasures of sensual life."

Socrates and Plato were not epicureans, and hence their antagonism to Macaulay's view of the essential spirit of the Baconian hypotheses. They were stoics, which Bacon was not; were willing to defer to moral in preference of physical rules of living.

"This philanthropia," as Macaulay says—this adherence to bodily rather than to moral pleasure—"which as he (Bacon) said was 'so fixed in his mind that it could not be removed,' this majestic humility, this persuasion that nothing can be too insignificant for the attention of the wisest, which is not too insignificant to give pleasure or pain to the meanest, is the great characteristic distinction, the essential spirit of the Baconian philosophy"—page 272. This essential spirit, this characteristic distinction, is only the distinction between natural philosophy and the sciences of mind and morals.

Let any man engage in the pursuit of natural science, and write dissertations on it, and he will soon find himself, like Bacon, bestowing more attention to "snow," as a preventative of animal putrefaction, to which Macaulay says he fell a "martyr," than to the laws preservative of the purity of the ermine—preservative of private integrity.

So wholly was Bacon absorbed in attention to the principles naturally exhibited, that it is a question among philosophers whether he ever designed his mode of analyses to be applied to moral government. Several very eminent men have questioned it, but with respect to it we are under no doubt.

Morell, although he steadfastly believed that Bacon intended to include morals in the range of his method, yet he says that

"he applied his principles to psychological investigations with great reserve and even timidity. 'For,' and he quotes Bacon as saying, 'our mode of discovery, by means of a prepared and arranged history, does not aim *so much* at the movements and operations of mind, like the common logic, but rather at the *nature of things*.'"

Because Bacon applied his attention almost exclusively to the nature of *things*, and very little to the character or movements of the soul, Macaulay thereupon says, that this was the essential spirit and characteristic distinction of the Baconian philosophy—virtually saying that Bacon's fame rests upon the fact that he studied natural philosophy more than he did the foundations of mind and morals.

If this be his estimate of the process of deduction, he is most exceedingly benighted.

We should be much pleased, had we the space, to enter into consideration of the declaration of Morell with respect to the Baconian philosophy. He insists, that "another main defect in the Baconian system was its almost entire neglect of *deduction*. It did not take into consideration that a sagacious mind may often rise at once, *per saltum*, to a general principle, and then reason downwards, so as to deduce those axiomated media on which our main real knowledge mainly consists."

If the reader will ponder over the philosophy of this extract—an extract that contains the philosophy of common sense as in a nut-shell—he will be well prepared to see the force of the method by observation.

As we have already said, it was not any mode of reasoning that Bacon discovered; for we agree with Macaulay, that every man and boy has *deduced* and *induced*, (if we may say "induced,") since the world began. The essential spirit of the Baconian method was its mode of *application*. He taught, to draw from the *outward*, and not from the *inward* world. There is, therefore, not a particle of difference between deduction and induction and observation.

If you refuse to observe the mind, in

order to deduce from *its* examination the laws of physics, you are at once an adherent of Bacon. If you carry this method into morals, and refuse to look into the consciousness, in order to deduce thence the principles of moral government, you are an adherent of the observational method of human investigation as applied by Bacon.

If you wish to be an opponent of this method and an adherent of the philosophy of common sense, square your sentiments in accordance with the following extract from the philosophy of M. Cousin, the French Electricist: "The fundamental principle of knowledge and *intellectual* life is consciousness. Life begins with consciousness, and with consciousness ends. *In consciousness* it is that we apprehend ourselves, and it is in consciousness, and *through it*, that we *apprehend the external world*. * * * * As all knowledge commences with consciousness, it is able to remount no higher. Here a prudent analysis will stop and content itself with what is given." Not so, says the Baconian method of observing, for it says, observe—not consciousness—but the external world; find out there the laws of matter and the principles of moral government, that in *practice* fortify the soul and practically improve the race—that all *knowledge* is posterior to the observation of some *truth*—that truth does not grow in the consciousness, and there naturally develop; and hence there is no use in introverting or reversing observation—but that truth is *external* to human observation; that the fundamental principles of human knowledge are prevalent, all the time, in the outer world, *where we have to go* through or by the aid of sensational organism, in order to have our beliefs or thoughts confirmed in order to deduce *thence*—and not from internal sense; that there is no *internal sense* worth a baabee until it is sustained by some *truth* observed, or deduced; that we must remount higher than human consciousness, in order to know, in order to acquire sound convictions, or assured beliefs; that we must remount from self to the outer world, and *there*, by the safe analyses of Bacon, examine, compare, de-

duce, exclude, sift, ponder, think, experiment, listen for truth, reject error, &c., &c.

The Baconian philosophy draws the distinction between the *principles* of things and the *things* in which the *principles* inhere—draws a distinction between internal development and external observation; and holds, therefore, in order to be consistent, that the mind has to observe, *first*, the things, and, *secondly*, the principles—first, the men or persons, and secondly, the rules of their moral regulation—the rules that form moral government; that truth, therefore, can only be deduced to the mind *from* external observation. Now, if the mind has to observe *first* truths, external to it, it follows as a necessary logical consequence that first truths must be external, and, therefore, not in consciousness first. If they were in *consciousness first*, there would be no need of the observational method, for they would naturally unfold themselves independently of the acts or operations of thought. If they were in *consciousness first*, and ever came to be also in the *outer world*, they would not only be *there secondly*, but would necessarily have to be transported from where they *first* arose to where they secondarily prevailed.

In order to show that Bacon applied the observational mode to the practices of men, or to social intercourse, in order to learn moral government, we have only to quote an extract from the first book of *Novum Organum*, translated by Morell, and with this will close what we have to say on the subject. "Perhaps any one might doubt rather than object whether we intend to perfect by our method not only natural philosophy, but also the other sciences, such as logic, ethics and politics. We reply, we understand the things we have spoken to be applicable to them all, and just as the common logic, which governs things by the syllogism, not only pertains to the natural but to all the sciences, so also ours, which proceeds by

induction, embraces them all likewise. For we may *construct*"—(we object to the translation; we prefer *arrange*)—"a history and tables of discovery concerning anger, fear, shame, and the like, just as we do concerning the scenes of civil life; nor less concerning the mental operations of memory, composition, diversion, judgment, and the rest, than about cold or heat, or light or vegetation, and the like."

How would we arrange a history of anger, for example, or of memory?

We would go into the scenes of actual life, and *there* make our observations, arrange our facts, study the consequences of anger, when developed or practiced *there*; and then do what? Do what the observational method only justifies in doing—*deducing our conclusions* from *thence*, and not from any introverted examination of the psychological developments of our sense, or our minds, or any thing so finite and erring.

The same course is also to be pursued in respect to memory. Have men memories? If you wish to know, and distrust your own operations, go out into the external world, with your observations, and collect facts from men, and arrange these facts, and you will return with *secure* beliefs. From such a method you will obtain more security on the question—do men recollect?—than from any introverted study; for your internal study only gives you one example, and that a finite and erring one; and an external example gives you thousands of like examples. If, therefore, a thousand experiments, tending to one conclusion, be better than one, so, in like proportion, is Bacon's mode of human enquiry better than the philosophy of common sense. The reader will bear in mind that in this essay we dismiss from the enquiry the mode of learning by revelation, which is a super-natural one. We have only enquired how we are to know, "Revelation being out of consideration."

LILLIAN WHITE:
A LITTLE HISTORY.

BY FANNY FIELDING, OF NORFOLK, VA.

PART I.

Oh, Lillian White,
You remember the night
When by the window we stood,
And my arm embraced
Your slender waist,
And my eyes peered under your hood?
Oh, Lillian White,
How long we had walked!
Oh, Lillian White,
How long we had talked!
But never a word
That I spake or you heard
Revealed what I meant,
Till my loving sound vent,
As you stood that night,
In the summer starlight,
By the bean-blossomed, vine-wreathed window-sill,
While the night-bird doled out her "Whip-poor-will!"

Oh, Lillian White,
I remember the light
I saw in your soft eyes shine,
As your hood fell down
From your tresses brown,
And you lifted them up to mine.
There were threads of gold,
As you daintily roll'd,
In ringlets like the sun,
Your shining hair
On your fingers fair—
And I kissed them every one.
There was red on your cheek,
But you did not speak,
Though you looked as you wished you could—
And your lips apart
Told a beating heart,
And I felt as—I wished you would!
Sweet Lillian's lips,
No honey-bee sips
More daintily than did I,
As we stood at the vine-clad window,
And looked up at the star-gemmed sky.

Oh, Lillian White,
 How soft and light
 The hand you placed in mine—
 Little nestling tremulous!
 Had I been farther emulous,
 What richer treasure could my love diviné!

Oh, Lillian White!
 Before that night
 The world seemed not half so fair;
 But I blessed the earth—I blessed the flow'rs—
 I blessed all things in this world of ours—
 As I stood in silence there,
 And I offered the God, who had made them all,
 My manhood's primal prayer.
 I gave praise for the beautiful things of earth;
 I gave love for my beautiful Lillian's birth;
 I gave praise that he made the stars to shine;
 I gave *love* that Lillian's love was mine.

Oh, Lillian White!
 Dost remember the night
 That you tutored my spirit to love aright?

PART II.

Oh, Lillian White,
 We stand to night
 Upon this life's threshold—
 Hand clasped in hand,
 We waiting stand,
 For we are growing old.

Oh, Lillian White,
 Your brow to night
 Thrice twenty years has seen—
 Thrice twenty years of holy thought
 Have left their heavenly sheen:
 A radiant circle shining there—
 A halo angels well might wear.

Oh, Lillian White,
 No more the light
 Thy gentle eyes send forth—
 Weaves love's uncertain, witching spell,
 Or wakens passion's birth;
 But the chaste beam,
 With which they gleam,
 Is a light beyond the earth.

Oh, Lillian White,
 My heart's delight!
 I smooth your fading hair.
 It once was gold,
 Ere we were old,
 But silver threads are there.

The riches current upon earth
We'll leave them where they had their birth;
Nor fret, nor sigh, nor care—

There is sumless wealth awaiting us
In the region over there.

Oh, Lillian White,
What fond delight
We've felt as years passed on,
And children came
To bear our name,
And live when we were gone!
We've mingled fears,
We've mingled tears,
We've mingled joys together;
When life was bright
We shared its light—
We've shared its stormy weather.
Together watered with our tears
Each little human blossom,
Our maker's gardener bore away
To plant in earth's green bosom.
Together laid
On manhood's head
Our hands in parting blessing:
Together sighed
O'er youthful bride,
Our wooed and won caressing.

Now, Lillian White,
The gentle night
Of age is thick'ning o'er us,
We, hand in hand,
Will seek the land
Others have trod before us:
For those we leave
We will not grieve—
Life's sunshine and fair weather,
All, all, be theirs,
We know no cares,
So we may go together.

And, Lillian White,
Soon ends the night!
We can almost see the portal,
Whence morning breaks in the bright Beyond,
Where love becomes immortal.
Lillian White,
Thou'st led me aright!
The light!
How bright!
There is no more night!

GREENWAY COURT; OR, THE BLOODY GROUND.

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XL.

PROGRESS.

Two days after Mr. Argal's return, he set out for Greenway Court, accompanied by his daughter, who had delivered the Earl's Message, and expressed a desire to "breathe a little fresh air."

Her father had readily acquiesced in this proposal, and mounting their horses—Mr. Argal his stout cab, and his daughter her slender-legged filly—they were soon upon the road. There were two routes to Greenway Court. One led by the Ordinary—another branching to the right, and following a mere bridle path, wound over the prairie, and approached the house on a different side.

In compliance with the request of the young lady, who said she was heartily tired of the common road, they pursued this latter, and very soon arrived at the Earl's.

He met them at the door, and exhibited a satisfaction and pleasure, upon seeing Miss Argal, which was unusual with one who seemed hard to arouse or interest deeply. He assisted the young lady from her animal, gave her his arm, and led her into the mansion with grave courtesy. Mr. Argal followed, and they were, all three, seated ere long before the crackling fire of light sticks, which was far from unpleasant.

Whilst her father and the Earl were engaged in discussing the business matters which were the occasion of the visit, Miss Argal amused herself looking over the book-shelves; and finally bore away a volume of the "Spectator," which she very soon seemed to become absorbed in. She presented a fascinating picture as she sat by the window poring over the book. One of her plump, white arms, from which the wide sleeve had fallen back, sustained her bent head—the elbow resting on the window sill—the rounded wrist, adorned with its fine bracelet, half buried in the profuse curls of her ebon

hair. Her full but graceful figure, was inclined forward—and her black eyes were nearly concealed by the long, dark^o lashes, almost resting on the rosy cheek.

She was still poring over the volume, when a grave and courteous voice said behind her:

"Pray what have you there, Miss Argal—a romance from my collection?"

"Oh no, my Lord, I never could read romances," was the smiling reply, "it is a volume of Mr. Addison's "Spectator," which I admire very much."

"And I also, madam," replied the Earl. "He is a writer of rare wit and humour."

"Oh! he certainly is."

"Pray what paper did you open at—his attack on the ladies, and their fashions? It created a great talk, I remember, at the time."

"So I suppose, my Lord, but I was not reading that. I was interested very much in this paper."

And she held up the book with her fascinating smile. The Earl looked at it. The paper was one which he had contributed to the "Spectator" in his youth.

"I have heard that Mr. Addison and Mr. Steele wrote together," said Miss Argal, "can your Lordship tell me which of them wrote this? It is so elegantly composed—so delightful!"

The Earl smiled. He had prided himself much on his literary reputation—and the old leaven of a former vanity had not spent its strength.

"I am almost ashamed to reply after such high commendation, madam," he said, "but truth renders it necessary for me to say that I wrote that paper myself."

"You, my Lord! Have you ever written for the printers?"

The Earl smiled again: there was something singularly delightful to him in the young lady's admiration and surprise.

"I am obliged to say yes," he answer-

ed. "I knew Mr. Addison and esteemed him highly—and rather received than conferred a favour by occupying a place in the "Spectator." Indeed, the man himself was of such conspicuous gifts, that the greatest noblemen, much more my poor self, were honoured by his friendship and conversation. He lived but simply when I knew him first, and dressed very meanly—but you forgot what he wore, and the poor apartment he occupied, when his calm, clear voice began. He would smoke his pipe and converse for hours, and I still recall his smile, with its extraordinary sweetness and serenity, as though his thoughts were fixed upon some delightful recollection, or unseen spirits were whispering to him. All who knew him admired and loved him—I was honoured by a place in his paper. He was a very great man—I am not—that explains all, madam."

"And you wrote this beautiful paper?" said Miss Argal, with a contemplative air, "this paper I was reading with so much interest."

"I believe so. And I think you will find my name affixed at the end."

The young lady turned the leaf, and said innocently:

"Why here it is sure enough, 'Thomas, Lord Fairfax.' I ought to have looked."

Had she looked? Yes. The connection of the Earl with the "Spectator" had been known to her, and she had sought for and found, and commenced reading the number marked with his name.

After some more conversation on literature, the book was replaced on the shelf, and at the same moment a savory odor invaded the apartment. The dinner hour had arrived—and with a little urging Mr. Argal remained.

Dinner was served after the English fashion, in courses, and the three persons remained at table until the sun began to stream through the western window. Miss Argal had summoned all her wonderful powers to attract the admiring attention of the Earl—and she had succeeded. She had commenced by flattering his vanity—she ended by impressing upon him the fact that she regarded him

with a mixture of respect and affection, which she struggled against but could not overcome. The conversation had turned upon marriage and the philosophy of that relation—and the young lady, in the most casual and unintentional way, had declared that for her part she never could understand the taste of women for "mere boys." Young men were no favourites of her's. They were so terribly vain, and prided themselves so much upon their youth and beauty—they seemed to bestow their affection as a sort of favour on the ladies,—and, indeed, she never could bear them, the vain creatures! If she ever thought of marrying she would select some one else. It should be a serious person—no matter if he had reached or even passed middle age. She would be sure at least of his love, and could rely upon his judgment and his protection. She would rather a thousand times trust her happiness to such an one, than to a giddy-pated youth, however handsome he might be.

All this was uttered by Miss Argal in the most innocent and careless way:—the mere outpouring, it appeared, of her confiding disposition. And it thrilled the cold heart of the weary exile with a new and delightful emotion. His vanity was soothed and catered to—his admiration was excited by the lovely speaker—his ears drank in the music of her voice, and his eyes dwelt with unaccustomed intensity upon her countenance, so instinct with beauty and fascination.

When, very soon after dinner, Mr. Argal declared the necessity of his departure, the Earl pressed him warmly to remain. The young lady, as before, discovered that she was labouring under a cough, but this only hurried her departure. Mr. Argal thanked his Lordship, but said that it was absolutely necessary for him to return that evening. And so the horses were brought up, and the Earl assisted the young lady to her seat in the saddle.

Did her ungloved hand retain his own, as it had retained Falconbridge's on that evening of their first meeting? Was the slight but clearly perceptible pressure intentional?

The Earl stood on the porch and watched them until they were out of sight—the languishing smile of Miss Argal as she departed, still before him. As he turned finally, re-entered the house, he muttered:

“I have never seen a beauty as superb, or a more brilliant mind! Let me beware! Love a woman again? It would be monstrous!”

But all the evening he was thinking of her.

XLI.

IN THE MOUNTAIN.

Half an hour after the departure of Mr. Argal and his daughter for Greenway Court, Falconbridge drew up before the house, and leaping from his horse, entered the mansion, smiling and joyful.

His love for the young lady had reached that point now, that out of her presence he scarcely lived. His life was concentrated into those hours of each day when he sat by her and looked into her eyes. All the rest was a dull, cold blank to him—with no pleasure in it at all. He *existed*, simply, there at the Ordinary, and passed all his moments in musing upon the interview which had passed by, or on the one which was to occur again on the morrow. As he mounted his horse to go away, his form would droop, his eye become gloomy—when he put spur to Sir John, to go and see her, he was the picture of buoyant joy and light-heartedness.

These moods will explain the emotion of the young man when one of the servants informed him that Miss Argal had departed—and above all, departed for “Lord Fairfax’s.”

As the words were uttered, he felt a dizziness, a sudden sinking of the heart. Lord Fairfax’s! She had gone to Greenway Court! All the scene, when that morning she had insulted him so carelessly, rushed back—he remembered the whole interview—he saw her glances, her wiles, her witcheries to attract his Lord-

ship! For a moment, then, he stood still and gazed at the servant with an expression which almost frightened her.

It was for a moment only. His presence of mind returned, and simply requesting her to inform Miss Argal of his visit on her return, he issued forth and mounted his horse again.

Should he go thither? Yes! He would go and be a witness of what he felt was the scene at Greenway—a witness of her smiles and cajoleries, and fascinations, aimed at the Earl—he would go and sup full upon his jealousy and resentment!

And digging the spur into the side of Sir John, he set forward like lightning upon the road to Greenway.

A mile from Mr. Argal’s he suddenly drew rein—so suddenly that Sir John reared and almost fell upon his haunches. Was it advisable to go there? Would she relish this persistent pursuit of her—this jealous supervision, as though he suspected her fidelity to him? Was it worth while to go and suffer, and get no thanks, rather coldness for it? No! He would return to his lonely chamber and see no one.

And he turned his horse’s head in the direction of the Ordinary, going along now very slowly, his head drooping, his brow overshadowed.

“No, no,” he murmured, “no, I cannot go back there. Mrs. Butterton would annoy me with her wearying conversation—I need movement, fresh air.”

With these words he stopped and looked round. The Fort Mountain raised its great ramparts and seemed to beckon him—the prairie, swept by the wind, whispered to him. He had met George in the morning at the Ordinary on his way to the “Fort,” and now remembering the fact, directed his course straight toward it.

He at last reached the river—pushed his horse through the current, and skirting the noisy Passage Creek, ascended the winding bridle-path toward the cottage of the Wizard.

As he went onward many wild sights and sounds greeted him, and dissipated, in a measure, his possessing thoughts.

A great eagle rose, with slow, flapping wings, from a crag near at hand, and swept away into the opposite mountain—a stag flitted across a distant opening and disappeared—more than once he heard in the tangled thicket near at hand the stealthy tread of a panther or a bear, crackling over the dry twigs, and rustling the dead leaves of the forest. He went on without heeding these things, however, and soon reached the steep knoll upon which the Wizard's cottage was situated. As he arrived at this point, he all at once saw, in the porch of the house, a pleasant little rustic picture.

On one of the benches a young girl was seated, graceful and smiling—and her smiles seemed to be occasioned by the attempt which a young man, occupying a lower seat at her feet, was making to place a wreath of pale primroses on her forehead.

Beside them was stretched, indolently sleeping, a huge black bear, to whose presence no attention at all seemed to be paid.

Cannie and George were so much interested in their occupation that they did not hear the foot-falls of the horse—and it was not until Falconbridge had tied Sir John to a bough, and ascended the declivity on foot, to the spot very nearly, that they became aware of his presence.

The bear rose with a growl, and exhibited a ferocious looking mouth filled with white, sharp teeth, but at a word from the young girl, accompanied by a warning tap on his head from her little hand, lay down quietly again and dozed serenely.

The boy and the girl welcomed Falconbridge with the warmest cordiality, and Cannie, with a smile, informed him that he need fear nothing from "Bruin," who was a long tried friend and pet, and quite harmless. With these words she pushed the animal with her small foot, and bade him move. Bruin acquiesced with perfect good humour, and rising lazily, waddled off to a sunny knoll, and lying down, speedily went to sleep again.

Cannie, meanwhile, had entered the house and announced the visit of Falconbridge to her grandfather, who soon came

forth and welcomed him. They were still exchanging courteous expressions, and the young man was looking with great interest at Cannie, when another incident occurred. A sudden fluttering in the air attracted their attention—a suppressed croak was heard—and an immense hawk, with an arrow through his wing, fell almost at the young man's feet.

"Why Lightfoot is here!" said Cannie, "he has shot the hawk who was after my pigeons!"

"Who is Lightfoot?" asked Falconbridge, whose gloom began to yield before the innocent smiles of the girl, "another friend like the bear?"

"Oh, no sir: he is an Indian. He is a true friend, however. He once saved my life and we love him—even George. There he comes—he has been to see us twice lately—he lives in the mountain."

As Cannie spake the young Indian was seen approaching down the abrupt, almost precipitous path which led upward to the summit. From the tall mass of rock above, he had seen and transfixed the hawk—and now came to pick it up. He was welcomed with great affection by Cannie, and when she pointed to Falconbridge and said, "This is another good friend, Lightfoot," the Indian stretched out his arm and shook hands, as he had learned to do, with a grave dignity and courtesy which might have graced an Emperor.

XLII.

HOW AN ANIMAL CHANGED THE DESTINIES OF THREE HUMAN BEINGS.

The day was spent happily by all. That confidence which soon springs up between persons of sincere and truthful natures, made the hour glide away without constraint or ceremony.

The Indian and Falconbridge were not regarded in the light of strangers by the old man or his daughter—and as to George, we already know that he was on a footing of the most perfect familiarity and friendship. As they sat on

the little porch, and looked forth on the beautiful scene of forest and mountain, dancing streamlet and moss-clad rocks, a cheerful and inspiring influence seemed to fill every bosom, and Falconbridge was no exception. The shadows which had lain upon his brow slowly passed away. His equanimity returned. From the little mountain cottage, nestling in a gash of the great lofty range, he looked down as it were upon the events of the morning, there in the lowland, and regarded them in a different and more hopeful light.

Had he not suffered himself to be carried away by a mere rush of jealous and irrational suspicion, by a fit of angry disappointment at not meeting the young lady? What reason was there to find fault with her for accompanying her father on a pleasant ride across the prairie, when he doubtless had some business matters to transact with Lord Fairfax? Could he blame her—was there any, the least, ground for complaint or dissatisfaction? Indeed, ought he not to feel some shame at having wronged her, and charged her with unworthy motives, even in his imagination?

When his reflections brought him to this point, the whole matter was ended. A noble nature always suffers deeply from the consciousness that it has committed an injustice—with such, the recoil is always powerful; the longing to make amends is irresistible. Falconbridge determined to be, in future, more kind and unsuspicious than he had ever been before; and thus having banished his absorbing thought, he became cheerful and even joyous again.

Every object around him was well calculated to increase this sentiment, and foster his mood of mind. The fresh bracing air caressed his cheeks and forehead, and filled his pulses with a buoyant life. He inhaled it with delight, and felt the last traces of his gloomy thought disappear. His companions were not unsuited to the scenes, nor to his change of mood—Cannie looked up into his face with her bright fresh smile, her tender eyes, and air of confiding affection. She had not forgotten how he came to the

side of her grandfather on the day of his trial, and greeted him in his sincere voice, full of sympathy and kindness—how he had held his hand out to herself, and said she was a little countess, and a good daughter. She had recalled his tones and looks and words, on her return, with a strange pleasure; and now met him as a friend whom she had known and loved. And Falconbridge derived no less pleasure from the countenance of Cannie. He thought many times during the day that there was something in the clear eyes and innocent lips strangely familiar—he seemed to have met with the girl far away in some other land, of which he retained only a shadowy recollection. Unable to define or explain this emotion, he at last yielded himself up to the charm, and was happy at her side.

If he turned from Cannie or the old man, or George, who was a favourite with him, it was to gaze with much interest on the graceful young Indian. Lightfoot evidently excited his curiosity and admiration. There was something simple and almost majestic about the Indian—the evidence of the possession of those traits which Falconbridge had been taught to love and reverence all his life; true native dignity, simplicity and goodness. A close observer would have said, indeed, that these two youths of different race and training were of one blood, despite their opposing colour. Both bore themselves with an unconscious pride, in which nothing repulsive or unamiable was observable—both had the native truth and honesty of the forest, in eye and lip and tone of voice.

"You are from the Lowland, I believe, sir?" said the old man in his calm, collected voice, "the Tide-water region?"

"Yes, sir," returned Falconbridge, "from the banks of the Chesapeake—and I seem to have met with you, or some one nearly resembling you, somewhere—"

And the young man seemed to reflect.

"Yes," he added suddenly, it was in Williamsburg one day! You were conversing with his Excellency the Gover-

nor, on Gloucester street—were you not, sir?"

The old man smiled, but replied guardedly.

"I have visited Williamsburg, sir, and I am acquainted with his Excellency."

"I was sure of it, Mr. Powell—I was there at College, and was walking out that evening with a friend, when I saw you. Did you live near the town?"

"No, sir," returned the other, "higher up. You see I have come up still further into the mountains, and perhaps I shall spend all my days here. There is something strangely noble to my eye in these bristling ranges, and I should like to sleep my last sleep on the summit of one of those peaks."

"And I, too," said Falconbridge musing: "true, it is a matter of small importance where the poor body rests when the spirit has left it—in the depths of the ocean, in the desert, in the air as the Indian race prefer—in the lowland or the mountains. But something of the old preferences govern us even in this. For my part I would like my grave to be on the summit of this very mountain—on the forehead itself of the sleeping giant, if I may call it such—yonder, where that great eagle is swooping toward the immense pine against the sky, full in the sinking sun. And that reminds me, George,"—added the speaker turning to his companion, "that we should set out for home unless we wish to be benighted. I have had a happy day, sir, and thank you and your daughter, and all."

With these words Falconbridge rose.

"I have something to give you for Lord Fairfax, sir," said the old man, "as you no doubt will see him. I will procure it, and request you to take charge of it."

He retired as he spoke, and soon returned with a small package, secured with a heavy wax seal, which he handed to Falconbridge. The young man thought it somewhat singular that it had not been extended to George, who was going straight to Greenway, but said nothing, and bade all farewell.

George, however, was not ready: a circumstance which he explained by saying that he wished to discover if the stories about carrier-pigeons were true—and especially if *Cannie's* favourite one would "carry a message" from Greenway to the mountain. He accordingly proceeded to coax the pigeon to descend by scattering some crumbs, and gradually approach it, as it tipped about, picking them up. *Cannie* had meanwhile called Falconbridge's attention to her prince's feathers, cardinal flowers, and primroses in a bed near the fence, and the young man bent down and examined them with a pleasure and interest which was rather on account of their mistress than their own, but no less delighted the smiling girl.

As he did so, he did not observe that in turning round he had dropped from the breast pocket of his doublet the package which the old man had entrusted to him.

George soon secured the pigeon, and imprisoning it carefully in his bosom, announced his readiness to depart. With many cordial pressures of the hand, and kind words, the two young men then mounted their horses, and were rapidly proceeding on the way to their respective abodes.

They parted at a point where they encountered the road leading from Greenway to the Ordinary—George turning to the right, Falconbridge to the left—with friendly smiles, and a promise on George's part to come soon and see his friend, at *Mynheer Van Doring's*.

Falconbridge rode on, busy with his own thoughts, and had nearly reached the Ordinary, when suddenly he remembered the package entrusted to him by the old man, which he had intended to deliver to George for the hands of the Earl. He put his hand into his doublet—it was gone! Greatly annoyed at the circumstance, and wondering how he had lost it, he thought at first of retracing his steps, but gave up the intention, as the setting sun preluded night, and he would not be able to find it.

Promising himself to search for it on

the succeeding morning, he continued his way.

The search proved useless.

Ten minutes after the departure of the young men from the mountain cottage, and soon after Cannie and her grandfather had entered the house, the bear Bruin descried the glittering object, and either attracted by the colour, or liking the flavour of the wax, bore it off to a spot in the forest, and amused himself in mouthing and tearing it. Unimportant as it seemed, the circumstances had an influence almost fatal in the destinies of three persons.

XLIII.

IN WHICH CAPTAIN WAGNER REQUESTS MONSIEUR JAMBOT TO PULL HIS NOSE.

The spectacle which greeted Falconbridge as he entered the doorway of the Ordinary, was one of those tableaux which are only presented upon extraordinary occasions, and under peculiar circumstances.

In the middle of the apartment, Captain Wagner and Monsieur Jambot were locked in a tender, tragic, and fraternal embrace, upon which Mrs. Butterton looked with tears of joyous agitation and hysterical delight.

What had caused this fine picture? Let us explain.

Since the evening when Mrs. Butterton yielded to the onset of the valiant Borderer, the bosom of Monsieur Jambot had been consumed by a gloomy internal fire. He had speedily discovered the result of that low-toned conversation between the Captain and the widow—and the discovery was gall and wormwood to him. He had flattered himself, with that talent for hope which characterizes his nation, that all obstacles to an union with himself would disappear from the mind of Mrs. Butterton—that she regarded Captain Wagner with nothing more than ordinary friendship—and that he himself had only to wait, and the prize would be his own.

When he now found his rival successful, his own hopes all crushed, the demon of revenge invaded his breast; and he set about obeying its dictates.

On the evening of the day to which we have now arrived, he clad himself carefully from top to toe, and paid minute attention to every detail of his costume and appearance. His silk stockings were irreproachable; his coat almost as good as new; his frill immense and snow-white; his cocked hat resting gallantly on his powdered peruke, the model chapeau of a noble chevalier. Indeed Jambot was truly a chevalier of Touraine, of no means, but vastly ancient race,—and had much of the *bel air* in his carriage when he chose to adopt it—he was a noble still.

In this guise he presented himself before Mrs. Butterton, and declared with deep sadness that in the distant land to which he was soon about to proceed, he would always remember her, and speak of her to his friends with admiration and respect.

The fair lady looked surprised at this announcement, and said:

“Why, where are you going, Monsieur Jambot?”

“I go to my native Touraine, madame,” returned Monsieur Jambot with a touching air; “I am desolated to announce this to madame, but ’tis necessary. I go to the home of my race, to my native land. My worthy aunt has had the politeness to die—I have some *rentes*—my cousin, the Vicomte de Louvais, will give the poor exile home—or in the most hospitable mansion of my uncle, Monsieur le Chevalier de Sautry, I shall linger out, it may be, these few sad years, which, alas! will pass themselves so far from madame!”

With these words Monsieur Jambot assumed an expression of mingled love and sorrow, which really became him, and had no little effect upon the widow. She had liked Monsieur Jambot—had indeed thought seriously of bestowing her hand upon him—a possession which he evidently coveted. He was poor and homeless, but then he was gallant and chivalric; he might be romantic and un-

fit for business, but then he was devoted and kind-hearted—he would love her and wait upon her; she might do worse than become Madame Jambot. These reflections, we say, had more than once passed through the mind of Mrs. Butterton, and now when the *triste exile*, as he often called himself, spoke of departing—when he addressed her in a strain of such touching regret and affection—the heart of the impressible lady felt all its old impressions revive, and the graces of Captain Wagner for the moment quite disappeared from her memory. She therefore responded to the touching address of her admirer by looking sadly at him, and saying:

“Are you really obliged to go, Monsieur Jambot?”

“’Tis better,” replied her sorrowful companion, “’tis best for the peace of the mind for madame’s poor friend. That friend will not make himself too free with those events, he will say those tragic events, which have come to desolate his life, to crush his hopes, to make the life of him but a mocking dream, a chimera, which disappears! May the friend of the poor chevalier be happy in one who goes to love her much, though not so greatly as another! May he feel in his native home, at the board of De Sautry, or on the battlements of the Chateau de Louvais which makes itself admired by all, upon the green banks of the Loire, that he has still a friend—a fair and beautiful friend in the distant land from which he now goes to depart—may he know that one whom he has loved, with a love so profound, so devoted, so ineffable has not forgotten him, but thinks still of him, and perhaps in the bright days will murmur, “Finally he loved me very much, this poor sad chevalier—this exile!””

The head of the fair widow sank. The mournful words impressed her deeply, and revived all her old affection. There was more than one emotion in her heart as she gazed at him now, sadly and kindly. There was pity, regard, that sympathy which the female bosom never fails to conceive for the man who loves with real devotion—there was more.

Monsieur Jambot was thus, after all, a nobleman! His family were Chevaliers and Viscounts! He was going back to the battlements of castles and chateaus, the possessions of his uncles and cousins! As Madame Jambot, she would have sat at the right hand of the noble De Sautry, and De Louvais—been a member of that elevated and refined society—this was lost to her! Such reflections were passing through the mind of the lady, and they were not without their effect upon her. She had abundant reason to know that all that Monsieur Jambot said was true—and her head dropped as she gazed at him. It is no more than justice to add, however, that pity and grief at parting with an old friend were the chief causes of her sadness. The tone of her companion was hopeless and resigned—he was yielding like an honest chevalier to a more favoured rival,—without complaint, with the air of a brave gentleman who is unfortunate and retires. Could she suffer him to depart without assuring him of her lasting affection?

These reflections had so much influence upon her, that the fair Mrs. Butterton begged Monsieur Jambot to come and sit beside her. He obeyed with a resigned and touching air, which deepened the impression produced by his words.

The lady then proceeded to reply to his sad address. She informed him, with many blushes, and some confusion, that although what he hinted at in relation to “another” might be true, yet this should not prevent her from having for him, Monsieur Jambot, a lasting and most affectionate regard. He had proved himself, she said, a true friend, on very many occasions—she had found from many circumstances, that he was as reliable and devoted in his regard, as he was kindly and sincere in his feelings, and she could not give him up, and bid him farewell, without telling him that she was—s’rongly attached—to him, and wished him—every happiness—in his—native land.

With these words, the last of which were uttered in a broken and agitated

voice, the fair widow turned her head away, placed her handkerchief to her eyes, and uttered a sob.

The sound seemed to act like an electric shock upon Monsieur Jambot. He uttered a deep groan—cried “Oh heaven! She weeps!”—and falling upon his knees, caught her other hand in his own and pressed it ardently to his lips.

It was just at this moment that a heavy step resounded behind Monsieur Jambot, a tremendous growl was heard, and a sonorous voice, full of wrath and astonishment, cried:

“Ho there! On his knees, or the devil fly away with me!”

It was Captain Wagner:—Captain Wagner astounded; Captain Wagner furious; Captain Wagner boiling with fiery jealousy and indignation,—and threatening with his drawn sword to let loose the bloody dogs of war upon his enemy.

Monsieur Jambot rose quickly to his feet, and returned the look of the Captain with one equally ferocious.

“Ah! ventrebleu! Monsieur le Capitaine goes to get angry!” he hissed in a mocking and satiric tone. “Monsieur is of the jealous!”

“No sir! I’m not jealous,” returned the Captain, “but it is my intention to spit your carcass on this little trinket—to skin you, and eat you, hind legs and all, Monsieur Frog-Eater! If I don’t I’m a dandy and a kitten!”

With these awful words, the Captain advanced straight on Monsieur Jambot, who had whipped out his little dress-sword, and did not budge an inch—and in an instant the weapons clashed together.

A grim pleasure at his opponent’s pluck came to the face of the Captain, and gravely saluting with his other hand, he made a lunge at his foe which would have carried out the terrible threat just uttered, had it not been for an unexpected circumstance. This circumstance was nothing less than the disappearance of the valiant Captain’s head, shoulders, arm and sabre, beneath a huge horse-blanket—from the folds of which the

weapon of the soldier made ineffectual slashes in the air.

The hysterical Mrs. Butterton had performed this feat. In her agitation she had seized and made use of the huge wrapping—and it had answered the purpose which she designed. Captain Wagner resembled as he struggled and struck out wildly, one of those luckless individuals whom the Venetian “Ten” doomed to the stiletto—a mantle being thrown over their heads before the blow.

In an instant he extricated himself, breathing fire and slaughter—but it was only to find his sword arm held down by the entire weight of Mrs. Butterton’s person.

“For shame, Captain! for shame!” cried the lady with blushing agitation, and pouting; “how could you treat Monsieur Jambot so badly, so cruelly!”

“Badly, madam!” thundered the Captain with Olympian indignation and astonishment. “Cruelly! Did I not see him with my own eyes kneeling there! Did I not see him kissing your hand, madam, and making love to you!”

“And if he did kiss my hand, what of that?” said the lady with a more obvious pout still, “my hand is my own, and no one else’s!”

“That may be, madam,” returned the soldier, still irate, but growing cooler at these significant words, “but I’ll none the less have Monsieur’s blood!”

“You shall not fight with him, or he with you!” cried the widow, again alarmed at the Captain’s ferocity, “I tell you it was nothing; Monsieur Jambot is going away!”

And Mrs. Butterton rapidly related the particulars of the interview. The history quite changed the feelings and intentions of the worthy Captain. He grew gradually cooler, and soon recovered all his equanimity when he reflected that his rival was about to depart. Had he not been guilty, indeed, of wanton insult and annoyance to that gentleman? Was his ferocious attack well calculated to advance him in the estimation of his lady love? Did he not owe Monsieur Jambot a full and frank ex-

planation—an apology, and a disclaimer of all intent to outrage him?

These thoughts passed *seriatim* through the mind of the worthy, as he listened; and at the end of the relation, his mind was made up. Replacing his sword in its scabbard, he fixed upon Mrs. Butter-ton a look full of sorrowful but ardent adoration, and said:

"I am glad that you arrested me in my course, madam! I was wrong. But in certain states of mind, I have always observed that the most intelligent men act like fools, or *non compos mentis* people, as the Greeks say. You understand me, madam," said the Captain with immense significance, "and I leave you to decide. As to Monsieur Jambot, I am willing and even desirous to assure that gentleman, for whom I have a very high esteem, of my regrets. I was wrong—I was a fool and a niany, or I'm a dandy! Monsieur Jambot, I have grown a pair of long ears, I'm a donkey, or the devil take it! If it will be any satisfaction, and productive of any pleasure to you, you are at liberty to pull my miserable nose, or cut off with that handsome sword of yours the lengthy ears of which I spoke—only I beg of you to pull with a gentle and tender hand, and to leave enough of the said ears to grow out again—or the future historian of my eventful life will write in the book which he makes about my adventures the words 'Captain Longknife was destitute of ears!' which would be shocking and mortifying to my descendants—to my very great grand-children!"

With these solemn words, Captain Wagner bowed courteously to Monsieur Jambot, and added:

"I am ready to shake hands, my dear friend, and beg your pardon—I'll do it—if I don't I'm a dandy!"

"Shake hands!" cried Monsieur Jambot, whose temper was excitable but as

generous as the day, "it shall not be that we shake hands, *Mon cher Capitaine* and friend—that we embrace!"

As he spoke the worthy Jambot extended his arms, and the two bloody foes were locked in a fraternal embrace. The chin of Captain Wagner reposed affectionately between the shoulders of his friend,—the countenance of Monsieur Jambot appeared above the arm of the other; and to make the whole complete, the fair lady who had caused all the commotion, stood by crying—but laughing too, and rejoicing at the result."

It was then that Falconbridge entered, and stood silent with astonishment—but all was soon explained to him, and produced a hearty fit of laughter, in which even the ferocious combatants soon joined.

"The fact is, my dear Falconbridge, your friend Wagner is a fool," said the Captain, "but when a man grows jealous he sees something double, or I'm a dandy! I remember hearing about a black fellow who knocked up a courtship with some king's daughter or other, by his nigger-witchcraft, and run off with her*—after which he got jealous without any reason, and choked her to death with a bolster. Falconbridge," said the Captain with affecting solemnity of accent, "beware of jealousy!"

XLIV.

THE LAMIA.

The passion of Lord Fairfax for Miss Argal ripened rapidly, and soon attained its full strength. It was one of those fatal infatuations which paralyze the reason, and lead captive the wills of the strongest and most resolute men.

From that evening when George encountered him in the fort, and when they

* It may be proper to say that this somewhat free description of the "noble Moor" of Shakespeare and his means of influencing Desdemona, was really uttered in the hearing of the writer by a worthy, who added that the name of the lady, as well as he could recollect, was *Arabella*!

met Miss Argal and Falconbridge on the prairie, the Earl had not ceased to think of her with a singular emotion. There was something in this young lady which no one could describe—an impalpable and wondrous fascination—which, when it had once been felt, was an influence on the life, an irresistible spell which could not be thrown off. Her beauty was but a small part of this magnetic power. Her face, it is true, with its rosy cheeks, ripe, crimson lips, and framework of black curls, was of rare loveliness:—her figure, both full and undulating, both sweeping and redundant, was calculated to attract admiration—but the secret of her fascinating influence lay deeper, and was difficult to define. It was chiefly, a keen observer might have said, in the eye, and its expression, or its thousand expressions rather. It was a strange and wonderful pair of eyes. The *lamia* of the poets—that mythological creature, with the form of a woman, and the instincts of a serpent might have afforded an illustration of Miss Argal at times. Indeed, this serpent-like glance, black and glittering, but full of caressing sweetness and subtle fascination as well, almost always shone from beneath her long silken lashes. It was a sidelong and weary glance, as if the person were *watching*—a cunning and yet confiding gaze, lying in wait, as it were, for its prey. It could coax and cajole, and beseech, and wheedle—it took all characters, and bewildered the mind, but ended by bringing the victim to her feet.

It was wonderful, miraculous almost, what a magnetic power lay in those eyes—a power to fascinate, to persuade, to bend the reason, however strong-willed and imperial. It had been nothing to draw the ardent and impulsive young man to her side—Falconbridge was ripe for a passionate attachment—he was young, unsuspecting, an admirer of the beautiful—with a heart which the first lovely woman might enslave from the very enthusiasm and warmth of his nature. But Lord Fairfax! To win that cold and collected man!—to turn the old dry nobleman, past middle life, into a

bashful and embarrassed lover! To move a heart long unmoved—to bend a will so resolute and determined—to make that woman-hater, or woman-fearer, yield to her wiles, and follow her when she beckoned!—that was different! It was truly an undertaking worthy of her ambition and her attention. She worked for it, and she achieved her end.

It is not pleasant to analyze such a character. We touch upon those mysterious and shifting motives and impulses, as the mariner in the far frozen regions of the North, in the gloomy night, treads cautiously and with dislike on the floating mass of ice which envelopes his floe-encircled vessel. The task is repulsive—we do not undertake it. We may only conjecture that there was little love in question with Miss Argal. She was doubtless attracted toward Lord Fairfax by his wealth and position—by the ambition of becoming his Countess, and thus becoming mistress in fact of one fourth, very nearly, of the province.

As to Falconbridge—but the subject is not pleasant. Let us pass on.

It is enough to say that the Earl came soon to feel a passionate attachment for the fascinating woman, and to visit her regularly—sometimes in the absence of Falconbridge, sometimes when he was present. He did not exhibit any indications of his passion beyond this. His cold mask was never thrown off for a moment. His countenance, with its grim, sad smile, scarcely relaxed—he was the same calm and cynical philosopher as before, the same courteous gentleman, but no more. One thing was apparent, however, in his demeanor. He avoided Falconbridge, and seemed ill at ease in his society—but let it not be supposed from this that the Earl was conscious of committing an injustice in visiting the young lady. Miss Argal had distinctly informed him one morning that she was not bound in any way to Falconbridge—that he was merely a friendly visitor who was lonely at the Ordinary, and came over to chat with her and her father. The Earl had thus set his mind at rest on the subject, and regarded himself as wholly irreproachable in the undertaking

which he had nearly determined upon now,—the attempt to make Miss Argal his Countess.

We have forbore to describe the feelings of Falconbridge. The task was more than we were willing to attempt. There is something awful and darkly tragic in the picture of a noble and great heart writhing under the dominion of a mad passion for a woman, and feeling that his passion is a vain one. For to this conclusion had the young man now very nearly arrived. He could scarcely mistake the indications of Miss Argal's manner. She was no longer what she had been to him. All her delightful smiles, and caressing accents, had disappeared. She met him when he came with ill-concealed disinclination, and opposed to his questions and prayers for an explanation, an obdurate and unconquerable reserve. If she replied at all, it was only to say with cold politeness that Mr. Falconbridge really placed too much stress upon trifles—young ladies, like their superiors, young men, were subject to changes of mood—she was not well to-day—the discussion made her head ache—was there any news of interest at the Ordinary?—she supposed he would soon return home now, as he had said, his business in the region was finished. She would advise him to. The air of the mountain, after October, was very cold—he would catch a catarrh—and she really would advise him, as a friend, to return. Ah! there was Lord Fairfax! Would Mr. Falconbridge excuse her for a moment? His Lordship was always pleased when she met him at the door—

That was all. And Falconbridge would grind his lip with his teeth—bow coldly as the Earl entered—and discover that he had to meet George, or Captain Wagner, at the Ordinary. He would go away raging;—and bury himself in his chamber—and grow old, hour by hour, in presence of his misery and despair.

To this point the history of the persons had advanced, when we again return to particular scenes in the narrative.

XLV.

HOW FALCONBRIDGE KINDLED A FIRE TO SEE BY.

It was nearly sunset, and a heavy bank of lurid cloud, fringed with crimson, was piled up in the western horizon. It was plain that a storm would burst before the sunlight shone again, and every eye which witnessed the magnificent spectacle, was entranced by its grandeur and wild beauty.

Falconbridge alone, of all at the Ordinary, did not heed it. Seated in his chamber, his shoulders bending forward, his face pale, his eyes blazing at times with a menacing fire, he did not move or utter a word. The events of the last few days had almost paralyzed him. He seemed to be growing old. His face had lost all its bloom and freshness—his bearing all its buoyant grace and pride—he stooped like an octogenarian, who approaches the end of human life, after much toil and suffering and grief.

The mood of the young man's mind was piteous. Rage and despair, love and hatred,—a thousand warring and discordant passions, held riotous carnival in the heaving bosom, and tore him with their burning talons.

He knew all now. He had become aware of Miss Argal's intentions with regard to the Earl; and though the young lady had not distinctly broken with him, he foresaw that she had resolved to do so, and would dismiss him on the first favourable opportunity. Thus, then, would end his wild and delicious dream. The passionate love, which permeated his very life-blood, would be swallowed up in this gulf of despair. He would be thrown off like a useless garment, whose gloss has departed—which no longer excites any emotion but contempt. The *Countess of Fairfax*, if they ever met again, would smile or sneer at their past relations, and greet him with an air of condescension or indifference. The Earl would not insult him perhaps—he would treat him with great politeness—a former friend of his Countess would be entitled to so much attention—and he would be bowed

out grandly from their presence,—he, the silly young adventurer, who had presumed to be the rival of his betters!

The thought flushed the pale cheek, and brought a threatening flash to the eyes. He rose from his seat, and looked around him with a fiery glance. Where was he? Why was he inactive? Was he to sit down and groan, and submit to his fate—or go and dare the worst, and place everything upon a comprehensible footing?

Yes, he would go! He would see her for the last time. He would know, beyond all doubt, what she intended, what he might expect. He would endure no longer this horrible state of doubt—all should be plain.

Falconbridge acted quickly. He went and ordered his horse—passed through the main apartment without speaking to any one,—and was soon in the saddle. The sky began to grow darker, the distant thunder to mutter; and one or two vivid flashes of lightning darted across the zenith, revealing the lurid depths more plainly. Falconbridge paid no attention to these evidences of the approaching storm. He struck the spur into his horse's sides; and set forward at a wild pace, toward Mr. Argal's.

He soon reached the place, and the fiery light in his eyes deepened and grew more menacing at the sight which greeted him at the door. Lord Fairfax's horse stood there—indeed, the Earl had spent the entire afternoon with Miss Argal, her father being again unavoidably absent, and the former excuse of her loneliness having proved successful in retaining his Lordship.

Falconbridge set his teeth together like a vice, dismounted, and went and knocked at the door. It was opened by a servant, who did not move aside for the young gentleman.

"Miss Argal?" he said, making a step in advance.

Mistress had told her to say, replied the servant, if Mr. Falconbridge came, that she was engaged and must be excused for not seeing him.

That was all. The words sounded like a death-knell in the young man's ears.

He simply bowed his head and departed. He almost staggered as he walked. His brain was turning round. He mounted his horse again, and set forth on his return. Then he would not even have an opportunity of arriving at a distinct understanding! What she had done once she would do again. He was to be simply dismissed contemptuously, as if unworthy of attention,—as a common individual, whose society was disagreeable. Meanwhile, Lord Fairfax was sitting by the side of the young lady, laughing, it might be, at the disappointment of his rival, and basking in the love-light of her fascinating eyes, and those smiles which now shone for him alone.

The thought maddened the young man almost. He looked over his shoulder at the illuminated window, through which he descried the shadows of the young lady and the Earl, close beside each other. With a muttered imprecation, and clenched hands, the young man struck his horse with the spur, and galloped forward. But he did not proceed far. Just as the house began to disappear in the trees, he reined in his animal and waited.

He did not wait long. Lord Fairfax, as we have said, had spent many hours with Miss Argal, and now desired to reach his home before the outburst of the storm. He accordingly bade the young lady farewell—(Falconbridge saw the two forms in the brightly-illuminated doorway)—and mounting his horse, set forward rapidly toward Greenway.

The Earl passed within five paces of Falconbridge, but the darkness which had descended quickly, completely hid the motionless horse and his rider. It was no part of the young man's design to force an explanation of the character that he intended from the Earl, within sight or hearing of Miss Argal. He accordingly permitted the tall horseman to pass him at full gallop; and then giving rein to Sir John, he followed.

The Earl heard the quick trampling behind him, and wondered at it. The hour and the place were not calculated to remove his suspicions of the pursuer—but he continued his way without noticing the circumstance.

The hoof-strokes rapidly approached—he heard the quick breathing of the animal behind him—then, before he could speak, a violent hand was laid on his bridle, and the horse suddenly arrested, reared erect almost, quivering with terror.

At the same moment a vivid flash of lightning revealed Falconbridge.

"Sir! Mr. Falconbridge!" exclaimed the Earl, in a voice of utter astonishment and no less indignation, "pray what is the meaning of this very extraordinary proceeding!"

"I will inform your Lordship before our interview ends," returned Falconbridge, in a deep, hollow voice, which his suffering had rendered almost unrecognizable.

"Are you mad, sir?" said the Earl from the darkness, "release my bridle!"

"Willingly," was the cold reply, "you are no coward, and will not try to escape me."

"Escape! coward! You shall answer for those words, sir!"

"I am ready to do so."

"In the darkness, no doubt," returned the voice of the Earl, full of contempt and aroused anger, "'tis the favourite cloak of assassins and lunatics."

The words were scarcely uttered when Falconbridge was heard leaping from his horse. Then a quick sound followed—the sound of steel striking against flint—and almost immediately a pile of dry leaves and prairie grass was blazing aloft, illuminating the forest and the threatening figures with its brilliant flame.

"Now," said Falconbridge, in the same hollow voice, "if your Lordship is not afraid, you may dismount and listen to my questions."

The word "afraid" acted like magic on Lord Fairfax. He threw himself from the saddle, and gazing at his companion with mingled astonishment and anger, confronted him in the full blaze of the fire.

There was something strange and tragic in the scene as the two men stood thus. The ruddy light streamed full upon them, and they already had their hands upon their swords.

"Speak, sir!" said the Earl, control-

ling his anger, "speak and explain this astonishing encounter."

"I will do so," said Falconbridge, "and first I will propound a question to you, my Lord. Have you visited Miss Argal to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you not there when I came to the door and asked for the young lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you aware that the young lady is plighted to me?"

"Plighted, sir! No! She is not!"

"Does your Lordship design giving me the lie?"

And the young man advanced a step, half drawing his sword.

"Mr. Falconbridge," said the Earl, without moving, "are you a lunatic? I design nothing, sir,—I reply to your question. I say that Miss Argal is not plighted to you, because she assured me that she was not."

"She assured you!"

"Yes, sir."

"My Lord, I do not believe you."

The Earl's face flushed crimson.

"That is a defiance, sir!"

"Yes."

"As such I receive it, and will make you answer for it—yes, sir! at the point of the sword!"

"Good! good!" said Falconbridge, with gloomy pleasure, "now your Lordship is talking like a man. I thought as you had tricked an honest gentleman—supplanted him by craft and cunning in the heart of the only woman he ever loved—taken advantage of your rank and wealth to wile away the affections of a lady plighted to another—I thought, as you had done all this, my Lord, pretending all the time that you were the best friend I had,—that you would now discover some means of evading my vengeance—of refusing me reparation at the sword's point! I compliment your Lordship—you are not frightened at the sight of cold steel at least—you are aroused by my rudeness and my insults! That is well, sir! Let us end, then, all our differences at once, and on this spot—with no witnesses, no preliminaries, without ceremony!"

And drawing his sword, Falconbridge advanced upon the Earl, whose weapon was also in his hand.

But it was not raised. The momentary madness of anger had disappeared from the mind of Lord Fairfax—he seriously asked himself if he was not dealing with a madman. The additional consideration immediately presented itself, that a combat at such a time and place, without witnesses, would be productive of the most serious results to the survivor. No evidence that the contest was fair and honourable would exist. The simple fact would be that a man was killed; and there were plenty of persons ready to utter the word *murder*. If he killed the young man in that lonely spot, could he produce any evidence of the provocation which had led to the act? Would not many of the miserable newsmongers of the region say that jealousy and rivalry had made him waylay his adversary? As these thoughts passed rapidly through the brain of the Earl, he drew back coldly, and sheathed his weapon.

"Mr. Falconbridge," he said, without moving, as the furious young man advanced straight on him, "if you wish to kill me, do so. I will not even trust my sword in my hand. You may not be aware of the fact, but I am, sir, that the survivor in this combat will be a murderer, in all eyes, under any imaginable circumstances. But understand me, sir, I do not refuse your challenge—you have outraged and insulted me in a manner which no gentleman can bear, and by heavens! you shall answer it! Go home, sir, and do all things decently and in order. Procure your second, and write me a formal communication. Do not fear, sir! You have made me as desirous of this encounter as yourself, and I am willing, nay, I insist upon it—my blood or your own must flow, sir!"

With which words the Earl deliberately mounted his horse, and gravely saluting his adversary, continued his road toward Greenway.

Falconbridge gazed after him for a few moments without moving. The excess of anger in his bosom had somewhat moderated, as he listened to the collected voice

of the Earl—but it soon returned in full force again. He had thought of Miss Argal and the two shadows on the wall. With lips firmly compressed, and a more fatal determination in his eye than before, he leaped into the saddle, and just as the storm began to roar around him, and extinguish the fire, darted forward in the direction of the Ordinary.

"The net is broken!" he muttered, with a bitter sneer, through his close-set teeth, "but the prey has not escaped!"

XLVI.

PRELIMINARIES.

"A duel!" said Captain Wagner, when upon the following morning Falconbridge related to him the events of the preceding night, "a duel! and about that woman! By the snout of the old he-dragon! Falconbridge—both you and Fairfax are a bigger pair of lunatics than I took you for."

"So let it be," said Falconbridge pale and collected as before, "and I do not conceal from you—I cannot—that Miss Argal is connected with the matter."

"Connected with it! Falconbridge, don't treat me like an idiot," said the Captain gloomily, "I am sane in mind and see somewhat further than my nose."

The young man made no reply.

"I knew it was coming in some form or other—this misery, and wretchedness and blood!" continued the Captain in a sombre tone, "I smelt it in the air—this bloody odor—or the devil take it!"

"You were right in your warning," muttered the young man with unutterable despair in his altered voice! "Would that I had taken your advice"

"About the nature of panthers, eh?" said Wagner as grimly as before, "well I wish you had."

"It would have been well for me." "But you did not believe me," said the Captain, frowning painfully. "And now see, Falconbridge, how things have turned out. You doubted the miserable old bear who growled at the pretty, variegated animal, with her shining coat, her

brilliant eyes, her caresses, and smiles, and bright glances! You were almost ready to strike your sword-hilt into the mouth that discoursed on the subject. And now, what has happened? You have felt the sharp claws which I told you of! You have rolled into the mortal hug! The long, glittering teeth which mangled Charles Austin and left him in a pool of blood are gnawing you—you are her prey!"

A groan answered the words. It was irrepressible.

"Yes, yes," murmured the young man with cruel agony, "yes, yes," that is all true—I am lost!"

"Not that either! no, you're not, by the snout of the dragon!" returned the soldier, "things are not that bad at least. Don't cry for spilt milk, and look the thing in the face. Let me speak like a doctor, comrade, and probe your wound, though you shudder and cry out, I mean well—do you love that woman still?"

"I know not," was the low reply.

"Then you do love her still. And now what do you design?"

"Nothing."

"That means nothing. Are you going to return to her, Falconbridge? Speak, and say, if you are going back to crouch at her feet, to be whipped and spit on, and spurned like a dog! Are you going to cry and bewail, and beg her to love you, and make yourself her slave, her menial! Tell me this. Speak frankly, Falconbridge—are you going to return. If so, though I love you, as I would love my own boy, comrade, I'll wash my hands clear of the business."

"Rest easy," was the reply in the same low voice, "I shall never see her again—except to get from her the ring which was my mother's."

A contraction of the pale brow and quivering lip, betrayed the agony of the speaker, and he was silent. Then he added in a voice which was almost inaudible.

"My mother gave me that ring on her death-bed, with her blessing. She cried as she placed it on my finger, and I never removed it until the morning

when—I was mad, companion! Don't mind me—you see—I am thinking—of my mother."

He was silent again. The words had forced their way, by violence as it were, through the clenched teeth, and the pale lips. The eyes of the young man were dry and fixed—there were no tears in them.

"Falconbridge," said Captain Wagner, with frowning brows, "stop that talk, or you'll make me cry like a baby! To think of all this—in the way you have been tricked—of your honesty and true manliness—by the horns of the devil! it makes me flush—my nerves twitch! Would this woman were a man!"

Indeed a flash of something like fiery rage darted from the eyes of the soldier; and his hand stole down to the hilt of his weapon. Then, as he looked into the countenance of his companion, this flash disappeared; he bent down murmuring: and the old wistful, almost tender expression returned.

"Falconbridge," he said, "my miserable old heart is bleeding for you—as I think of what may happen in the next twenty-four hours. Whatever may be the result of that combat you announce as coming, it must be horrible."

"So let it be."

"There's misery and death in the matter—the blood of one or both of you."

"Doubtless," was the cold reply of the young man who had completely mastered his emotion, and was calm again.

"Fairfax is an admirable swordsman; I have played with him; and you, do you use the short sword?"

"Indifferent well."

"That is well—at least there will be a fair and above-board fight—no unequal combat. But I know not whether it is not unfortunate after all—if I do, may I be scalped!"

"What do you mean, Captian?" said Falconbridge.

"I mean plainly this—that in case you were ignorant of the use of the small sword, or completely out of practice, the affair could not take place—it might easily be arranged—as I hope it

will be yet—as I'm sure it can be. Without a swordsman for his opponent, the Earl would retire—and you would necessarily do likewise.”

“Never!” There would remain the pistol!” was the quick reply, between the close-set teeth.

“A villainous weapon! No! If there's a combat it shall be with short swords. That is fair and honourable—and now what are you going to do, Falconbridge?”

“I shall set out at once to find some gentleman of the neighbourhood, who'll act as my second.”

“Hum! then you know some.”

“One or two very slightly, but they cannot refuse me.”

“Hum! hum!” repeated the Captain still gloomy and thoughtful, but gazing at his companion from time to time with the strange, wistful glance which we have noticed, “and is there no possible way of accommodating this difference?”

“None on earth? If there is no regular duel, there will be a combat wherever we meet—the blood of myself or Lord Fairfax must flow!”

“Misery! misery!” muttered the soldier, “a wretched business in every way. And pray, why don't you ask me to second you, Falconbridge?”

“Because,” said the young man, rewarding the speaker with one of his proud glances, full of thanks and deep feeling, “because you live with Lord Fairfax, and are naturally *his* second in the matter.”

“Nothing of the sort,” returned Wagner coolly, “you're my friend as much as Fairfax, and by the dragon's snout, I'll not have you go lacking for a friend, when his Lordship can select one out of a hundred. Wait here, companion. I'll return in an hour. Do you promise?”

“You say ‘an hour?’”

“Yes.”

“I will wait so long, Captain—but sacrifice nothing for me—have no jar with his Lordship. I am not worthy of such friendship, or of such a sacrifice of feeling. I soon pass. See the sun there, comrade! He is mounting the sky—well, it is probable that I'll not see his setting. So be it. I am tired of my life, and

death cannot come too quickly. In an hour!”

And with these gloomy words, which affected the rough Borderer strangely, the young man entered the building, and retired to his chamber.

XLVII.

THE ARRANGEMENT.

The Captain set out at a thundering gallop, and soon reached Greenway Court. Lord Fairfax met him at the door.

“Ah! welcome, Captain Wagner,” he said, speaking in his habitual tone of calmness, mingled with gloom, “I was just on the point of sending for you—to the ordinary, where you have been I think.”

“Yes, my Lord. I spent the night there.”

“And you saw Mr. Falconbridge?”

“Yes, my Lord. This morning.”

“Did he speak of the events which occurred last evening?”

“As soon as I descended. I have come as quickly as possible to discuss in turn with your Lordship, the arrangements of the whole affair.”

The Earl leaned his head gravely and pointed to a seat, which the Captain assumed.

“Speak, Captain Wagner,” he said calmly and courteously.

“I will do so, my Lord,” returned the Borderer, and frankly. It is necessary in this miserable business between yourself and Falconbridge, that I should act as the friend of your opponent. I like candor, and honesty—I prefer telling it out plainly. I am attached to you, my Lord, I am your guest, and owe much to you—but I love this young man as if he was my own blood—my son; and he's a stranger here. Your Lordship can find a friend who will be proud to act for you—any one of a dozen in the country near at hand—while Falconbridge is almost alone in this land. I announce this in advance that no misunderstanding may take place—and now, my Lord, I await your pleasure.”

"It comes to greet you, Captain Wagner," said the Earl with a low bow, "it is pleasure indeed which I have experienced as you spake. I thank you, sir, for this new proof of your confidence and esteem—you rate me as I wish, sir, as a gentleman and an honest man. I not only consent to your proposal to act for Mr. Falconbridge, and acquit you of all want of friendship in so doing toward myself—I was prepared to insist upon this very course, that we understand and treat each other with this confidence, is another proof of that esteem which I think we feel mutually, sir. Thanks, thanks! Captain Wagner."

And the Earl inclined again.

"Now to business," he continued, "I have already dispatched a request to Mr. Carter that he will wait on me here, and I think he will soon come. Do you bear any communication from Mr. Falconbridge?"

"No, my Lord, I am not regularly in the position of his second yet, and have avoided becoming such, in order that I might act as the mutual friend of both—bound exclusively to neither."

"As the friend of both?"

"Yes, my Lord—and you know that such is the real truth. As a friend then, in no wise connected with either, I ask, is no arrangement possible without bloodshed?"

"None, none at all," returned the Earl with gloomy calmness; "I see no possibility of such a thing. You have doubtless heard the particulars of the encounter in the wood last night, and may easily understand that any explanation is impossible. Let me speak more plainly, and place the whole in a clear light. I have paid my addresses to Miss Argal in due form, and I think she is willing to become the Countess of Fairfax. Let us not speak further of this private matter which I mention only to elucidate the rest. Well, sir, I often saw Mr. Falconbridge at Mr. Agal's, and his attention to the young lady appeared somewhat particular. I accordingly demanded of her the exact character of these attentions, and she assured me that they were merely those of a friend. Was there

any contract, definite or implied between herself and Mr. Falconbridge? I asked. None whatever, was the reply. Why do you frown and sneer so Captain, with your lip?"

"I beg your Lordship's pardon—'tis a deplorable habit I have acquired. Pray proceed."

"The rest may be related briefly. Once assured that Mr. Falconbridge had no claims on Miss Argal, and believing that he regarded her in the light of a familiar friend only, I paid her my addresses in a more marked manner. She received them in a manner which induced me to hope that my attentions were agreeable, and my visits became, accordingly, more frequent. Yesterday I spent the afternoon with the young lady. Mr. Falconbridge called, and, to my great surprise, was informed that Miss Argal was engaged, and could not see him. She explained the circumstance by saying that he had grown so moody and disagreeable of late that she must really endeavor to break off her intimacy with him—he made her melancholy. So the subject was forgotten, and I thought no more of the young gentleman until he waylaid me in the wood, and gave me the lie direct."

The Earl flushed as he spoke; but controlled his emotion and added:

"That is all, sir. I avoided a conflict then and there by promising to meet Mr. Falconbridge at another and more favourable time. You must see, Captain Wagner, that any overtures from myself are utterly impossible and out of the question."

The soldier knit his brows and looked more gloomy than ever.

"It's a deadly looking mixture, or I'm a dandy!" he muttered, "and unless Falconbridge will move in the matter, all's over."

"What do you say, Captain?"

"Nothing much, my Lord. I will go and see Falconbridge, and return as soon as possible: either bearing you the terms of an arrangement of the affair, or delivering his cartel."

"That is my duty returned the Earl. "Mr. Falconbridge will thus have choice of weapons, time and place."

"He'll divide all that freely with your Lordship, I know—now I'll go and see what I can do."

With these words the soldier mounted his horse, and returned rapidly to the Ordinary. All his attempts to move the young man were utterly in vain—the arguments of the Borderer fell back, so to speak, from his iron resolution, like waves from an ocean rock. At the end of an hour there was nothing remaining but the questions of time, place and

weapons. The Captain returned, and found Mr. Carter at Greenway, and with this gentleman he now discussed, formally, as the second of Falconbridge, the terms of the combat.

It was arranged that it should take place on the same evening at a spot within the Fort Mountain, which was secluded and favourable for the purpose, and then the Captain returned to the Ordinary.

He had never been more gloomy.

CROWNED.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

BY AMIE.

From pendant lustres falls
A soft and mellow radiance down the walls,
Like summer moonlight in its silvery splendour;
And many a picture's gleam,
Like some inspired artist's written dream,
Wakes solemn reveries divinely tender.
Without, the Night weaves in her diadem,
Each lustrous, starry gem,
That smiled of old on humble Bethlehem.

Painting, with matchless art,
Speaks silent volumes to the listening heart—
All eyes interpret its sweet speech unbidden
To corridor and hall,
The mighty gods obey its mystic call—
It gilds the cot with sunshine of lost Eden.
In this loved spot its spells so minister,
I seem to hear the stir
Of wings beside the Holy Sepulchre.

One picture is a scene
Where the white moonlight flings its pearly sheen
O'er moss-grown tower, and arch, and broken column;
Around, the clustering trees
Seem waiting with melodious symphonies
To break the silence, too intense and solemn.

Thus fell the moon's pale glory tremulously
 On palm and cedar-tree,
 O'er Olivet, and lone Gethsemane.

One is an open bay,
 Relieved by violet hills that stretch away
 Fringed by the sunset with a mellow glory—
 Out from the wooded shore,
 A fairy boat has sped with dipping oar,
 Freighted with forms which tell love's olden story.
 But as I gaze, I think how fishers met,
 When the red sun had set,
 On Galilee and dark Gennesaret.

Another is a face
 Endowed with a divine, a saintly grace,
 That marks a soul above all human weakness;
 A face so deeply fraught
 With visible meanings of intensest thought
 A martyr's fire shines through a seraph's meekness.
 The place is hallowed by its sacred breath,
 Just as all life and death
 Were sanctified through Him of Nazareth.

He wears a heavy crown—
 And yet, as kings are wont, he looks not down
 With jealous eyes that guard the kingly distance—
 No folded purples lie
 Upon the breast in type of sovereignty—
 No sceptre flashes death at man's resistance,
 Meek stone the scoffing builders did refuse,
 As tearfully I muse,
 Floats from the Past this taunt,—“King of the Jews!”

A crown of piercing thorns,
 Made doubly sharp by mockeries and scorn,
 Sends crimson drops to stain the bare breast's whiteness—
 The meek, uplifted eyes,
 Reveal the soul's unuttered agonies—
 The mournful mouth half-doubts the halo's brightness!
 Dear Master, once by guilty avarice priced,
 Oh, meek Lamb sacrificed,
 My throbbing heart declares, Thou art the Christ.

Through eighteen hundred years,
 Where lips have blanched, and eyes grown dim with tears
 Reading of Calvary's Cross, and Bethlehem lowly,—
 This Painting might have come,
 God's chosen oracle, full-voiced though dumb,
 Till every gazer cried—The Saviour Holy!
 Each age, each language claims it as its own—
 Standing for Christ alone,
 A world looks through it to the Father's Throne.

MANIFEST DESTINY OF THE WORLD—ITS REPUBLIC AND ITS EMPIRE.

The following article was contributed to one of the daily papers of Richmond a year ago by the author of the *Letters of Mozis Addums*. Thinking that so capital a piece of fun should not be left to the oblivion of departed newspapers, we transfer it to our own pages in the lively confidence that it will be read with enjoyment by our friends at the North not less than by the Virginians who are so exalted in its views of the future.

[ED. *Sou. Lit. Mess.*

In due time, our planet will be under the control of two Governments. The entire continent of America, with the West India Islands, Polynesia, Australia, and Western Europe, with the exception of Russia in Europe, will constitute its Republic. The rest of the world, leaving out Interior Africa, will be under the dominion of one man, and that man a Russian.

The frivolous distinction of North and South, which now obtains in the United States, having been obliterated, the grand New Republic will bear the beautiful and appropriate name of Virginia. The South, as we understand it, is the direct and legitimate offspring of the Old Dominion, where the true theory of Republican Government, with the art of its practical manipulation, is still resident; and, as the South must inevitably give character and tone to the New Republic, the propriety of naming it with the name of its noble old mother will not be disputed. The Republic of Virginia and the Russian Empire will divide the Globe between them, each selecting its appropriate fields and exercising its appropriate and untransferable functions: one being the vital, the other the vegetative system of the perfected body politic.

Slavery will be the recognized and benign condition of all servitude under each of these Governments. The reconciliation of labour with capital being complete, pauperism will disappear from the earth, and with it all chance of civil danger resulting from the state of smothered volcanic disaffection such as we now see and deplore in Western Europe.

Southern gentlemen will be the masters in the New Republic; all the inferior races, such as the Negro, the Yankee,

and the various Incapables of Europe being subject to them. The first step will be to reduce the Yankee to slavery. This will be easily effected, after the terrible revolution and anarchy now impending at the North, have spent their force.

The value of the Yankee as a slave has not been properly estimated. How dangerous and troublesome he is in a state of freedom is too well known. Cowardly, theivish, superstitious, fanatical, destitute of a moral sense, or any fixed idea of civil polity, he possesses all the worse and none of the better traits of the Negro, and stands more in need of a master. His ingenuity has made him what he will forever remain—the mechanic and craftsman of the World. Under proper command, he makes a good sailor. Nor is he unfit for higher slavish duties. His active and unscrupulous intellect finds very suitable occupation in the vulgar labours of the lawyer and editor. Also, in the more disgraceful pursuits of the itinerant lecturer. But for his inability to discern between right and wrong, and his tendency to atheism, he might be put to use as a preacher. Whip him soundly for every political sermon, he would improve beyond what we think possible; but he will always be too hypocritical to be trusted. Too cruel and too morbidly energetic to be allowed authority over flesh and blood, he will never be of service as an overseer, except over the tireless iron slaves to whom he is accustomed. In superintending machinery of his own invention, he will always find enough to do.

In the New Republic, the sphere of slavery will not be restricted to the Yankee and Negro races. The so-called nations of Western Europe have proved themselves, if possible, even more inca-

pable of self-government than the slave races above mentioned, and, therefore, still more in need of masters.

High erratic sensibilities have made the Frenchman master of all the arts by which the sexes are rendered mutually alluring, and polite society possible. He is the man-milliner of the World. Also, its cook and teacher of dancing. His love of show and display, which, with native politeness, he calls glory, enables him to be useful in the decorative arts—necessary upon occasions of public pageants. His fondness for petty details makes him a good statistician, while his pluck and aptitude for mathematics make him servicable for the subordinate duties of fighting and fortification. In the New Republic, he will rank the Yankee in the scale of slavery, and keep him in subjection. It is a mistake to suppose the Frenchman unfit for slavery. All nations incapable of self-government are fit for slavery, and for nothing else. Gobineau has shown that the French peasantry are peculiarly incapable of civilization; the history of France presents a spectacle of patient endurance of despotic torture, amply confirming the statements of the aristocratic ethnologist; and as for the continual *emeutes* and revolutions of the Parisian *gamins* and socialists, they are but the result of idleness and want of bread—evils impossible in the New Republic.

The Spaniards are lazy, but it will not do to exterminate them. The Spaniard's skill in the arts of assassination and cigar-making, can be turned to good account. Let him retain the latter art, but divert the former into the channel of the butchery of domestic animals. The Spanish slave will make a better butcher than the British slave. He will also be of use to the young gentlemen of the New Republic in serenading their sweethearts. This last duty will be shared by Italian slaves.

With our Italians, we need anticipate no trouble. Popery being cast into the sea, they, with the Spaniards, will become at once manageable. It will be necessary to use fumigants and disinfectants freely, to rid them of vermin and

the stench of garlic, but, after that, they will be very available as opera singers, fresco painters, and for the mechanical labour of sculpture. Thus they will add much to the enjoyment of Virginians.

Because Germany claims to have invented gun-powder, clocks and printing, and because its students, while they remain at their Universities, are violent red-republicans, it must not be inferred that Germans are unsuitable for slaves. In the best sense of the term, they are beasts of burden—heavy, plodding, docile, capable of an immense deal of slow labour. In the New Republic of Virginia, they will be of eminent service as farm hands, sharing this duty with the coarser grades of Yankees, and as brewers of beer, teachers, instrumental musicians, and for performing the draught-horse work of arranging and systematizing historical and scientific facts which the French statisticians have accumulated. Nor need we fear danger to the State from an indulgence of the Germanic tendency toward speculative theology and politics. A free admixture of Yankee and French slaves, with their pure materialism and atheistic notions, will tone Germanic speculation down to the point of safety. Besides, the Frenchman will be the policeman of the New Republic, and attend to this matter for us.

As to the other slave races which will be embraced in the New Republic—the Austrians, Prussians, Hungarians, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, we do not propose now to concern ourselves. Whatever usefulness of faculty they may hereafter discover, will doubtless be turned to some beneficent purpose.

A small portion of the British and the greater part of the Polish people, will become Virginians and masters. The remainder will be slaves. As butchers, brewers, and butlers, the British will be invaluable slaves; some of them will make nearly as good machinists as Yankees. The lower grades of Poles will assist the French in fighting; the Prussians and Austrians will also be available for this purpose.

Returning to the Continent of America, the problem of the Indians, together with the mixed races of Mexico, Central and Southern America, will have to be encountered. It is of easy solution. All these are untameable races, and must give place to the pure African and such other of the European and Yankee slaves as are adapted to the climatic conditions of the various latitudes and terrestrial elevations. Similar treatment will be applied to the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The necessity of such treatment is too plain to admit of debate.

The Negro, having been our earliest slave, and reared as it were under our own roof, will forever retain a more intimate relation to us than any other slave. All our confidential, personal, and household servants will be negroes, having a few Yankees under each of them to perform the more menial tasks.

With regard to the Russian Empire, destined to absorb all the world not embraced within the limits of the Virginia Republic, we cannot enlarge. It is apparent that the Turk, the Persian, the Tartar, the Hindoo, the Malay, the Chinese, and Japanese can subsist only under an Imperial Government. Their organism, their instincts, their whole history, prove this. The Russian is fit to rule them with a sway at once more intelligent, more humane, and firmer, than any they have ever enjoyed. Under him, they will continue to make toys and lacquer-ware; to raise tea, rice, and opium; to worship idols and commit suicide, with a felicity of uninterrupted of which they have long since ceased even to dream.

So much of Africa as is habitable, will belong to the Empire. The interior,

through all time, will remain the nursery of domesticable savages, whose natural strength and unpolluted blood will constitute a perpetual reservoir from which we shall derive living streams to refresh and invigorate the effete working classes.

Between the world's Republic and its Empire, there will, of course, be many and sometimes serious collisions, but none more serious or alarming than those disorders which not unfrequently occur in the healthy human system, arising from a want of balance between the digestive or vegetative and the vital or muscular systems. But on this point, so fruitful of pleasing speculations, we cannot dwell. Our purpose was merely to foreshadow the inevitable destiny of the world and to predict a time when the great body politic shall be strictly conformed to its type, the human body.

The Virginian of that happy day, having his African valet, his British butler, his French cook, his Spanish butcher and cigar-maker, his Italian singer, German teacher and German band, his Jewish steward and accountant, and under these a miscellaneous herd of Yankee machinists, Yankee editors and lawyers, and labourers of all nations performing their appointed tasks, will realize a practical Republic which neither Plato nor Sir Thomas More, nor any ancient or modern, social or political Theorist ever conjectured. How all-important it is, therefore, that we should at once re-open the slave trade, that each and every Virginian and Southerner should immediately commence to practise the arts of that mastership to which himself and his descendants seem divinely appointed.

OUR "GRACES."

BY AMIE.

When May came with sun and showers
 Luring out the lurking flowers--
 Giving skies serener tinges,
 And the boughs their soft, green fringes;
 When the lone bee's drowsy humming
 Gave sweet hints of summer's coming,
 Whose delights the thought scarce measures—
 Came a troop of fairy treasures,
 With sweet laughs and bird-like voices,
 Sounds at which the heart rejoices,—
 Filling every place with beauty,
 Consecrate to mirth or duty;
 Veiling out each olden sorrow,
 Garnering sunbeams for the morrow,
 Giving life a holier pleasure,
 By their presence.

When the sunbeams stand as wardens
 At the doorways and the gardens,
 Two sweet fairies sport together,
 Through the balmy summer weather;
 While the elm-boughs lean above them,
 And the flowers look up and love them.
 Time is bearing one with fleetness
 Where five dear years wait completeness—
 Yet her earnest words and glances,
 Show the aspiring mind's advances—
 Show that while life's sands are flowing,
 Thoughts o'erreach them with swift blowing.
 She is one to lead serenely—
 Where life winds on cool and greenly,
 Out of sun—where dew lies pearly,
 Lest the rare bud open too early.
 Round arms meet for fondest twining,
 Lips the sweetest sounds enshrining,
 Large, dark eyes all fire or feeling,
 Carmined cheeks rare health revealing.—
 Surely angels walk beside her,
 Thoughtful Ida.

With a step as light and airy,
 Flits around the second fairy;
 Like in face, and grace, and feature,
 With the same warm, earnest nature,
 But with more of mirth that rises
 In such Protean disguises,
 Pensive heart could scarce discover,
 How such mirth buds o'er and over!
 With her red mouth made for laughter,
 Dainty feet that wing-like waft her;
 Flits she, bird-like, here and thither,
 Bearing song and sunshine with her.

Thrice the wandering spring caressed her,
 Showering joys like blossoms o'er her,
 Darling Cora.

Ah! the treasure, latest given,
 Holds us closest unto heaven—
 So words simple—pure as daisies,
 Should express the other's praises.
 Eyes like violets in a meadow,
 More in sunlight than in shadow;
 Dimpled cheeks and waxen fingers,
 Where the tint of sea-shells lingers,
 Just as fleecy clouds of morning
 Keep the roseate flush of dawning;
 Dove-like voice, that vainly reaches
 To the height of framed speeches,
 Keeping on its low, sweet murmur,
 Like young birds at early summer—
 With a starry look of wonder,
 Wildered by the thoughts beyond her,—
 Smiling, murmuring, dreaming, playing,
 She is like a cherub straying
 Just outside the gates of jasper,
 Where the angels wait to clasp her!
 May time's bower be sweet and stilly,
 For this Lily.

When the plaintive winds are sighing
 Over blossoms sere and dying;
 And slant sunbeams stand as wardens
 At the doorways and the gardens,
 They shall find no sunny faces
 That made glad the silent places,
 When the lengthening days seemed fleet
 For the joys that made them sweeter.
 For, ere ruddy summer closes,
 Something dearer than the roses,
 Shall too soon vanish, leaving
 Eyes bedimmed and fond hearts grieving—
 Through hushed rooms and bowers lonely,
 Silence only.

So, oh Father, bless and guide them
 Through the dangers that betide them;
 Hush for them the fierce commotion
 Of the near or distant ocean;
 Lull them 'mid the tossing billows
 Gently, as on velvet pillows
 Of the rose the bee lies sleeping,
 While the breeze soft guard is keeping.
 Till the Golden Gate* before them
 Peacefully unfolds, watch o'er them—
 Safely back these loved ones gather,
 Holy Father!

* A name given to the entrance of the harbour of San Francisco.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

In the last number of the *Messenger* we gave place to a short *critique* on the latest, and, in many respects, the finest of Bulwer's novels—"What Will He Do With It?" The following review is written from another and very different stand-point, and offers some reflections that seem to us as striking in themselves as they are forcibly presented. A work which has been so widely read as this most attractive novel, cannot be too narrowly considered in respect of its moral tendency, and the importance it assumes among the current literature of the age, constitutes our apology for publishing yet an additional criticism upon its ethical philosophy.—[ED. *Sou. Lit. Mess.*

A question often asked is, whether a criticism should be read *before* or *after* the book criticized? We answer, that it depends very much upon the object of the reader, and the character of the work itself. A great deal of useful information may be most pleasantly communicated to the business man, or cursory reader, in short space, in the form of criticism. The man of more literary taste than leisure may have the question—"What is going on in the world of letters?"—well answered by the *Athenæum* or *Edinburgh Review*, without once consulting popular authors themselves at all. Indeed, with such men as Smith or Hamilton, the names of four or five pamphlets, or new volumes, by obscure, never-to-be-read authors, may well serve to amuse us, as pretexts for political disquisitions, or profound philosophical dissertations; and no one would have the hardihood to ask us to read the authors *first*, or at all; it is the critic who is instructing us, with the author for a text or suggestive heading.

But there is one species of writing in respect to which readers imperatively demand *the book itself*. Nothing can be more profoundly uninteresting than a criticism upon a *novel* which one has never read. And the natural order of author first, critic next, is never more unsatisfactorily reversed than in the case of works of fiction. How grateful must one feel to the critic who tells him in five pages what the author would have made serve him with intense interest and pleasure for five hundred! Having once gotten the full benefit of the novel itself by a previous and rapid reading, we can

then well afford to discuss the moral with our critic, while he aids us in assigning the proper rank and class to the author and his production.

This much, by way of prefacing the distinct declaration that we offer these observations on Bulwer's last novel—"What Will He Do With It?"—for the benefit of those principally, if not solely, *who have read the book*; to others, we should expect to be not only uninteresting, but for the most part unintelligible.

Bulwer, the brilliant man of the *beau monde*, the cynical victim of domestic trouble, the statesman, scholar and diplomatist, never brought into individual life each of these traits of character with more boldness and success than in his last effort. Well has he sustained himself in this production as one of three great competitors for the palm as the novelist of English literature. Is our society in a higher state than in the days of Fielding or Scott? Then so should our novels, as reflexes of that society, be of a higher grade. No man can flush a hero now, and follow him straight through, from the obscure birth to the inevitable wedding. No—his destiny must involve that of many others scarcely less important, and less imposing: statesmen, orators, artists, pick-pockets, gamblers, players, are all brought upon the stage together, each acting his separate part, and all the parts blending into one harmonious whole. The great feature of the age is *combination*, and the question, not what one eccentric character "will do with it," but how will his action affect the mass, or at least, the circle in which

he lives and moves? Regarding society as a vast machine, the question now is, how can all its powers be brought into the most successful simultaneous action? The question for the next age may be—how can this action be displayed in the smallest space? This is the age of novels; the next may be the age of the drama. There are, it must be confessed, many distinct characters—productions of this and the preceding century—which remain to be successfully woven into fiction; such, for instance, as may be said to be prototyped in Howard or Florence Nightingale, in General Walker, (lofty propagandist, as distinguished from pirate or buccaneer,) in Dr. Kane; and when the writer of fiction has succeeded in weaving them all into one novel—grand triumph of combination—the dramatist may yet come after him, and crowd them all on one stage—master effort of concentration.

But to proceed to "What Will He Do With It." The reader very naturally asks, what will *who* do with it? Who is the hero—Darrell or Lionel Haughton? As to which one, does the reader hear the question propounded with more significance by the author, or hasten to its solution with more intense interest himself? It is not until many pages of the book are read that we hear of Darrell at all, and not until the thirty-fifth page are we introduced to him in person:

"Lionel was still gazing upon the effigies of this airy cavalier, when the door behind him opened very noiselessly, and a man, of imposing presence, stood on the threshold—stood so still, and the carved mouldings of the door-way so shadowed, and, as it were, cased round his figure, that Lionel, on turning quickly, might have mistaken him for a portrait brought into bold relief, from its frame, by a sudden fall of light. We hear it, indeed, familiarly said that such a one is like an old picture. Never could it be more appositely said than of the face on which the young visitor gazed, much startled, and somewhat awed. Not such as inferior limners had painted in the portraits there—though it had something in common with those family line-

ments—but such as might have looked tranquil power out of the canvass of Titian."

From the moment of this introduction we are drawn towards Guy Darrell by a strange and irresistible fascination—all that fascination which clings around the proud remnant of a great, but *dead* man. In law, there are, or were, two species of death, *natural* and *civil*; but Darrell's is a third species, which we may call *emotional* death—that state of existence in which he might not so properly be said to live as to *wait*. Our meaning may be more readily comprehended by recurring to his own expressions, when Lionel is on his first visit to Fawley. With all the admirable sensibility of a high-toned, high-strung boy, played upon with exquisite pain by that incorrigible blunderer Fairthorn, Lionel Haughton has first learned that his mother was the daughter of a linen-draper, and himself the offspring of a mercenary *mésalliance*, by which his father, as part of the consideration, was *bought* out of the county-jail, and that Darrell, the early friend of his father, was forever alienated on account of the degradation of such an alliance by a Haughton! Smarting under this information, now first imparted, Lionel, without the slightest pretext for an occasion, flashes all his wounded pride right into the face of the dignified, unapproachable Darrell. Is he offended? Let him speak, as he gazes on the boy's receding figure:

"*I declare I almost feel as if I could once again be capable of an emotion! I hope I am not going to like that boy!—The old Darrell blood in his veins, surely. I might have spoken as he did at his age, but must have had some better reason for it. What did I say to justify such an explosion? Quid fecit? ubi lapsus? Gone, no doubt, to pack up his knapsack, and take the Road to Ruin! Shall I let him go? Better for me, if I am really in danger of liking him; and so be at his mercy to sting—what? My heart? I defy him. It is dead. No, he shall not go thus. I am the head of our joint houses —[Darrells and Haughtons].—Houses! I wish he *had* a house—poor boy! And his grand-father loved me. Let him go!*

I will beg his pardon first; and he may dine in his drawers, if that will settle the matter!"

It is a spiritual or *heart-death*, then, that Darrell has suffered—crucified on the cross of some great passion or great fault in his own character. In the one paragraph just quoted we may trace the whole character of the man, as afterwards developed: a great grief—disappointment—betrayal—fancied self-conquest, but real slavery—imaginary death, but real morbid activity of the emotions, easily excited, yet deep affections—and lastly, *pride, family pride!*

Henceforth our interest is secured, not only in the future, but in the past, and this is not the least of the author's triumphs. The Past, a mystery—what has Darrell done with it? The Future, a problem—what will Lionel do with it? And the solution of the problem is found necessarily to involve a resolution of the mystery.

If Darrell or Lionel, one or the other, must, necessarily, be *the* hero of the book, we unhesitatingly pronounce for Darrell. Indeed, if individuality be the test, we place Lionel low down on the scale. We should rank them thus: Darrell, William Losely, Alban Morley, Frank Vance, George Morley, Lionel Haughton. To illustrate further what we mean: there are not a few great lawyers and parliamentary leaders, but few such strange mixtures of pride, poetry, strength and sentiment as Guy Darrell. There are many strolling players, but where is there to be found the exquisite humour, tender devotion, and God-reliance of a Waife? Men of the world are not scarce, yet philosophical, contented and unselfish old bachelors may be called very rare. There are good painters also, but few *miserly* ones. Great preachers are easily gotten up, but they do not often *stammer*. But as for Lionel, we are compelled to say that while we love and admire him as a friend, not only for his own sake, but for Sophy's, *we have a great many such friends in the novel-world*—yea, as much like him as Tom Jones is like Peregrine Pickle. The chief interest attaching to him is not that of character, but

of incident or fortune, just as in the case of the two characters first adverted to. No one can say that Peregrine, if placed in similar circumstances, would not have fought, prayed, cried, kissed, and gone mad, in exactly the same places that Tom Jones did. So Lionel is the standing hero of many a novel, displaying the same generosity, sensibility, constancy, courage, good looks—in fact, the same fine fellow. Our author himself confesses he had not genius; therefore, we may well excuse him from originality. Like many heroes in real life, he seems to have had the *temperament* of genius without its intellectual accompaniments of productive energy and power. And with all our admiration for Lionel, we must confess that he fell below his *standard character*, when, in the 6th chapter of the VIIIth book, he consented to abandon Sophy, even at the command of a Darrell. Could *interest* have influenced him? The author acquits him, and he knows; yet his first duty was to Sophy. He should not have recognized Darrell's right to thrust an arm between his heart and Sophy's. God alone is greater than a woman's heart.

As for Fairthorn, his character displays originality, it is true, but only that grade of it which we distinguish as *eccentricity*; his idiosyncracies form not the space, but the staple of his character. He is an Original in the sense of an Oddity. As every circus has its clown, and every king formerly had his jester, so every novel must have its oddity—no difference whether sane or insane, (poor Mr. Dick!) old or a youth, (Lanky Lugg,) fresh or a dried specimen, a hater of Horace or a quoter of Latin, and a scholar of St. Andrew's—only so he be an oddity, achieving, as he generally does by accident, what the hero fails to accomplish by design. Indeed, these oddities frequently seem to hold in their hand the end of the thread of the story, and just as the hero becomes inextricably tied up—just as the sword of Alexander is raised to cut the knot—suddenly, at the wink of the author, the oddity pulls the string, and lo, all is straight again! No reader of Scott will want for examples. In the book be-

fore us, the next chapter (chap. vii), after Fairthorn's indiscreet, childish revelations to Lionel, is headed, "Lionel Haughton having hitherto much improved his chance of fortune, *decides the question*, 'What will he do with it?'" Did not Fairthorn, in effect, decide it for him? Does he not decide the fate of Sophy in the sequel, by similar childish indiscretions? Just as Mr. Dick decides the fate of hero and heroine in David Copperfield. The true maxim of novel-writing, to be gathered from these examples, would seem to be: No matter in what labyrinth you imprison hero and heroine, *place the key in the hand of your oddity*—he will surely unlock them at precisely the critical juncture. Pursue this maxim, congratulating yourself that authors have much greater confidence in, and infinitely better command over oddities and fools than has Nature. *She* seldom entrusts such great commissions in their hands.

But to return to Darrell. Great men, it is said, are seldom great to their *valets de chambre*; yet Darrell was a great man to Fairthorn, who seems to have held a scarcely less subservient, though somewhat less menial position at Fawley. He had beyond question the characteristics of great men, not only in his strength but in his weaknesses. Brave, generous, magnanimous; imperious, egotistical, impracticable. Not a great intellect only, but a great nature, impressing and controlling all with whom he is brought in contact, no less the brutalized Jasper Losely, than the sensitive, appreciative Lionel Haughton. We can easily see how the great defect in his character, pride, produced the corresponding defect in his manners—imperiousness. As we should have preferred a Darrel without pride, so we should have preferred a manner which could not knock poor Fairthorn into some dark recess with a glance, nor freeze true, womanly Mrs. Haughton, because she asked him if he liked a rubber of whist! Yet these are defects of temperament, which, though each one has his own mode of exhibiting them, are very common to men of intellect and high position. Pride is no less the "solemn vice of great men," than "the

never-failing vice of fools." Pardon our Americanism for saying we do not like men of imperious presence,—let them be great, but not awful. Two lines more will express all we could say in addition on the subject: had the author thrown a single ray from Gethsemane into the heart of his hero, there had been a greater and a better Darrell.

Yet Darrell knew how to persuade when necessary. His defects of character might be made elements of strength in the great orator. He was the great man in his habits; temperate, an early riser, sleeping but five hours—much too little for ordinary mortals—with a nerve that defied the ravages of time and care, being younger at fifty than an ordinary man at thirty-five; laborious and severely methodical, profound in observation and richly eloquent in expression. Had it not been for the *mystery*, there can be no doubt he would have talked a great deal about himself, and the imposing scenes in which he had acted so conspicuous a part. But the past was sealed for the child of sorrow—"the past seemed as if it had left to him no memory, the future as if it stored for him no desire."

Yet, after all, in the life of this orator, statesman, leader, what great or useful lesson is taught us? Of what principle of human action worthy our imitation, is he the representative, as he stands amid the sturdy old oaks at Fawley—apparently as stern and unimpressible as they?

"Stranded on the shore of the Present; which the more he strives manfully to bear his burden, warns him the more from dwelling on the Past; and the more impressively it enforces the lesson of the vanity of human wishes, strikes the more from his reckoning illusive hopes of the Future. Thus out of our three-fold existence two parts are annihilated—the what has been—the what shall be. We fold our arms, stand upon the petty and steep cragstone which alone looms out of the Measureless Sea, and say to ourselves, looking neither backward nor beyond, 'Let us bear what is;' and so for the moment the eye can lighten, and the lip can smile."

Not that we mean, by asking for the moral of Guy Darrell's life, to assert that every novel-hero's life must of necessity convey a moral; the bare pleasure we derive from the study of an extraordinary specimen of humanity is consideration sufficient to commend a character true to nature, whether a Jasper Losely or a Guy Darrell. Yet what we *admire* we are inclined to imitate, and for that reason, and because the author *has* control over his heroes, he should avoid gilding their foibles with the reflection of the substantial splendour of a character whose weaknesses are easily imitated, while its virtues are absolutely unattainable. We assert that there is danger in enlisting our best and deepest sympathies for a character as unworthy of imitation in the most striking portion of his history, (we have it from the author,) as Darrell. The healthy lessons of practical life are those which fiction should teach when it teaches anything. If we can excuse a story without a moral, we certainly must demand that it convey no false or bad one.

Now let us imagine youth, with all its delicately-woven and tremulous net-work of feeling spread to catch the breeze of every slight impression, pondering over the life of Guy Darrell,—searching with intense and mysterious interest for the *secret*; at last it is evolved,—and what is it? The "man of granite"—the great Darrell—*has given up the problem of his life, because he has loved and been disappointed!* And is there, then, asks the young heart with a bound, an early only Love? A First—Last Love? Is it a magic shell dropped by unseen hands into the very fountain-head of life, which haunts its current ever afterwards?—down the vales, over the rocks and through the stony mountain-hearts into the ocean of eternity? Beseiging us with a music soft as Fairthorn's flute, yet falling on a waste paradise, full of stagnant waters, and dank weeds, like the moors of Fawley Manor? Young heart, believe it not! Believe rather that the fountain-springs of human sympathy are perennial, perpetually "feeding the roots of being" with never-ceas-

ing, living water. If disappointed, do not believe you will not love again,—as wildly, sweetly, and doubtless more deeply and rationally than before. This is a truth which nature is very apt to leave little necessity for novelists to teach, yet the commendation of its opposite by the life and example of a great hero, in the end attaining his object, and the direct inculcation of the sentiment of but *one love* by the author, are not innocuous in their influence on a certain class of readers. Rather let the young go forth impressed with the full conviction, that one lesson in that experience which is inevitable,—one stage of the natural growth, as it were, of human life, is first love, and first—disappointment. Let them not hope to escape the almost certain attendant of an advent into society; there *will* come the Flame, the Hope, the Tremour, the wild, sweet Dream, and after them almost as certainly succeed the Disappointment, the Agony, the heavy Burden, the lead coffin in the bosom. And are we to be told that the highest philosophy, the truest Christianity of life is to yield at once the whole battle-ground and *love on*,—whether the object be beyond our reach in the grave, or, worse than all, in the bond with another? No; go mad with Tasso, or commit suicide with Chatterton—anything rather than be guilty of that species of emotional suicide which has all the cowardice without any of the daring of actual self-destruction. Not that we would depreciate either the sanctity or depth of first love, but only impress the lesson that, though God for his own reasons has decreed that the first crop of the prairie fallow-ground, in all its wild luxuriance, should be given to himself, yet the soil, if *properly cultivated* in earnestness and truth, is really inexhaustible; that true heroism consists not in cherishing useless passion, but rather in bearing our burden with a smile, until Time shall give us strength to lay our idol in the grave, with a sacred confidence that sometime,—perhaps even before the spring shall have covered the tomb with wild flowers,—another sweeter and more rational hope will have found its birth;

this is the almost certain reward of a manly exertion of the Master Will,—the guerdon of that silent fortitude of the heart which teaches and exemplifies that to a spirit rightly tempered there is no such thing as a limit of elasticity.

These are the lessons we would have youth taught, instead of the cowardly, intensely selfish desertion of his post which we are asked to admire in Guy Darrell, the "Great Solitary," mouldering in "stilled life" like a stranded ship deserted by its crew without an effort to save her. As one of the requisites of a good novel is, that it should have no injurious tendencies to its most numerous or most impressive class of readers, we find fault not only with Bulwer the novelist, but with Bulwer the philosopher; for he does in fact endorse what the life of every one of his characters, who love at all, teaches us—that *there is but one love*,—"that affection which has so many perishable counterfeits, but which when true in all its elements, complete in all its varied wealth of feeling, is never to be forgotten, and never to be replaced."

Now if one of the "elements" of this irreplaceable affection be admitted to be *the attainment and enjoyment of its object*, the proposition, though unsound, is not so objectionable; but that unreciprocated or disappointed love, is, like the consumption, incurable, we deny; and assert that although it has its victims in real life, they are generally persons of weak minds and strong affections, and, at all events, unworthy of admiration or imitation.

We have not that horror of *widows*, which characterizes Guy Darrell and Tony Weller; though the active, childward monogamy of a Vittoria Colonna is a very different thing from the disappointed celibacy of Guy Darrell; as different as the first mercenary marriage of the latter is from the true heart-alliance of Corinne.

We find more to admire in the sublime self-sacrifices, and martyrdom of Gentleman Waife to the memory of his deed Lizzie, than in the gloomy isolation of Darrell. Waife's devotion, and gentle-

ness, and exquisite humour reminds us of Charles Lamb,—particularly the *cast* of his humour, which seems, as some one has said, like an April cloud, reflecting all the laughing rays of the sun, yet just ready to burst into tears. Waife is the Charles Lamb of fiction.

We have spoken of Bulwer as the philosopher, and it is in this character we delight to view him. He seems in the book we are considering to have illustrated the passion Pride in all phases, pleasant and repulsive;—in Darrell, the pride of family; in Waife, pride in the memory of a dead wife; in Lady Monfort, the pride of perfect wifeness without love; in Sophy and Lionel, the just pride of a rich sensibility; in Jasper Losely, the pride of woman conquest, and physical strength; and in his mistress, the iron-grey woman, Arabella Crane, the pride of wounded love and final triumph; and lastly in Frank Vance, the pride of—*his nose*.

The *style* of Bulwer, so well sustained in "What will He Do with It?" is familiar to most readers of fiction. It requires some little familiarity with it to be appreciated. It is condensed, almost abrupt, aphoristic, and, what we may much admire, purely English. It has nothing of the modern affectation—no *Carlylism* about it, but preserves most rigidly the proper subordination of the *counters* to the *coin*,—the vehicles of thought to thought itself.

His style is artistic,—by which we mean that each sentence or paragraph is built up with careful reference to the position and exact shade of meaning of each word. We take it this is what Coleridge means by that "*untranslatability*" which he insists upon as a test of good poetry, viz: that it cannot be translated into different language even by the substitution or transposition of a single word, without losing something of force or beauty. It is this artistic structure which gives Bulwer's thought so frequently that *aphoristic* form of which we have spoken;—a form requiring in prose that power which Voltaire says distinguishes the great poet,—"*Cet art*

d'embellir par la diction ce que pensent, et ce sentent tous les hommes."

The aphoristic gems of thought which sparkle on almost every page give that peculiar *raciness* to Bulwer for which he is justly celebrated. His *bon mots* if collected would form quite a respectable volume, which, decorated with the title, "Bulwer's Aphorism," or "Bon Mots from Bulwer," could not fail to fit the popular mouth, and pass into proverbs. What lover can forget, "*Ask early, ask often?*" We have marked them on every page of the work before us. "Without the link of *poetry*, love is but a commonplace sentiment;" "Architects can build a palace—can they build a home?" "Life without hope is either very short, or very, very long;" "Great men are their own ancestors—why not sometimes fair women?" "Pride is a garment all stiff brocade outside, all grating sackcloth on the side next to the skin;" and so we might go on for pages without difficulty. We like this condensed philosophy; after reading him these sentences recur to us constantly, and we lift them from the context seasonably and conveniently for application.

We may here observe, that it is in his philosophy as a *man of society* that Bulwer chiefly commends himself. The relations between the sexes—a theme in itself inexhaustible—seem to have been with him a matter of deep study and profound observation; and we can readily conceive that many an observation on this subject, now given to permanency in the book before us, must have had birth in the excitement of a ball-room or crowded parlour. To take an illustration, rather at random—such a one as we can just now lay our hands upon—hear him on *celibacy*:

"Moreover, man is like a napkin, the more neatly the housewife doubles him the more carefully she lays him on the shelf. Neither can a man know how often he may be doubled. Not only his own wife folds him in two, but every child quarters him into a new double, till what was a wide and handsome substance, large enough for anything in reason, dwindles into a pitiful square

that will not cover one platter—all puckers and creases—smaller and smaller with every double—with every double a new crease. Then, my friend, comes the washing bill! and besides all the hurts one receives in the mangle, consider the hourly wear and tear of the linen-press! In short, Shakespeare vindicates the single life, and depicts the double in the famous line—which is no doubt intended to be allegorical of marriage:

'Double, double, toil and trouble.'

Besides, no single man can be fairly called poor. What double man can with certainty be called rich? A single man can lodge in a garret, and dine on a herring; nobody knows, nobody cares. Let him marry, and he invites the world to witness where he lodges, and how he dines. The first necessary a wife demands is the most ruinous, the most indefinite superfluity; it is gentility according to what her neighbours call genteel. Gentility commences with the honeymoon; it is its shadow, and lengthens as the moon declines."

Take again the head of Chap. IV., Book VIII., and observe how a half-pleasant, half-painful sentiment sparkling with originality, is thrown out:

"A woman too often reasons from her heart—hence two-thirds of her mistakes and troubles. A man of genius, too, often reasons from his heart—hence, also, two-thirds of his troubles and mistakes. Wherefore between woman and genius there is a sympathetic affinity; each has some intuitive comprehension of the secrets of the other, and the more feminine the woman, the more exquisite the genius, the more subtle the intelligence between the two. But note well that this tacit understanding becomes obscured if human love pass across its relations. Shakespeare interprets aright the most intricate riddles in woman. A woman was the first to interpret aright the art that is latent in Shakespeare. But did Anne Hathaway and Shakespeare understand each other?"

These will serve as specimens of the

class of his observations of which we in society. We cannot stop to quote have been speaking,—those derived from more in illustration of deeper topics of a study of the intercourse of the sexes observation.

REPLY.

You bid me "strike the burning lyre,"
 And breathe the glowing strain,
 That in my father's halls may wake
 The soul of song again;
 You say that I have Sappho's power
 To soothe, and charm, and thrill,
 That I may hold the souls of men
 Entrancéd at my will;
 You bid me tread the path of fame
 To win a high, immortal name!

Alas! alas! sweet Poet-friend,
 'Tis vain to say "be strong,"
 My hand is weak, and in my heart
 There is no voice of song.
 Within my father's dear old halls
 A stranger ruleth now,
 And no one there would joy to see
 Fame's wreath upon my brow,
 Not one is *there* to *bless* my name,
 And what care I for noisy fame!

E'en had you judged my skill aright;
 Were Sappho's genius mine—
 Were every word that I might breathe
 Deemed by all earth divine;
 Had I the pow'r to sing such songs
 As never mortal sung;
 Were at my feet the proudest gifts
 Of fame's high temple flung,
 I'd turn me from the dazzling scene
 And weep to be as I have been!

I bless the hour your gifted mind
 Sweet song-wreath wove for me;
 Proud am I that my soul may claim
 A Poet's sympathy.
 Oh! were it not for beams like this
 Life's path were dark indeed,—
 Thank God! He knoweth all our wants,
 And giveth as we need!
 Thank God! however dark the night,
 His stars o'erreach the way of right.

MABEL.

LOUIS LE GRAND.*

It was at this time that the municipal authorities of Paris conferred, in a formal manner, the epithet of Great on the king they delighted to honour. But the mayors and aldermen of towns are not the bestowers of fame. History has not ratified the title, and we may in a very short time be able to see the reason. To be great, a man must be generous and just; he must be unselfish, and have trust in other men. Alexander is called the Great, because the heroic and lovable portions of his character compensated for the darker parts. Frederick the Second of Prussia has been called the Great, to distinguish him from the exceedingly little Fredericks by whom he was preceded and followed; but nothing but the grossest flattery could affix a name indicative of the virtues of patriotism and noble thoughts on the tyrannical and inflated potentate who sat on the throne of France. The sentiments of his subjects, however, are not much more elevated than his own. At the commencement of his independent reign, at the death of Mazarin, the poet Racine dedicated to him his tragedy of "Alexander," and held forth the Macedonian destroyer of Persia as a proper model for a Christian king in the year 1663, "inasmuch as it needed only a little effort to make him redoubtable to all Europe. I foresee," he adds, "that your majesty will cover yourself with fresh glories, and at the head of an army complete the resemblance to your illustrious prototype, and add the title of Conqueror to that of the wisest monarch in the world."

The peace of Nimeguen put an end for awhile to this career of wisdom and conquest. But no sooner were the swords of the belligerents sheathed, and the bills of their previous expenditures examined, than the various principalities and powers were astonished to perceive the proceedings of the French monarch. He doubled his fleet, he laid the founda-

tions of the works at Cherbourg, which were only finished in 1858; he kept his army on its full establishment; he fabricated arms and accoutrements as if he were in the midst of a dreadful war; and having a hundred ships in his harbours, sixty thousand sailors in his pay, a line of strongly armed fortresses on the frontier of his rule, and a vast array of soldiers cantoned throughout the land, he commenced the trade of spoiler on a very considerable scale, and seized several towns belonging to his friends and neighbours without giving them any notice of his design. The strong town of Strasburg, barrier and capital of Alsace, which covered the Rhine, and opened a passage into Germany by a commodious bridge, was pounced upon in profound peace, and then fortified by Vauban and victualled by Louvois, so as to place it beyond any probability of recapture. He demanded Alsat in Flanders from the Emperor, on the sole ground that he wished to have it; and bought the town of Casal near Milan of its possessor the Duke of Mantua, who was very much in want of funds. The neighbouring nations looked on with awe. Singly, there was no chance for any of them, and the overwhelming master of such forces would give them no time to unite. Louis, indeed, owed as much to the insufficiency of his rivals as to his own self-will in the position he had assumed. England we need not speak of, for it was under the degrading influence of the Stuarts; Spain was sinking beyond hope in the apathy of exhaustion; Germany was tormented with internal struggles and the terror of a Turkish invasion. There was but one man of the time competent to the task of curbing the excesses of the great king, but he was only the hereditary prince and elective governor of one of the smallest of the States, and had nothing for some years but the glory of devising noble plans for the deliverance of Europe, with-

* From White's History of France.

out materials, in men or money, to carry them into effect. This was William of Orange, who is reported to have said, that since he could not obtain Louis's friendship, he was determined to conquer his esteem. Fine speeches, however, had become so much the fashion at this time, that they were attributed to everybody; and it is not necessary for us to believe that William either valued the friendship of the devastator of his country, or paid him the compliment of supposing that a defence of popular freedom could acquire the despot's esteem. To give still further notice to his neighbours of the hopelessness of opposition, and keep up the military enthusiasm of his subjects, he sent a powerful fleet against Algiers, with mortars for the discharge of bomb-shells—a new invention, which was expected to alter the whole art of maritime war, as it gave an equality of force to an attacking fleet against stone batteries on land. The bombardment was successful, but at so prodigious an expense that the Dey is reported to have offered to set fire to the town himself if Louis would send him one-half of what the expedition had cost.

In three years after this, the Corsairs were again visited by the gunboats and mortars of the champion of the Christian cause. The captives were given up to the French admiral, but as the English who happened to be among the slaves had the stubborn stupidity to say that the Dey delivered them out of compliment to the King of England, the victorious Frenchman put them all ashore again, assuring them that the submission of the barbarians was made entirely to the flag of Louis the Great—a trait which, to the perverted taste of *Voltaire* himself, appears characteristic not more of English pride than of the respect paid to the French king. This dignified ruler took credit to himself for abstaining from the basest of crimes. There was a vast quantity of self-laudation when he refrained for a whole year, in a time of perfect peace, from warlike operations against the Emperor, who was at that time driven from Vienna by the Turks,

two hundred thousand strong, and only saved his capital, and probably the remainder of his States, by the assistance of the heroic John Sobieski, king of Poland. A gentleman might as well take credit to himself for not running off with his friend's watch when he is attacked by highwaymen, and busied in the protection of his purse and life. It was not discovered for some time after, that the gentleman on this occasion from the first had been in alliance with the thieves. But the patience and long-suffering of the world were tried by still greater pretensions. The grand old republic of Genoa was so humbled that she sent her Doge to implore freedom in Paris. The other kings had yielded all his demands. It was only left to show his superiority to the superior of all crowned heads, and take an easy victory over the Pope. The ambassadors resident in Rome had agreed to surrender a certain privilege which they had acquired, no body could say how, of exempting all the persons who lived in their palaces, or even in their quarters, from payment of the dues charged on importation at the gates of the city. Louis was requested to follow this example. He answered haughtily it was for him to set an example, not to follow it; and maintained the right of his representatives, though it interfered very materially with the police regulations and the revenue of the town. He sent an embassy which looked a great deal more like an attempt at conquest than a visit of peaceful friendship. The minister was attended at his official entrance by a thousand men fully armed, and took possession of his house as if it had been a citadel. He then placed sentinels round it, and seized a neighbouring church, which he turned into a military post. The high days of the Papacy had passed away, or an insult like this would have armed all Christendom in its defence. All that the Pope could do was to excommunicate the ambassador, but the Marquis de Lavardin only laughed at the harmless ceremony, which three hundred years before would have brought his master to the footstool of St. Peter.

Having thus attained the pinnacle of earthly glory by the personal abasement of the loftiest dignitary of his religion, he determined to show that it was from no leaning to the Protestant doctrines that he thus humiliated the Catholic chief. In the same year that he insulted the princely and pontifical dignity of the helpless Innocent the Eleventh, he signed the famous "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes." In 1598, the generous and sagacious Henry the Fourth had secured the peace and prosperity of the kingdom by the Settlement of religious disputes contained in the "Edict" he issued on changing his faith. Three generations of Frenchmen had grown up under this Christian comprehension, and had lost the asperity of polemic differences in the ennobling sentiments of their common duties. Sully and his Huguenot contemporaries had accepted their position as a tolerated and protected minority, and had performed their services to the State without reference to creed or communion. Louis himself was the first who introduced a distinction in the selection of his servants. Turenne, Schomberg, and Du Quesne, though of the proscribed persuasion, had been found indispensable, and were unwillingly given an opportunity of distinguishing their talents. Turenne, indeed, yielded to the arguments of Bossuet, and rose into unclouded favour with the king by his conversion to the Catholic faith; but the others were more stubborn or less enlightened, and suffered with the common herd under the great calamity that now fell upon the professors of the Reformed religion. Du Quesne was excepted by name, but died before he could avail himself of the indulgence. Schomberg joined the great stream of exiles who were driven into foreign lands by the savage and impolitic principles that had actuated the king. There was to be no toleration for dissent. The Huguenots were to disappear from the land they polluted with their presence, either by conformity to the Roman Church or banishment from their homes. What sufferings were included under that dreadful word, we can scarcely imagine now, for the hospitable shores of

America are open to us, and the new regions of Australia invite us with outstretched arms. But the Frenchman was driven from his shop in the town and his country farm; from his cottage on the Seine, or his manufactory on the Rhone; his fortunes were ruined, his friendships and associations broken off; and hundreds of thousands poured across the ungrateful borders, harbouring an enmity to their country, which found, indeed, on one or two occasions, outlet for itself in open war, but took a far surer revenge on their hypocritical and bigoted oppressors, by carrying their arts, their talents, and industry into other and hostile lands. The looms of depopulated Lyons hummed strains of vengeance in the now crowded workshops of Norwich; Germany, Switzerland, Sweden itself, received accessions of skilled and earnest workmen, who spread refinement and taste among the artisans of those simple countries, and enabled them to compete with the French in the markets of the world. Yet the agony must be great to leave the scenes of one's youth and manhood, for even an assured provision under other skies; and on this occasion grey-haired fathers and prattling children, strong-armed men and women in the bloom of beauty, were driven forth, with no home to receive them, and exposed to all the sufferings of friendlessness and want.

Louis rejoiced in the work of his hands when he saw the emptied villages, and felt that God was worshipped with no heterodox ceremonial from Calais to Marseilles. To this great act of religious fervour he was impelled by two considerations. One was, that he had conveyed his affections to a cold narrow-hearted woman, of the age of forty-seven, who had been companion and successor of his former favourite, Madame de Montespan, and was resolved to make up for the sins of her youth by rigid propriety in her old age. This was Madame de Maintenon, a successful adventuress, who had earned her first maintenance by giving her hand to a deformed buffoon of the name of Scarron, and achieved the highest of royal dignities by a

private marriage with Louis the Fourteenth. The other consideration was, that an avowed and unflinching advocate of Popish doctrines was now seated on the English throne, and gave whatever influence could be derived from the co-operation of James the Second to any step which could be taken to injure the Protestant cause. But Madame de Maintenon and James were equally disappointed in the result of the Revocation. The few recollections of liberty and self-respect still remaining in the hearts of the French, were turned to gall by the treatment of their fellow subjects. The spirit of opposition to the arbitrary proceedings of the English court was strengthened by the accession of so many thousand expatriated Frenchmen, who showed in their own persons the result of Romish supremacy. Never had the whole of Europe been nearer the loss of freedom than at this time. The North had forgotten its ancient glories, and erected despotic thrones in the Scandinavian kingdoms. Except in Great Britain and Holland, there was no approach to representative or liberal government. James fought with all his power to make his domains no exception to the universality of absolute rule, and pursued his schemes with so little judgment that a far more quiescent people than the descendants of the lords of Runnymede, and the gentlemen of the Petition of Right, would have been moved to rebellion. Rebellion, indeed, is scarcely a fitting word for the resolution which a great and outraged nation took to dismiss so disgraceful and contemptible an oppressor. A rebellion is a rising up against established power; but this was a determination to abolish a newly-founded system of cruelty and weakness, which was in fact itself a rebellion against a nation's rights.

The Prince of Orange had watched the gradual rise of English discontent. His wife was daughter of the infatuated king, and he himself was nephew. When the nation's patience at last gave way, the Prince appeared off the coast of Devon with a powerful fleet, which had been gathered without ostentation or

notice in the ports of Holland, and landed with a few thousand soldiers at Torbay. Before Louis had time to recover from his surprise at the audacity of so small a potentate as the Stadtholder of the Provinces invading a great kingdom in alliance with himself, he received a visit from the fugitive Stuart, and perceived that the expedition of the Prince was not considered by the British people as an invasion, but a deliverance. He felt it, however, an increase of his dignity that he had a crowned head in his wages. He established the unlucky exile, therefore, in St. Germain's, and treated him with the ceremony befitting a sovereign of England, and a dependant of his own.

But these stage antics at St. Germain's were received with very little favour at St. James's, or in the House of Parliament. The British nation had declared that James the Second was no longer its king. Louis made equally solemn declaration that he was; and issue was joined on this great question, where the pleadings were carried on with fleets and armies. James made his appearance in Ireland at the head of some French troops and made his disappearance at the Boyne, pursued by the French refugees. Schomberg was at their head, and when the uniforms of Louis's contingent were seen on the other side of the river, "Gentlemen," he said, "behold your persecutors," and the Huguenot cry was again heard as they charged upon their foes. The question was definitively settled, as regarded the possession of the English throne, by the flight of the dispossessed and dastardly claimant; but the other matters in dispute, which had been cherished on both sides, between Louis and William, were now to be brought to the arbitrament of arms. "The evil that men do lives after them," and England felt for some time the inefficiency or dishonesty of her former king. Charles, his jovial brother, had wasted in revelry the money devoted to the defences of the country. James had turned into polemic channels the sums voted for the maintenance of the fleet. Failing in his great effort of for-

ing the nation to embrace the Romish faith, he succeeded in stripping it of its natural bulwarks, and the harbours were either empty or thinly occupied by rotting ships and ill-paid crews. Tourville, the French admiral, was accordingly ruler of the sea. He defeated the English and Dutch squadron off Dieppe, and reigned supreme in the channel for nearly two years. Louis, availing himself of this circumstance made one more attempt to establish his puppet on the English throne. Fleets from the other harbours were collected at Brest, and an army was stationed in the neighbourhood of Cherbourg. When all preparations were made, the great expedition put to sea; but William had wasted the supplies neither on suppers at Whitehall nor missionary labours among the clergy, and presented a rampart of a hundred vessels of war, that bore gallantly down on the fleet of Tourville, and put an end to the naval energy of France by the tremendous overthrow of La Hogue. James is reported by his apologists to have witnessed the engagement from a safe position on shore, and to have said, "See how my brave English fight!" But this is not in keeping with his character. It is much more certainly known that he volunteered to serve on board the French fleet, but probably with the hope of having his offer refused.

At the same time that he tried to impose a monarch on a neighbouring country, for the gratification of his pride, the French king was carrying on a war on the Emperor and the Duke of Savoy, in order to obtain as much as possible of a neighbouring country for himself. His first campaign had been as brilliant as usual: Luxemburg defeated the confederates (the Imperialists, English and Hollanders) at Fleurus. The Savoyard was defeated with still easier glory by Catinat at Stafarde, near Saluces; and Piedmont was overrun in a very short time. In 1691, the town of Mons was captured by the king in person, and Liege mercilessly bombarded after its resistance had ceased. In the following year Namur was taken in the presence of Louis, who assumed the nominal com-

mand, and in the face of William and a powerful army. Leaving his conquest to be strengthened by Vauban, Luxemburg obtained another victory over the English king at Steinkirk. This battle is one of those of which the circumstances make it memorable in spite of its merely temporary results. William had detected a spy of Luxemburg in the camp. He made him write a false report to his employer, which would put him off his guard, and closed in upon the French army before it could recover from its surprise. But there was a great number of young nobles studying the art of war or of victory (for they seemed the same thing) under the Marshal Luxemburg. Princes of the blood, descendants of the Great Condé, great-grandsons of Henry the Fourth, and nephews of Turenne—these and others placed themselves at the head of their regiments, and bore up against the attack, till Luxemburg arranged his lines. The fight was the most critical of the war, and ended in a triumph of the French. But the danger had been great, and the enthusiasm of the whole nation gathered round the gay young cavaliers who had saved the reputation of its arms. They were met by crowds outside the towns as they returned to the capital. Flowers, crowns, and speeches were poured upon them all the way; and fashion completed their reward by inventing absurd pieces of dress in the shape of lace neckcloths and calling them Steinkirks. There were Steinkirk watch-chains, Steinkirk seals, Steinkirk bracelets, of which the names still remain, though the origin of them is forgotten. But this campaign of 1693 was famous for the bloodiest engagement of those times. At Nerwinde, William was nearly surprised, as Luxemburg had been at Steinkirk. He had only time to entrench himself during the night, and in the morning the combat began. It was fought with far more bitterness than is usual in civilized war, for the exiles of France, the sufferers by the Revocation, were again placed face to face with their oppressors, and religious fury was mingled with their military courage. Twenty thousand men

were left dead upon the field; the wounded filled the villages of France and the Netherlands. There was great glory obtained by the French conquerors on this terrible day, but the glory of the vanquished Hollanders was no less. William was one of the men who rise with the necessities of their position. Almost always defeated, and never depressed—enabled, by some indomitable energy of his own mind, to resist a triumphant advance with the remnants of a scattered army—it is impossible to say whether his military fame would have been increased, in the opinion of qualified judges, by a series of successes.

The French began to tire of useless fame; a victory never put them an inch nearer the object of their wishes. William would not yield them a foot of ground; and England began to take an interest in the struggle, of which she had hitherto been rather an unconcerned spectator than a sharer. The national spirit of fair play was roused up to see the only champion of the cause of freedom overwhelmed by superior forces. A diversion was made in his favour on the real battle-field of English fame: vast fleets were fitted out, and traversed the sea in all directions. Calais, and Havre, and Dunkirk were bombarded, and Dieppe nearly reduced to ashes. William gained fresh vigour on land from the triumphs of the navy, and from other quarters clouds at the same moment came over the French cause. Luxemburg died, and left no successor worthy of his post. Louvois, a still heavier bereavement, had left his country without a competent administrator of its military force; a famine fell upon the land; the vigorous youth of the provinces was utterly exhausted; money it was impossible to raise; and Louis, with the joy-bells for victories sounding in his ears, knew that the end was come. He appeared no more with his armies in the field, but became more strict in religious ceremonial and in devotion to Madame de Maintenon. William pushed forward, with unaccustomed hope; he besieged and took Namur, in spite of the resistance of a numerous garrison, and the threatening position of

a covering army of a hundred thousand men. By this wonderful achievement he raised the common estimation of his military skill and reputation; for it was the first time that any of his continental deeds was gilded by the glory of success. News at the same time came frowning over the sea that the only French settlement in Hindostan, Pondicherry, which the great Colbert had planted as the stepping-stone to great commercial results, was seized on by the Dutch, and that the best of the French islands, St. Domingo, was wasted and ravaged by the English. Reprisals were attempted against these maritime powers, but no longer by the regular navy of France. It is an evident sign of national weakness when the sufferings and losses of a country are revenged by private hands. There were privateers from St. Malo, like Duguay Trouin, and corsairs like Jean Barte, who fitted out vessels and insulted the unarmed shores of Jamaica, and even made a dash on the treasures of Carthage. But these desultory efforts had no effect upon the war. When we consider the condition of French affairs at this time—the impoverishment of Louis's finances, the wretchedness of his people, the disappearance of his fleets, the loss of his greatest generals and wisest counsellors—we shall not be surprised at his turning a longing eye to the possibilities of a peace. But we shall be greatly surprised—unless we take into consideration the blinding effects of his former pre-eminence—to see that he assumed all the airs of a conqueror using his power with the most generous moderation, in the terms he offered to Europe. Europe was as anxious for repose as he was, because she had never been anxious for war. The Peace of Ryswick, therefore, was universally hailed with joy. It gave back all the Flemish and other conquests of the French; it recognised William as the true king of Great Britain and Ireland; it demolished the fortifications of the frontier towns, on which so much science and money had been lavished; and, finally, Europe returned to the position it had been in nine years before—exhausted now of men, and wealth, and

happiness, with many wide tracts of land made forever incapable of cultivation, and many flourishing cities reduced to a heap of ruins. The cause of all these woes conveniently forgot everything except that he was the first who proposed to put an end to them; and the salaried historians and slavish poets of the time sang in all tongues and nations the praises of the magnificent king who was deaf to the call of ambition, and listened only to the sweet voice of pity and compassion.

His people, however, were too much depressed to give way to rejoicings on the restoration of peace. The sacrifices had been so heavy that they destroyed the elasticity of the nation's resources as well as of its animal spirits. The Frenchman became less mercurial and more thoughtful than he had been before; and the king, whether from advancing years or the necessity of retrenchment, curtailed the costly splendour of his domestic circle, which perhaps had hidden from him the sufferings of his subjects in the glare of his attendants' prosperity. He sank more and more under the domination of Madame de Maintenon; and as he could no longer give the law to subject Europe, he indemnified himself with the most rigid government of his court and family. His habits were fixed with the regularity of the heavenly motions, and were looked up to with the same admiration by the smart astronomers of the bed chamber and audience hall. If there were injured cities in the Low Countries, or impoverished farms upon the Rhine, their hatred might have been appeased if they had known the degrading miseries of their destroyer's private life. Summoned at a certain hour from his morning sleep—dressed—dressed by duke and marquis—led by chamberlain and marshal, and surrounded at breakfast by lord and lady—preceded, attended, followed by some hundreds of greedy courtiers and other expectants of his favour, as he passed from his apartments to the palace chapel—waited on in his walks—watched in all his actions—never alone, never natural—never off the stage—the poor old man was as great a prisoner in his golden chains as any culprit in the gal-

leys. He knew the atmosphere he breathed in—of false praise, secret enmity, grovelling meanness, and utter depravity of life—and yet could breathe no other.

The majestic fabric of Versailles, which was a triumph for the Peace of Nimeguen, was a libel on the Peace of Ryswick; and complaints were heard, or suspected, against the magnificence of the royal establishment while poverty was eating into the comfort of every cottage in the land. Louis would not confess to himself that he had lived too long, and that he was the survivor of a state of things which had passed away. He still spoke with the voice of the master of Colbert and Louvois, and Turenne and Luxemburg; and turned his eyes to Spain, as he had formerly done to the Netherlands, forgetting that the instruments of his former greatness had broken in his hands. His wife, Maria Theresa, had long been dead (1683); and now her brother, the feeble Charles the Second, was about to follow. Every politician in Christendom was on the alert for the expected event. Maria Theresa, we remember, had renounced her claim; her sister had married the Emperor Leopold; and though the ceremony of renunciation had been omitted at the time of the union, the Emperor had forced his only daughter by the Spanish princess to renounce all the rights derivable through her mother on her betrothal to the Elector of Bavaria. Of this Bavarian marriage there was a son. All parties, indeed, seemed to have insurmountable obstacles in the way of their accession; and Louis, perhaps to blind the eyes of England and Holland to his possible proceedings, entered into a secret treaty with William and the United Provinces for the distribution of the Spanish monarchy, as if it had been the prize-money of a captured town. It is amusing to see our wary constitutional king, and the wary republican high mightinesses of Holland, giving countries here and countries there, without the least reference to the populations, or deigning to consult them as to their wishes on the point. France was to have the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily; Austria was to have the Milan-

ese; and the young Prince of Bavaria to have the kingdom of Spain, the Low Countries, and the American colonies. But the young Prince of Bavaria died in 1700, and the web had all to be spun again. The Archduke Charles of Austria, second son of the Emperor, was now to have the share of the late Bavarian; France was to have the Two Sicilies and Lorraine; but Louis, who was fond of bestowing kingdoms which did not belong to him, generously offered to give the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to the Duke of Savoy, in exchange for his hereditary duchy and territory of Nice. When this last arrangement was concluded, the contracting parties waited patiently for the demise of Charles of Spain; but Charles of Spain was not so weak as he had been thought. He was offended at this sharing of his spoils before he was buried, and wrote a will. This will was the most important document of the time. Its object was to secure the integrity of the Spanish realm. Spain, whatever happened, was to be the mistress of all her subject crowns; she was to have Milan and the Sicilies, the Low Countries, and the Indies. He would not have his country a dependency of France, by leaving it to the heir of that monarchy; nor of the Empire, by leaving it to the eldest son of Leopold; nor a prey to intestine division or foreign war, by leaving it in fragments, as proposed by William and the Provinces. He left it to the Duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin; failing him, to his brother the Duke of Berri; failing him, to the Archduke Charles; and failing him, to the Duke of Savoy. He let each of the competitors have a distinct view of the inheritance; but the inheritance was to continue whole and undivided. The treaty of partition, however, was still in existence, duly signed and executed; and William and the Provinces waited to see

how nobly Louis would fulfil the conditions, and preserve the balance of power in Europe, by not allowing the greatest monarchy of Christendom to fall into the hands of either a French or German prince.

Louis, on the 16th November, 1700, got up and dressed himself with care. He summoned the Marquis of Castelar, the Spanish ambassador, into his presence, and, at the same moment, his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, entered the apartment by another door. "Behold your monarch!" he exclaimed to the Spaniard, who fell upon his knees and kissed the young man's hand. The great doors were then flung wide, and the crowds in the outer gallery came forward to see what was going on. The old king said, "Gentlemen, I present to you the King of Spain; his birth entitles him to the crown; the late king has left it to him by will; the nation demands him,—I have yielded to its demand. Sir," he added, turning to the King of Spain, "be a good Spaniard—that is now your first duty; your next is to remember that you are a born Frenchman; the Pyrenees have disappeared!" France heard the declaration with very different feelings from those which found expression in the cheers and applause of the auditors of this speech. To lift away the Pyrenees, she felt, would exhaust her enfeebled strength; for it was certain that England and Holland, and the Empire, would resist with all their power this effort to remove the landmarks set up by nature herself. And, in accordance with these sad forebodings, the War of the Succession began. Thirteen years of the greatest sufferings which France had hitherto endured—of defeat in the field and discontent at home—were the terrible payment which she made for the glory her sovereign had arrogated to himself of creating a King of Spain.

THE DYING COMPOSER.

Far from my native Fatherland,
 The summons comes for me to die;
 And soon beneath a foreign strand,
 Forgotten I must lie:
 Ah! must I pass so soon away,
 While Life's first dawning hopes are bright?
 To die—and leave no memory,
 Nor set in Music's starry sky
 A coronet of light.
 Land of my heart! my childhood's home!
 Shall I not visit thee once more;
 And midst thy haunts remembered roam,
 Ere my short life be o'er?
 Again I'll see the sunshine stream
 Thy snowy hills with light;
 Crowning their heights with rosy gleam,
 Which deepens into crimson beam,
 Or purple shades at night.
 Once more I'll watch the rushing Rhine
 Among thy banks of flowers,
 Its blue and smiling waters twine,
 Through Summer's golden hours.—
 Alas! 't is but an idle dream
 Of happiness too bright;
 Whose very loveliness would seem
 To darken my sad night.

A vision still more purely sweet,
 Has thrilled my soul again;
 And bade its failing pulses beat
 With joy, too nearly pain.
 Methought I heard my Mother's voice
 Fall gently on mine ear,
 Bidding my fainting heart rejoice,
 For Rest—sweet Rest was near:
 I dreamed I felt her loving kiss
 Press'd softly on my burning brow;
 It waken'd such a thrill of bliss,
 As seems but fancy now.
 Too soon those airy dreams are fled;
 Above my dust no eyes shall weep,
 Only the winds around my bed,
 Their sobbing music sweep.

Alone the shadowy path I tread,
 Alone I sink beneath Death's wave;
 Soon shall I rest my weary head,
 Low in a stranger's grave.—
 Spirits of Harmony! O keep
 Your vigils o'er me there:
 Touch with a requiem soft and deep,
 The harp-strings in my soul that sleep,
 Waken their echoes here.

Presence of Death! I feel thee nigh,
 My quivering pulse and glazing eye,
 Warn me thine hour is come—
 Sweet tones burst round me—Ah! how near,
 How glorious, on my raptured ear
 Fall solemn harmonies—I see
 Visions of brightness—Let me flee
 To Song's eternal home!

MAY.

Charleston, S. C.

Notices of New Works.

ADAM BEDE. *A Novel.* By GEORGE ELIOT.
 New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.
 (From A. Morris, 97 Main street.)

We noticed the first edition of this novel in a very few lines, according to it high praise, without any analysis of the story or comments on the style. The second edition, just published, suggested to us the propriety of examining more carefully a work which has attained so large a share of popular favour, and we had begun the task, when the following review, from the *London Times*, met our eye in the columns of that paper. The criticism appears to us so just, and it is so pleasantly written, that we prefer making use of it to submitting the self-same reflections in our own way. Let the literary man of the *Times*, therefore, speak for us:

There can be no mistake about *Adam Bede*. It is a first-rate novel, and its author takes rank at once among the masters of

the art. Hitherto known but as the writer of certain tales, to which he gave the modest title of "Scenes," and which displayed only the buds of what we have here in full blossom, he has produced a work which, after making every allowance for certain crudities of execution, impresses us with a sense of the novelist's maturity of thought and feeling. Very seldom are so much freshness of style and warmth of emotion seen combined with so much solid sense and ripened observation. We have a pleasant feeling of security in either laughing or crying with such a companion. Our laughter shall not be trifling, and our tears shall not be maudlin. We need not fear to yield ourselves entirely to all the enchantments of the wizard whose first article of belief is the truism which very few of us comprehend until it has been knocked into us by years of experience—that we are all alike—that the human heart is one. All the novelists and all the dramatists that have ever lived have set

themselves to exhibit the differences between man and man. Here, they seem to say, are circumstances precisely similar, and yet mark how various are the characters which grow out of these circumstances. The Pharisee in the Temple felt that he was different from other men, thanking his God for it; and which of us, in the immaturity of experience, is not forced chiefly to consider the differences between ourselves and other men, often utterly forgetting the grand fact of an underlying unity? Here we see monsters, and there we see angels, alien faces and inaccessible natures. It is only after much beating about, long intercourse with society, and many strange discoveries and detections, that the truism which we never doubted becomes a great reality to us, and we feel that man is like to man, even as face answers to face in a glass. It is in the enunciation of this difficult truism that Mr. Thackeray differs from all previous novelists. It is the supreme motive of all that he has written, and the key to all the criticism that has been poured upon him. There is not a page of his works in which we do not hear the author exclaiming, "You see all these people that appear to be so different; I tell you they are all alike. You despise that wretch;—thou art the man. See what a monster I have painted;—I am that monster. Good friends, let us all shake hands; external differences are very well and very amusing, but I beseech of you to think less of the external differences than of the prevailing identity. We shall have less of laughing at each other and tearing each other to pieces, when we come to recognize that there is no inherent distinction between Tyburn Jack and the Lord Mayor, between Sally, the cook, who looks after the dripping and thinks tenderly of the policeman, and the great lady intent upon pin-money, and wondering whether Arthur is going to offer his arm to the upper-room. People are bad, no doubt, but they are no worse than we are; we think kindly of ourselves, we give fine names to our own faults, we find excuses for our errors. Pray let us give the fine names all round; let us think kindly of others; let us excuse our neighbours; let us not condemn the world wholesale." With regard to which philosophy two things are to be noted—the first, that whether true or false, it is the reverse of uncharitable; it is the expression of a warm human sympathy. In point of fact, it is but a secular rendering of the deepest sentiment of Christianity—the sense of personal unworthiness in the presence of God, which teaches us the weakness of our nature and how near the very best of us are of kin to the chief of sinners and the most degraded of beings. The second, that a novelist, writing in accordance with this philosophy, has a most difficult task to

perform. It is comparatively easy to draw a character so long as we dwell mainly on points of difference and contrast. But when the object is to touch lightly on mere peculiarities, and to dwell mainly on those traits which we have all in common, and which, therefore, are anything but salient, the difficulty of the task is enormously increased.

We do not mean for one moment to detract from Mr. George Eliot's originality when we say that after his own fashion he follows this difficult path in which Mr. Thackeray leads the way. He has fully reached that idea which is so easy to confess in words, but so hard to admit into the secret heart, that we are all alike, that our natures are the same, and that there is not the mighty difference which is usually assumed between high and low, rich and poor, the fool and the sage, the best of us and the worst of us. In general, it is only matured minds that reach this state of feeling—minds that have gone through a good deal and seen through a good deal; and our author has precisely this broad sympathy and large tolerance, combined with ripe reflection and finished style, which we admire in Mr. Thackeray. Here the comparison ends. Mr. Eliot differs so widely from Mr. Thackeray in his mode of working out the philosophy which is common to both, that some of our readers may wonder how we could ever see a resemblance between him and the great painter of human vanities and weakness. Whereas Mr. Thackeray is, to the great disgust of many young ladies, continually asserting that we have all got an evil corner in our hearts, and little deceitful ways of working, Mr. Eliot is good enough to tell us that we have all a remnant of Eden in us, that people are not so bad as is commonly supposed, and that every one has affectionate fibres in his nature—fine, loveable traits, in his character. The novel before us is crowded with characters, but they are loveable. It is true that one individual is guilty of seduction, that another is guilty of murder, and that a third is a greedy old miser; but the author finds good in them all, and lets them off easy, not only with pardon, but in the two former cases loaded with affectionate sympathy. If in this way he has gone to an extreme, it is a fault which most persons will readily forgive, since it enables them to think better of poor human nature. How kindly he excuses that selfish old Squire who has not a thought for one human being apparently! "I believe," says his grandson and heir, "if I were to break my neck, he would feel it the greatest misfortune that could befall him, and yet it seems a pleasure to him to make my life a series of petty annoyances." Then says the parson, with his kindly philosophy, and with a phrase

which puts a fine gloss on all manner of selfishness, "Ah, my boy, it is not only woman's love that is *ἀνθρώπου ἔργον*, as old Æschylus calls it. There's plenty of 'unloving love' in the world of a masculine kind." The ingenuity with which the kind-hearted Squire is thus made to fit into a new and improved edition of human nature, gilt-edged, is characteristic. Mr. Thackeray, on the contrary, would have made us unwilling to condemn the man by showing us that we, too, have our selfish fits, and that especially the grand-son who makes the complaint is longing for the death of the useless old Fogie. But, although tending to such opposite results, the principle upon which both novelists work is the same. Here is a sentence which Thackeray himself might have written:—"Before you despise Adam as deficient in penetration, pray ask yourself if you were ever predisposed to believe evil of any pretty woman—if you ever could, without hard head-breaking demonstration, believe evil of the one supremely pretty woman who has bewitched you. No; people who love downy peaches are apt not to think of the stone, and sometimes jar their teeth terribly against it." We might quote a long passage to a similar effect from the first chapter of the second volume, but it will be sufficient to give one sentence, in which the author represents human affection as triumphing over every obstacle of mental deficiency and personal appearance. After mentioning the ugly fellows, with squat figures, ill-shapen nostrils, and dingy complexions, whose miniatures are kissed in secret by motherly lips, he says: "And I believe there have been plenty of young heroes, of middle stature and feeble beards, who have felt quite sure they could never love anything more insignificant than a Diana, and yet have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife who waddles."

The story is simple enough, and, as far as the mere skeleton is concerned, soon told. For the sake of introducing a fair young Methodist, who has the gift of preaching, the date of the incidents is thrown to the end of last century, but the time is not strictly observed, and we are not very much surprised to be informed that Bartle Massey "lighted a match furiously on the hob," which is far from being the only anachronism in the tale. Mrs. Poyser, the chatty wife of a well-to-do farmer, is the pivot on which the plot revolves. She is the chorus who is continually intervening with her opinions. As far as conversation goes, it might be important to mention that she has a husband, and that her husband has a father; but the story is not affected by such trivial circumstances. She has two nieces, however, Hetty and Dinah, who are of the

utmost importance, for they supply the motives of all the action in the novel. Hetty is a thoughtless little kitten; her cousin Dinah a lovely Methodist, who goes preaching. Now, Adam Bede, the carpenter of Hayslope, the hero of these volumes, and a very noble character, was deeply in love with Hetty, who, however, is seduced by Captain Donnithorne, the young Squire. When he leaves her in order to join his regiment at Windsor he writes a letter to her, stating that in consequence of the difference of their positions it would be impossible for him to marry her, and she at once consents to marry Adam Bede. But as the wedding-day approaches so also approaches the hour of her shame, and she flies from her friends,—flies alone to seek out the Captain who had promised to be her friend in trouble. After a weary journey, the greater part of the way on foot, she arrives at Windsor, but only to discover that the Captain has gone with his regiment to Ireland, and nothing remains for her but to trudge back. She trudges back, body racked with pain and mind with anguish; she tries to commit suicide, but has not the courage; she at length gives birth to a child among strangers; she exposes the child in order to get rid of it; she is tried for its murder; she is transported; and she dies in exile. The Captain is very wretched, contrives to save her from the gallows, which was the punishment of her crime, and then goes away to drown his sorrow in the war with France. Adam Bede is long broken-hearted, but in the end marries the other niece of the Poyzers, Dinah, the gracious young Methodist, and the story ends with his happiness. There is not much of a story it will be seen. The great charm of the novel is rather in the characters introduced than in the action which they carry on. All the characters are so true, and so natural, and so racy that we like to hear them talk for the sake of talking. They are so full of strange humours and funny pretty sayings that we entirely overlook the want of movement in the story. Besides which, when the dialogue ceases, the author's reflections are so pointed, and his descriptions are so vivid, that we naturally think more of what we have than of what we have not. There is not a character in the novel which is not well drawn, and even if the portrait is but a sketch still it is a true one. We have not mentioned the name of Mr. Irwine, the parson, who is very carefully drawn, nor of his mother, who is touched off in a more rapid manner; and yet the former is a very important personage in the dialogue, and is a fine moral influence throughout the tale. He is a very favourable specimen of the moral preachers of the close of the last century, and the author has placed him in

contrast to the more Scriptural style of which Dinah Morris, the young Methodist, is the representative. He sympathizes strongly with both, but leans most to the side of those moral teachers who have been somewhat harshly judged he thinks. Comparing Mr. Irwine with the curate of an "evangelical" town who succeeded him, he makes Mr. Poyser pronounce this judgment:—"Mr. Irwine was like a good meal o' victual; *you are the better for him without thinking on it*; but Mr. Ryde is like a dose o' physic; he gripes you and worrets you, and after all he leaves you much the same." Irwine is a noble man, with a fine presence and a kindly Catholic nature. He was a silent influence, who did not trouble his parish much with theological "notions," but gave them the example of a kind heart, and demanded from them the reward of honest lives. "It's summat like to see such a man as that i' the desk of a Sunday," says that rattling Mrs. Poyser. "As I say to Poyser, it's like looking at a full crop o' wheat, or a pasture with a fine dairy o' cows in it; it makes you think the world's comfortable-like." The tolerance with which an author who is able to conceive the character of Dinah Morris, and to sympathize with her religious views, is thus pleased to regard a very opposite type of the religious character—a type which many worthy people, no doubt, would be disposed to brand as utterly irreligious, is one of the finest things in the novel, and affords a very good illustration of the tendency of the author to beat down all external differences, and bring into the light the grand points of genuine resemblance. You fancy that there can be nothing in nature more diverse than the spiritually-minded, praying and preaching Dinah Morris, and the carnally-minded, easy, gentlemanly Mr. Irwine. I tell you, again and again, says Mr. Eliot, that there is no difference between them.

It will be evident that in order to establish the identity of man with man, an author must travel a good deal into the region of latent thoughts, and unconscious or but semi-conscious feelings. There is an infinite variety in what we express; there is a wonderful monotony in that great world of life which never comes into the light, but moves within us like the beating of the heart and the breathing of the lungs—a constant though unobserved influence. It is in this twilight of the human soul that our novelist most delights to make his observations. Old Lisbeth Bede says of her son Adam, who is continually visiting the Poyser with the object (unknown even to himself) of seeing Dinah Morris:—"Eh, donna tell me what thee't sure on; thee know'st nought about it. What's he allays going to the Poyser's for, if he didna want t' see her? He goes twice where he used t' go

once. Happen he knows na as he wants t' see her; *he knows na as I put salt in's broth, but he'd miss it pretty quick if it warra there.*" It is to the world of thoughts indicated in Mrs. Bede's very homely remark that the author has turned his chief attention. Like Mr. Thackeray, he takes a peculiar pleasure in showing the contrariety between thought and speech, the heart within and the mask without, which we call a face. He is always showing that we are better than we seem, greater than we know, nearer to each other than perhaps, we would wish. It is a fertile theme of immense interest, and through the three volumes the author has handled it with rare skill. His dissection of all the motives at work in Arthur Donnithorne's mind, when he is pleased to trifle with the affections of Hetty, is very masterly—how he was tempted, how he struggled with the temptation, and what a strange under-current of feeling was carrying him on to his purpose, while he took note only of the feeble ripple on the surface. In the case of poor Hetty we have a similar analysis, but one still more difficult, owing to the utterly thoughtless character of the girl. She, perhaps, might be accepted as a fair example of Pope's very unjust saying, "Most women have no characters at all." Not that she is unreal—she is drawn to the life; but she is one of those who are so much less than they seem to be, whose most significant acts mean so little, that it is not easy to fix upon any central principle in their nature, any strong point of thought, or word, or act which belongs to them. "Hetty's face had a language that transcended her feelings," says the novelist.

"There are faces which nature changes with a meaning and pathos not belonging to the single human soul that flutters beneath them, but speaking the joys and sorrows of foregone generations; eyes that tell of deep love, which doubtless has been and is somewhere, but not paired with those eyes—perhaps paired with pale eyes that can say nothing; just as a national language may be instinct with poetry unfelt by the lips that use it."

All through the work the same train of thought runs, and at the very opening of the novel we have a curious illustration of it in a remark uttered by Joshua Rann, the parish clerk. "Joshway," as he is called by the people around, is a most imposing fellow, whose views of religious questions may be summed up in his own petty criticism:—

"Them methodisses make folks believe as if they take a mug o' drink extra, an' make themselves a bit comfortable, they'll have to go to hell for 't as sure as they're born. I'm not a tipplin' man nor a drunkard—nobody can say it on me; but I like a extry quart at Easter or Christmas time,

as is nat'ral when we're goin' the rounds a-singin', an' folks offer't you for nothin'; or when I'm a-collectin' the dues; an' I like a pint, wi' my pipe, an' a neighbourly chat at Mester Casson's now an' then, for I was brought up i' th' Church, thank God, an' ha' been a parish clerk this two an' thirty year: I should know what the Church religion is."

The observation to which, however, we particularly refer, was made on the occasion of a crowd collecting on the village-green to hear the young Methodist preach. Many were the comments, more or less appropriate, of the village worthies on the audacious act which Dinah Morris was about to commit, but, surely, if there was one comment more unmeaning than another, it was that of old Joshway, who in a resounding voice exclaimed, "Sehon, king of the Amorites; for His mercy endureth for ever; and Og, the king of Basan, for his mercy endureth for ever." Mr. George Eliot points out, with great gusto, the unconscious associations which led to this extraordinary speech—how Mr. Rann felt the necessity of maintaining the dignity of the Church, how, further, he felt that this dignity was bound up with his own sonorous utterances of the responses, and how, in accordance with this theory, he volleyed forth a quotation from the Psalm of the previous Sunday, in order to give a practical illustration of the Church's dignity.

The gem of the novel is Mrs. Poyser, who, for that combination of shrewd remark and homely wit with genuine kindness and racy style which is so taking in Mr. Samuel Weller, is likely to outvie all the characters of recent fiction, with the single exception of the hero we have named. Mrs. Poyser, in her way, is as amusing as either Mrs. Gamp or Mrs. Nickleby, and much more sensible. Wife of a rough and ready farmer, she is a great woman. She is the firstling of the author's mind, which he is not likely to surpass, even as that glorious Sam Weller, the firstling of Mr. Dickens's pen, has not been outshone by any successor. Mrs. Poyser pervades the novel. Her wisdom is always coming out either spoken by herself, or quoted by somebody else, or mentioned by the author. On one occasion, the author, unable to express himself in his own words, introduces Adam Bede, to express the thought in his words, and Adam Bede, finding his own language inadequate, is obliged to fall back upon the expressions used by Mrs. Poyser, whom accordingly he quotes. "You're mighty fond o' Craig," says Mrs. Poyser to her husband, speaking of a certain Scotch gardener; "but for my part, I think he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow." This is the Poyser style, remarkably effective when it is necessary to scold

her husband, to subdue her nieces, or to lash the maids. It is a fine thing to hear her out of the goodness of her heart and the fullness of her wisdom abuse her whole household. One poor maid breaks a jug. How they all catch it, as if there never happened such an event before! In the midst of her storming, she herself breaks a jug, and instantly we are entertained with the philosophy of jug-breaking, from which it is to be gathered that there is fatality in jugs, and that they fly out of one's hands with a determination to be broken, no matter how tight they are held. Her style runs into proverbs. "Folks must put up wi' their own kin, as they put up wi' their own noses—it's their own flesh and blood"—she says. "If the chaffutter had the making of us, we should all be straw, I reckon," she says again. "I'm not one o' those as can see the cat i' the dairy, an' wonder what she's come after" is another of her sayings. "Ah, it's fine talking. It's hard to tell which is Old Harry when everybody's got boots on" is also hers. Of mankind she says, "The men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Ahnighy made 'em to match the men." She adds a little further on, "Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summut wrong i' their own inside." A good homely woman, it will be observed, who knows how to keep her own, and doing her duty well, has a wonderful supply of self-complacency. "Eh," she says to her husband, after a day of pleasure, "I'd sooner ha' brewin' day and washin' day together nor one o' these pleasin' days. There's no work so tirin' as danglein' about an' starin' an' not rightly knowin' what you're going to do next; an' keepin' your face in smilin' order, like a grocer o' market day, for fear people shouldna think you civil enough. An' you've nothing to show for't when it's done, if it isn't a yallow face wi' eatin' things as disagree." This husband to whom she talks has a character different from hers, but he has caught up her style of conversation, and often when he is speaking we fancy it is Mrs. Poyser, until she breaks in with her more rattling, clattering tones. "I'm no friend to young fellows amarrin' afore they know the difference atween a crab an' a apple; but they may wait o'er long," says Mr. Poyser, in terms which make us fancy that it is his wife who speaks. "To be sure," strikes in Mrs. Poyser, "if you got past your dinner time, there'll be little relish o' your meat. You turn it o'er an' o'er wi' your fork, an' don't eat it after all. You find faut wi' your meat, an' the faut is all i'

your own stomach." In some respects, also, Mrs. Poyser is repeated in another good lady with a querulous twist in her,—old Lisbeth Bede, mother of Adam. When her husband is dead, Adam proposes to go to the village to have the coffin made, fearing that if he worked at it himself it would pain his mother. "Nay, my lad, nay," Lisbeth cries out in a wailing tone, "thee wottn let nobody make thy feyther's coffin but thyself? Who'd make it so well? An' him, as know'd what good work war, an's got a son as is th' head a' the village, an' all Treddles' on too for cleverness." "Very well, mother," says Adam, "if that's thy wish, I'll make the coffin at home; but I thought thee wouldstna like to hear the work going on." Then comes the reply:—"An why shouldna I like it? It's the right thing to be done. An' what's likin' got to do wi't? It's choice o' mislikins is all I'n got i' this world. One mose'sel's good as another when your mouth's out o' taste. Thee mun set about it this mornin' fust thing. I wunna ha nobody to touch the coffin but thee." She refuses even to let her other son, Seth, a good young fellow of the soft species, assist Adam. "Thee was often angered wi' thy feyther when he was alive; thee must be the better to 'm, now he's goe'n. He'd ha thought nothin' on't for Seth to ma's coffin."

We might go on quoting these speeches until at last we transfer half the novel to our columns. The hero of the work, Adam Bede, is not so remarkable for his speeches as for what he does. He speaks out in a strong, manly way, but not very often with that short epigrammatic force which is so characteristic of Mrs. Poyser, Lisbeth Bede, and the schoolmaster, Bartle Massey, who, by the way, has met with a disappointment in early life, and has ever since been a womanhater, as will be seen in the following profound remark:—"Nonsense! it's the silliest lie a sensible man like you ever believed, to say a woman makes a house comfortable. It's a story got up, because the women are there, and something must be found for 'em to do. I tell you there isn't a thing under the sun that needs to be done at all, but what a man can do better than a woman, unless bearing children, and they do that in a poor make-shift way; it had better ha' been left to the men—it had better ha' been left to the men." The speeches of Seth Bede and of Dinah Morris, though excellent as illustrations of character, are like those of Adam, not of the epigrammatic sort. Dinah's sermon is very fine, and she herself is a most beautiful piece of portraiture—a perfect chrysolite. The minor sketches are superabundant; they crowd the canvass. We have not here one great and real character in the midst of a mob of lay figures. The subordinate

personages are in their way quite as well pictured as the leading ones. The whole work, indeed, leaves upon us the impression of something highly finished and well matured, and we close the volumes, wondering whether the author is to do better in his next novel,—curious, also, to know who the author really is. Nobody seems to know who is Mr. George Eliot, and when his previous work appeared it was even surmised that he must be a lady since none but a woman's hand could have painted those touching scenes of clerical life. Now the question will be raised, can this be a young author? Is all this mature thought, finished portraiture, and crowd of characters the product of a 'pretence hand and of callow genius? If it is, the hand must have an extraordinary cunning, and the genius must be of the highest order.

HISTORY OF FRANCE. *From the earliest times to 1848.* By the Rev. JAMES WHITE, author of "The Eighteen Christian Centuries." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 346 and 348, Broadway. 1859.

This aims to be a popular rather than a philosophic history. The author tells us he was prompted to undertake his work chiefly for the large class of readers who wish to recall historic knowledge which time has nearly obliterated, and for the yet larger and increasing class who desire to be informed, shortly and intelligibly, of what is most important to be known in the annals of various states. On the faith of this statement, we looked for a brief and barren abridgment of the more important facts connected with the progress of this people; but we were agreeably surprised to find instead a vigorous and clear sketching of the shifting scenes of French history, beginning with the reign of Clovis and ending with the happy reign of Louis Napoleon, the supplanter of the Republic of 1848, the founder of the Empire of 1853. The style of the work rises occasionally into eloquence. It is clear and clever; and while at times the author uses a word of doubtful orthœpy, he more than makes atonement for the misdemeanor by the living qualities he has succeeded in infusing into it. We give his introductory sketch of English prejudices against the French, as a fair example of the ordinary tone of the book—of the vices as well as the excellencies of its style:

Some years ago it would have been an unexampled stretch of liberality to have confessed that France had any good qualities at all. We were in the habit of wrapping ourselves up very comfortably in the

folds of our own conceit, and looking down on the rest of mankind as a very inferior race of mortals. We took the additional precaution of maintaining our own superiority by calling our neighbours by the most insulting names. We pictured them as the most ludicrous imitations of humanity, as if one of Nature's journeymen had made the Frenchman, and not made him well. He was a lean, half-starved, lanky-legged creature, looking in hopeless despair, with watery mouth and bleared eyes, at a round of English beef. His attitudes were grotesque, his language even became immensely amusing, because he did not speak our tongue with the slang of a hackney-coachman and the pronunciation of a Cockney. We called him Jack Frog, because we believed he fed on those unsubstantial animals, which we also fancied the exact image of himself in hopiness of motion and yellowness of skin. His cowardice was unvarying. One Englishman was always equal to half-a-dozen of the "mounseers;" and, in short, we were a most unjust, narrow-minded, pudding-headed set of self-glorifiers, adding to the isolation that belongs to the whole nation in right of its four seas the still more separating insularity of our own individual opinions. We were islands altogether, no where connected with the rest of mankind. Our country was an island, we despised the rest of Europe; our county was an island, we despised the other shires; our parish was an island, with peculiar habits, modes and institutions; our households were islands; and, to complete the whole, each stubborn, broad-shouldered, strong-backed Englishman was an island himself, surrounded by a misty and tumultuous sea of prejudices and hatreds, generally unapproachable, and at all times utterly repudiative of a permanent bridge. We are better now. The sea, where it is not drained off, is very calm and very shallow. We look with clearer eyes upon distant and unaccustomed objects. We can believe that the marshals of the Emperor and generals of the Restoration can be chivalrous soldiers and kind-hearted men; that a Dutchman does not wear seven pair of trousers; that an Italian sometimes succeeds in *not* murdering his mother; and that, granted the same conditions, the conduct of a Swede, of an Austrian, of a Prussian, and even of a Muscovite, would be very much the same. It is lucky that this change of opinion and widening of our sympathies has taken place; for if all our inquiries in these historic sketches were to end in the production of the cringing, grinning, trembling mountebank and impostor it was anciently the fashion to consider the Frenchman, the labour would be greatly misapplied. But our investigation will not be so poorly rewarded as this. It will end

with the presentment of a nation filled with many grand recollections, and, in spite of present appearances, buoyant with grander future hopes—a people so ingenious, so intellectual, and so active, that its influence thrills through the thoughts of Europe with the rapidity and clearness of the electric wires; and so powerful, by the size and situation of its domain, and the bravery of its armies, that the authority of its sword in the political government of the world is as great as of its genius and philosophy in the regions of literature and science.

Both as friend and foe that great country has proved itself worthy of our respect. None ever fought more bravely against us, as many a bright and some melancholy names in our annals can witness, and none ever stood shoulder to shoulder, or advanced foot to foot, more gallantly or more truly, as Alma, the trenches of Sebastopol, and the great day of Inkermann have written in the heart of England. Therefore, with the feelings of brotherhood and kindness cemented by such ties, or at all events, with the manly respect due to a brave and chivalrous race with whom our relations may no longer be those of political union or mutual aid, let us see what steps were necessary before the present France attained her proud position.

BREAKFAST, DINNER AND TEA: Viewed Classically, Poetically and Practically. Containing Numerous Curious Dishes and Feasts of All Times and All Countries. Besides three hundred Modern Receipts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859.

A book to suit all tastes. It is got up in the best style of the publishers. They seem to have made some atonement for the ease with which the volume was written by the pains they have been at to make it a fine specimen of typography.

The writer has scattered through his volume a selection of illustrative anecdotes, which give an appropriate spice and flavour to it. He is thus providing for the moral palate, as in some of his recipes, he designs merely to gratify the physical. A few of these will be relished by our readers.

"BUTTER-MAKING CHURN.

"A writer in 1685 mentions 'that an old woman in Essex came into a house at a time when as the maid was churning of butter, and having laboured long and could not make her butter come, the old woman told the maid what was wont to be done when she was a maid, and also in her mother's time,—that if it happened their butter would not come readily, they used a

tates of nature. Such articles of food as were not palatable in their natural state, he made so by mixing them with others agreeable to the taste, or by submitting them to the action of fire.

"An early instance of skill in cooking is given in the case of Rebecca, who dressed the flesh of a young kid after the manner of venison, when she wished to obtain the blessing for her favourite son.

"A similar proof of the progress of the ancients in the culinary art, is shown in the anecdote of the King of Bithynia, who, in some expedition against the Scythians, in the winter, and at a great distance from the sea, had a violent longing for a small fish called *aphy*. His cook cut a *turnip* into the exact shape of the fish, fried it in oil, salted, and well powdered it with the grains of a dozen black *poppies*, and served it before the king. His majesty's taste was so exquisitely deceived, that he praised the root to his guests as a most excellent fish!

"The Queen of Caria, who had been assisted by Alexander the Great, in order to express her affectionate regards, sent him every day a number of excellent dishes and a handsome dessert; at last she sent to him some of her best cooks and bakers.

"Although this last gift was rejected by Alexander, it was none the less a mark of high flavour, and indicates the value set upon these personages in the houses of the opulent and noble.

"As luxury and refinement spread from Asia into Europe, a fastidious taste in eating arose among the Greeks, and with them all the resources of the cook were called into requisition.

"Cooks were hired or purchased at enormous prices, those from Sicily being particularly valued for their great skill. Sparta alone resisted the advance of luxury and the introduction of foreign cooks. On one occasion her magistrates expelled a Sicilian cook from the city, observing, 'that the aid of Mythicus was unnecessary, as *hunger* was the best seasoning.'

"At Athens, the chief cook, when directed to prepare a feast, not only inquired the number of guests expected, but also *who* and *what* they were, that he might adapt the dishes to their various tastes. Thus he is represented by one of the poets as asking:—

"Cook. What is the number of guests invited

To this fine marriage feast? And are they all

Athenian citizens, or are there some Foreigners and merchants?

B. What is that to you, Since you are but the cook to dress the dinner?

Cook. It is the first part of my art, O father,

To know the tastes of those who are to eat.

For instance, if you ask a Rhodian, Set a fine shad or lebias before him, Well boiled and hot, the moment that he enters.

That's what he likes; he'll like it better so Than if you add a cup of myrine wine.

B. Well, that idea of shad is not a bad one.

Cook. Then, if a Byzantine should be your guest,

Steep all you offer such a man in worm-wood,

And let your dishes taste of salt and garlic; For fish are all so plenty in their country That the men all are full of rheum and phlegm.

If some guests from the islands come, Who always feed on fish of every sort, Fresh from the sea,—such men like not salt dishes,

But think them make-shifts. Give such men their food

Well seasoned, forced, and stuffed with choicest spices.

• • • • •
I like to see the *faces* of the guests, To feed them as their age and station claim;

If my young royster be a mettled spark, Who melts an acre in a savory dish To charm his mistress, scuttle-fish and crabs,

And all the shelly race, with mixture due Of cordials filtered, exquisitely rich; To a *philosopher*—that animal Voracious—solid ham and bulky feet; But to the *financier*, with costly niceness, Glociscus rare, or rarity more rare. Insensible the palate of old age; More difficult than the soft lips of youth To move—I put much mustard in their dish;

With quickening sauces make the stupor keen,

And lash the lazy blood that creeps within.

"That he ruled in the kitchen with a full consciousness of his own importance, is thus displayed:—

"I never enter in my kitchen, I! But sit apart, and in the cool, direct, Observant of what passes, scullions toil.

———I guide the mighty whole, Explore the causes, prophesy the dish. 'Tis thus I speak: 'Leave, leave that ponderous ham;

Keep up the fire, and lively play the flame Beneath those lobster patties,' 'patient here,

Fixed as a statue, skim, incessant skim.'

'Steep well this small *glociscus** in its sauce,

And boil that sea-dog in a cullender.'

'This eel requires more salt and marjoram;'

'Roast well that piece of kid on either side Equal;' 'that sweet-bread boil not over much.'

'Tis thus, my friend, I make the concert play.

• • • • •
And then no useless dish my table crowds.
Harmonious ranged, and consonantly just,
As in a concert instruments resound,
My ordered dishes in their courses chime."

THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS. *A new English version, edited with copious Notes and Appendices, illustrating the History and Geography of Herodotus, from the most recent sources of information; and embodying the chief results, Historical and Ethnographical, which have been obtained in the Progress of Cuneiform and Hieroglyphical Discovery.* By GEORGE RAWLISON, M. A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, assisted by Col. Sir Henry Rawlison, K. C. B., and Sir J. G. Wilkison, F. R. S. With Maps and Illustrations. Vol. I., pp. 563.

"The object of this work is to present the English reader with a correct yet free translation, and to collect and methodize the chief illustrations of the author, which modern learning and research have accumulated. Parallel with the progress of the work, a series of fresh discoveries have been made upon its (to us) more important subjects—the ethnography of the East, and the history and geography of Babylonia and Assyria. The results of these discoveries, up to the latest, have been incorporated in the illustrative part of the work—great part of it having been from time to time re-written, as new light has been thrown upon doubtful points."

We have copied thus far the prospectus of this work, sent us by the American Publishers. It is an accurate description of the merits of this translation, which is unquestionably very far superior to the translation of Belse, and is destined eventually to supplant it. The labours of the Editors in the present volume are enormously disproportioned to the amount of translation they have given. We have 114 pages of introduction before reaching the beginning of the history. There is first an outline life of Herodotus; then follows

a description of the sources from which he compiled his history; after that a critical analysis of his merits and defects as a historian, his great defects being ascertained to be a want of insight into the causes, bearing and interconnexion of the events he records, and his most attractive quality, the wonderful variety in which he deals. "Not only historian but geographer, traveller, naturalist, mythology, moralist, antiquarian, he leads us from one subject to another—

From grave to gay, from lively to severe

—never pursuing his main narrative for any long time without the introduction of some agreeable episodical matter, rarely carrying an episodical transgression to such an extent as to be any severe trial to our patience." After the introduction, the translation of the first book, (the only book given in this volume,) follows, comprising 158 pages. Then we have the appendix filling up the remainder of the volume. This appendix consists of eleven essays, beside a few additional notes. Their subjects are, of the early chronology and history of Lydia, of the physical and political geography of Asia Minor, of the chronology and history of the great Median Empire, of the religion of the Ancient Persians, the chronology and history of the great Assyrian Empire, the history of the later Babylonians, the geography of Mesopotamia and adjacent countries, the religion of the Babylonians and Assyrians, the ethnic affinities of the nations of Western Asia, the various titles of Jupiter, and of the invention of coining and the earliest specimens of coined money.

Remembering the ordinary allotment to human life, we may be permitted to express the hope (public though it be) that the present volume contains the major part of illustrations to be given. At the rate of one book per volume, with a body of notes like the present, the translation will be too cumbersome and expensive for any save enthusiasts in the study of Herodotean history: and such would probably not need the help of the learned translators either in transferring into elegant English the Greek of the writer or in forming an accurate estimate of his excellencies and defects, or even in discussions of collateral subjects illustrative of his text. If the Publishers comply with their promise on the title page, to complete the book in four volumes, the Editors must have their note-producing powers curtailed.

In the preface to this volume, the translators mention a translation of the work by Mr. Isaac Taylor—a book we happen

* A shell-fish.

not to have met with. Mr. Taylor's labours in other fields have been so successful, that we cannot doubt he has done this creditably to himself and with advantage to the public. Why has there not been an American reprint of it? We commend the suggestion to the Publishers of this volume as one likely to answer a wider popularity than the present translation. With Taylor for a guide and note-maker, the chapters of the old historian would acquire even a more fresh and idea-provoking and mirth-provoking interest. Perhaps the essay on Enthusiasm was the first of the translators' Herodotean studies. He could not have found a happier example of the quality he so much commends than in the muse-loving, chatty and credulous Halicarnassian.

A NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. *Embracing the most recent Discoveries in the various Branches of Physics, and exhibiting the Application of Scientific Principles in Every-Day Life.* By G. P. QUACKENBOS, A. M., Author of "First Lessons in Composition," "Illustrated School History of the United States," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859.

Accompanying this book the Publishers have sent us a long and carefully prepared notice of its merits. We take it for granted it is all true. In the partial examination we have been able to give it, we have found the volume to be at least equal (we think it superior) to other text books on the subject. We have space only for a brief extract from this criticism—

"Everything appears to be brought up to date. Even the remarkable balloon trip of La Mountain on the first of July last, receives due notice under the head of aerial navigation. The recent discoveries of Faraday and others in the departments of Magneto-Electricity, Electro-magnetism and Dia-magnetism, are presented, briefly, it is true, but all the more profitably to the learner on that account. The number of the Elements is correctly stated at 62, and that of the Planets (including Asteroids) at 60; other school-book authors, behind the age, set them down variously at from 30 to 50. Platinum no longer figures in the Table of Specific Gravities as the heaviest of substances, but gives place to Iridium. Venus is made a little larger, instead of smaller, than the Earth;—and so, in every department, whatever advance has been made by scientific research during the last few years, will be found embodied here. The Author, in his Preface, announces his intention 'to keep his book up to the times by constant revision,

and to make such alterations and additions as the progress of discovery may require.' Judging from the indications of life and energy which the volume itself furnishes, this promise will be faithfully kept."

We commend the work as an important contribution to school-book literature.

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

By CHARLES LEVER, *Author of Charles O'Malley, &c., &c., &c.* New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The fortunes of the last of the unhappy race of Stuart furnish Mr. Lever with the basis of the present work, in which are to be found many of his happiest characteristics as a novelist. There is much fine delineation of personal traits in the progress of the story, and the life of Mirabeau is traced in strong, deep lines which powerfully impress the reader. Masterly landscape pieces also abound, from which the artist might paint the desolate scenery of the Appenines with wonderful success, without ever having climbed the lonely Sierras that lie between Florence and Rome. Mr. Lever has caught the very spirit of Nature that broods over modern Italy, nor is he less happy in his drawings of the decayed capitals of the beautiful peninsula. The great fault of the volume is the excess of incident. "The Chevalier" is hurried through "hair-breadth escapes" the most improbable, of fevers, of assassinations, the conscriptions of Robespierre and the violence of the Parisian mob, to meet his death at last in a manner as far as possible remote from the usual course of affairs; but even in the fictitious narrative, the author has ingeniously introduced extracts from the correspondence of Sir Horace Mann with Horace Walpole to sustain his account of the last of the Stuarts. The book will add nothing to Mr. Lever's reputation, but will be read with pleasure at the watering-places.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS, *before the Zenobian Society of Fluvanna Female Institute, delivered July 6th, 1859, by A. JUDSON CRANE, of Richmond.* Richmond: H. K. Ellyson's Steam Presses, 147 Main St. 1859.

Mr. Crane is very well known as a speaker and writer. The present is one of his best efforts. It has been characterized as very far above the ordinary range of such addresses.

LIFE AND LIBERTY IN AMERICA : *or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-8.* By CHARLES MACKAY, LL. D., F. S. A. With Ten Illustrations. New York : Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The characteristic of this volume is dulness. Other English tourists have manifested their incapacity to take enlarged views of men and manners by superficial books on American Society, but not one of them has approached the heavy style of Dr. Mackay. It is impossible to feel much hurt by such shafts as this gentleman directs against us. They are altogether too blunt and shot from too feeble a string to do any mischief. We really cannot advise any one to purchase these *Sketches of a Tour in America* who is not in want of an opiate, such as shall bring a deep, gentle slumber over the senses without subsequent danger to the nervous system. We are at a loss to account for the extraordinary stupidity in prose of a writer whose verse exhibits always great cleverness, and at times the hold upon the feelings which belongs to the true poet. We care little for the learned Doctor's anti-slavery views, but we object most of all to their being conveyed in such pointless paragraphs. Really it is too great a trial upon our patience to ask that we shall answer cavils at our institutions which we can only read ten minutes at a time, because of coma inevitably supervening.

THE LIFE OF JABEZ BUNTING, D. D., with Notices of Contemporary Personages and Events. By his son, THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. Vol. I. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The record of a worthy Methodist clergyman, who by the purity of his life, the energy of his character, the unaffected benevolence of his heart, and the unremitting fervour of his ministrations, endeared himself to thousands of the followers of Wesley in England, and who has gone to his eternal reward. The pious labour of unfolding the lesson of his life has been fitly performed by his son, and the book has been presented to the American public in an acceptable form by the Harpers,

who promise a fine steel portrait in the second volume. The silhouette which is prefixed to this gives us a very vivid notion of the appearance of the old patriarch in his quaint costume.

TENT AND HAREM : *Notes of an Oriental Trip.* By CAROLINE PAINE. New York : D. Appleton and Company. 1859. [From James Woodhouse & Co., 139 Main Street.

Somehow we do not weary of books on the East. Now that railways pierce the Alps and Rome has been thoroughly Anglicised with gas-lights, reading rooms, omnibusses and fox-hounds, it seems to be the only genuine land of poetic associations left to us. We still like to dream of waving palms, and arid deserts where ærial palaces lure the traveller onward, and of storied Nile and hallowed Jerusalem—we can bear with the constant repetition of the disenchantments incident to the journey, for the sake of having the past recalled to us in all its oriental magnificence. In the volume now on our table, we have a very pleasant transcript of travel by a refined and observant woman who went through the most interesting regions bordering on the Ægean, the distant Mediterranean and the Red Seas. She tells us much that is new about Turkish habits and customs, the privileges of her sex having admitted her to a nearer view of society than men ever obtain among the Mahommédans. The style is lively and unambitious, just that of elegant letter-writing in which women so much excel. And it is clear from the whole tone of the volume that the author had the very best requisite of the tourist, the disposition philosophically to be satisfied with everything connected with her personal comfort. "Tent and Harem" suggests one thing with reference to books on the East which we may as well take this opportunity of mentioning—the desirableness of having a fixed English orthography of Eastern words. We hardly know our old friends the *Mamelukes*, when they are written down *Memlooks*, we do not recognize the necessity of a final *h* in *Sheik*, and we greatly prefer *caique* to *kâik*, both on account of the music and the types. If the author were consistent she would write "Harem," "*Hareem*."

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Is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says: "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood or corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthful food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

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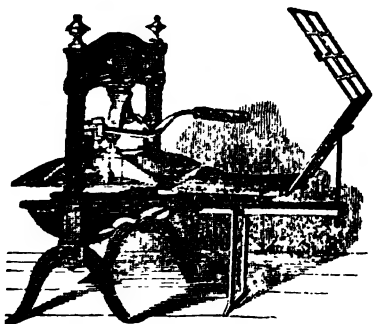
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Vol. 28.

No. 4.

OCTOBER.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER

MR. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.



MACFARLANE, FERGUSON & Co.
PROPRIETORS,

1859.

RICHMOND, Va.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER, 1859.

LORD MACAULAY AND MARLBOROUGH.

To write History is the most difficult task that any author—no matter what his abilities—has ever undertaken. To write a History that is as accurate perhaps, as it is possible to make History, has been accomplished by several distinguished authors; but to write a History that shall give universal satisfaction, is impossible.

The excellencies as well as the defects of History, arise from so many causes, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to trace them to their proper sources. It is absolutely essential that an Historian, should in a measure identify himself with the past, and live among those whose actions and characters he portrays; but it is no less essential that he should be to some extent a mere "looker on in Venice," who is able to depict without partiality, scenes and events as they pass in review before him. He must understand the hidden springs of human action, without becoming a slave himself to human passions.

He must seek information among archives covered with the accumulated dust of ages; he must judge between conflicting testimony, he must balance the mighty book of the past, and strike a proof-sheet in which no error can be detected; in a word, he must become the great arbiter and umpire of bygone ages, and render a judgment at once profound, accurate and impartial.

To accomplish such a task, it will readily be admitted is impossible; and more especially is it impossible to write impartially on two subjects that give the deepest colour to all History, viz. Religion and

Politics. It is more than probable, that no man has lived since the Reformation, who has been able entirely to divest himself of partiality and prejudice on these two important questions of national or domestic policy, either as a writer of Fiction or of History.

Prone as we are to yield to passions and prejudices; or rather, impossible as it is, to *prevent* our passions and prejudices from biasing our judgment; it becomes us to judge leniently of men, who are subject to like frailties as ourselves, but whose probity and honour are undoubted, when they draw different conclusions from ourselves and especially when they could have no motive in giving a defective colouring to events of the past.

We have had these remarks suggested to us, by the perusal of a most acrimonious and unscrupulous attack upon Lord Macaulay, in the June No. of Blackwood.

It is difficult to conceive what motive of malevolence could have prompted such an attack; and it would be equally difficult to concur in the views of the writer of that article, even if we sympathized in his antipathy to the distinguished author of the History of England. The author in all probability has been bought up by the Tories connected with Blackwood—a periodical of violent Tory principles and always inimical to Lord Macaulay—for the purpose of vilifying the History of England, and doubtless he has been particularly impressed in this instance by the descendants of the Churchills with a "douceur" of substantial consideration.

It is a matter of little moment however

what motives prompted the author, our object at present being an examination of the article itself, with a view of pointing out the animus of the writer as well as the untruthfulness of the inferences he has drawn.

The author sets out with an imputation upon Lord Macaulay, by accusing him of partiality in describing the amours of James II. and the Prince of Orange.

He says, p. 661, "James and William were alike unfaithful to their wives. Lord Macaulay records the 'highly criminal' passion of James for Arabella Churchill and for Catharine Sedley, sneering contemptuously at the plain features of the one, and the lean form and haggard countenance of the other, &c., &c. William, on the other hand, married to a young, beautiful and faithful wife, to whose devotion he owed a crown, in return for which she only asked the affection which he had withheld from her for years, maintained during the whole of his married life, an illicit connection with Elizabeth Villiers, who squinted abominably, and Lord Macaulay passes it over as an instance of the commerce of superior minds."

Let us look a little more closely into this matter and see how the case stands.

To compare James and William together would be worse than folly, for no two men differed so essentially as these two monarchs. James, weak, heartless, mean, selfish, a tyrant and a coward, was incapable of receiving emotions other than of a sensual nature; and even in his sensual appetites, was incapable of appreciating those beauties which usually captivate the purely sensual man.

William, on the other hand, though apparently of a cold and plegmatic temperament, was capable and gave evidence of feelings of the warmest friendship and deepest love. That he loved his wife with an intensity of affection rarely equalled, is proved by his terrible agony of distress at her death, a distress that was nearly fatal to himself and perhaps to the destinies of England. That there was perfect harmony and conjugal affection between William and Mary, from the time they ascended the throne of England to her death, no one at all familiar with

English History can for a moment doubt.

William, in his intercourse with Elizabeth Villiers—illicit and highly improper as that intercourse was—never violated the common decencies of life; he never furnished apartments in his Palace, more sumptuous than those occupied by his Queen, for his mistress, as James did for Catharine Sedley.

Improper as William's intercourse with Elizabeth Villiers undoubtedly was, Lord Macaulay is unquestionably right in drawing a marked distinction between the amorous propensities of the two men, and we think every impartial reader will sustain the view he has taken.

But it is not true that Lord Macaulay palliates William's unfaithfulness to his wife:—the following extract speaks for itself.

He says, on p. 133, Vol. II, Harpers Edition, History of England, "for a time William was a negligent husband. He was indeed drawn away from his wife by other women, particularly by one of her ladies, Elizabeth Villiers, who, though destitute of personal attractions, and disfigured by a hideous squint, possessed talents which well fitted her to partake his cares. He was indeed ashamed of his errors, and spared no pains to conceal them: but, in spite of all his precautions, Mary well knew that he was not strictly faithful to her.

"Spies and tale bearers, encouraged by her father, did their best to inflame her resentment. A man of a very different character, the excellent Ken, who was her chaplain at the Hague during some months, was so much incensed by her wrongs that he, with more zeal than discretion, threatened to reprimand her husband severely. She, however, bore her injuries with a meekness and patience which deserved, and gradually obtained, William's esteem and gratitude."

Now, we appeal to the reader, if disapprobation of William's conduct could be more clearly indicated. Lord Macaulay speaks of Mary's injuries, of her meekness under these injuries, of William's being ashamed of these errors, (was James ever ashamed of any thing he ever did?) and of the good and excellent Bishop

Ken being highly exasperated with him on account of Mary's *wrongs*; surely this is sufficient to show his utter disapprobation of William's conduct, and by no means indicates a desire on the part of Lord Macaulay, to palliate his short comings in this particular.

There was a necessity in narrating the history of James and his reign, to speak frequently and ever harshly of his two most prominent mistresses, because of their intimate connection with the history of James and his acts, which could not clearly be explained otherwise. But in William's case there was no such necessity, there was no serious difficulty between William and Mary on this subject, especially after the Revolution, and it may even be seriously questioned whether an illicit intercourse, to any great extent, existed between William and Elizabeth Villiers, after William's elevation to the English throne. So precarious was his health, so feeble his constitution, so onerous his duties, so frequent his absences from England and so quiet and distant from London was his residence at Kensington, that it is *physically* impossible that his intercourse with Elizabeth Villiers after the Revolution, could have been either frequent or of an open and scandalous character.

The chief design, however, of the article in the June No. of Blackwood, is to stigmatize the character which Lord Macaulay has drawn of Marlborough, as false, unscrupulous and repulsive; accusing Lord Macaulay of "habitual inaccuracy," "gross perversions," "outrageous abuse," and "personal rancour." This is certainly strong language; language, not justified by a single page in the History of England; and language that should not have appeared on the pages of Blackwood, in connection with so distinguished a name as that of Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Let us now carefully examine the evidence upon which such grave charges are made, and see *who* is the *perverter* of facts, who indulges in "filth" from "Grub Street" and "St. Giles's," and whether Lord Macaulay has or has not given substantially a true picture of Marlborough.

Skilled as the author of the article in Blackwood evidently is, in all the arts of sophistry and Jesuitical casuistry, and artfully as he has grouped together his inferences and facts; he has not only failed to substantiate his position, but even by his reluctant admissions, has corroborated the statements of Lord Macaulay in regard to the duplicity, avarice and venality of Marlborough.

On p. 662, Blackwood for June, we find the following words: "Lord Macaulay's picture of the youth of Marlborough is sufficiently repulsive. He was so illiterate that 'he could not spell the most common words in his own language.' He was 'thrifty in his very vices, and levied ample contributions on ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers.' He was 'kept by the most profuse, imperious, and shameless of harlots.' He subsisted upon 'the infamous wages bestowed upon him by the Duchess of Cleveland.' He was 'insatiable of riches.' He 'was one of the few who have in the bloom of youth loved lucre more than wine or women.' 'All the precious gifts which nature had lavished upon him, he valued chiefly for what they would fetch.' 'At twenty he made money of his beauty and his vigour; at sixty he made money of his genius and his glory;' and he 'owed his rise to his sister's dishonour.'"

These are a portion of the charges Lord Macaulay is accused of *falsely* bringing against Marlborough; although they are violently wrested from their appropriate contexts and skilfully and ungenerously arranged, they are nevertheless by the writer's own admission and the reliable testimony of contemporaneous and subsequent writers literally true in every particular.

The only evidence that is offered in the article in Blackwood to controvert the statement that his education was deficient, is contained in the assertion that "his dispatches show that, at any rate, he was a proficient in Latin, French and English composition."

If any fact is authenticated it is this, that Generals are rarely capable of writing, and if capable, rarely have the time to write, their dispatches.

We have a remarkable instance in our own country, where the nation was wofully deceived, by attributing despatches to a distinguished General, who,—as it was afterwards discovered—was utterly incapable of writing a correct letter.

That Marlborough wrote his own dispatches is greatly to be doubted; and when we remember that he entered the army at twelve, it is impossible to believe that “he was a *proficient* in Latin, French and English composition;” on the other hand, that his education must necessarily have been limited, on account of his poverty and his entering the army at such an early age, and that he did not spell well as stated by Lord Macaulay, is not only probable, but doubtless entirely true.

We come now to examine the charge that “he was kept by the most profuse, imperious, and shameless of harlots,” which seems to shock the nerves of this anonymous writer; and also to the charge that he was materially assisted by “the infamous wages bestowed upon him by the Duchess of Cleveland.” The article in Blackwood does not pretend to deny the truth of these charges, but pleads “the dissipations of the court of Charles II., his remarkably handsome person and his engaging manners” as an excuse for his dissoluteness.

That circumstances sometimes palliate vices is undoubtedly true, but no circumstances can change vice into virtue; nor can an Historian be justified in softening gross licentiousness, by the blandishments and charms of refined and elegant rhetoric.

No sane man will deny that the Duchess of Cleveland was a “shameless harlot,” and Lord Macaulay could not have chosen a more suitable expression to convey to the reader, the true character of this beautiful but infamous woman.

Her position at the court of Charles was of such an exalted nature, that in her illicit amours she was the *chooser* and not the *chosen* of her many lovers; and Lord Macaulay emphatically states the truth, when he says that Marlborough was “kept by this shameless harlot.” That she aided him with her purse is not

denied, in fact the article *fully* admits both charges to be true, the only difference between the two writers consisting in the fact that Lord Macaulay calls things by their right names, whilst the Blackwood writer, with a spurious parade of delicacy uses such language as is patent to those, who think that refined vice does not deserve to be condemned in equal terms with vice of a grosser nature.

Lord Macaulay says that Marlborough was “kept by the most profuse, imperious, and shameless of harlots,” and that he derived material aid from “the infamous wages bestowed upon him by the Duchess of Cleveland.” The article in Blackwood, p. 663, admits that “she, (Duchess of Cleveland,) was as liberal of her *purse* as of her *person*, and Marlborough, a *needy* ensign, *no doubt shared both.*”

Reader, can you see
Any difference 'twixt,
“Tweedledum and Tweedledee.”

We pass on now to the charge of Lord Macaulay, that Marlborough “was insatiable of riches,” a charge which has been sustained by the universal verdict of mankind. We propose, however, to adduce such evidence as will satisfy every candid reader of his avarice, a vice that had a more controlling influence on Marlborough's character than any other—a vice which terminated only with his life.

He is said to have kept “heaps of broad pieces,” untouched, in his private drawers, until he was an old man. See Pope in Spence's *Anecdotes*.

We have the testimony, also, of the authors of the *Pictorial History of England* as to his avarice, which exactly coincides with the statements of Lord Macaulay.

On p. 148, Book IX, *Pictorial History of England*, London edition, occurs these words, which require no comment from us:—“We shall never go far wrong in attributing base and selfish motives to this renowned hero (Marlborough), whose *whole life* was one continued comment on the text—*Help Yourself.*” In the same history and same book, p. 260, in speak-

ing of the charge against Marlborough, of reserving two and a half per cent. of the pay of the foreign troops, the following language is used:—"that Marlborough, in his *inordinate appetite for money*, had made the *most* of these *sources of revenue*."

In the "Political and Literary Anecdotes of his Own Times," by Dr. William King, occurs the following passage on p. 101:—"That great Captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public room in Bath to his lodgings, in a cold, dark night, to *save sixpence* in chair hire. If the Duke, who left at his death more than a million and a half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honours were to be inherited by a grand-son of my Lord Trevor's, who had been one of his enemies, would he have been so careful to save sixpence for the sake of his heir? Not for the *sake* of his heir; but he would *always* have *saved sixpence*."

It is a fact too well known to all readers of English History to render it necessary to cite proof, that at the time of the settlement of the annuity upon the Princess Anne, she was instigated by the Marlboroughs to demand an enormous sum for those times, and that the Duchess boasted that "the success of the affair was chiefly imputed to the steadiness and diligence of my Lord Marlborough and herself." She also admits that she received a thousand pounds of the sum; but it is more than probable that this is but a small amount of what she really did obtain.

Mr. F. G. Goodrich—better known as Peter Parley—in his *Child's History of England*, says, in speaking of Marlborough's fall in 1711: "The Tories were desirous of peace, and they could not effect their wishes so long as Marlborough retained any power, for it was believed, and *his well-known avarice* gave some foundation for the belief, that all his influence would be exerted to continue the war, that he might retain *his lucrative offices*." The writer in *Blackwood* endeavors to invalidate the testimony drawn from the "Dear Bargain," a pam-

phlet printed in 1690—on account of the violent Jacobite principles of that book.

This testimony would not, we confess, be sufficient, uncorroborated by more reliable evidence, to satisfy us of the charge of avarice against Marlborough; but we have other proof of the truth of the charge, as we have already shown, which goes to strengthen the testimony of the "Dear Bargain."

The authorities we have quoted must have drawn their information from other sources than the "Dear Bargain," for the author in *Blackwood* virtually admits that there was in all probability but *one* copy extant of this pamphlet. He says: "We searched the rich store of the British Museum, we applied to friends noted *all over the world* for their extensive knowledge in the by-paths of history, we sought the assistance of those whose business it is to collect and vend scarce tracts and pamphlets—all in vain." He finally, however, discovers a copy, doubtless the same copy used by Lord Macaulay, but does not reap, as we conceive, any benefit from so arduous a search; for while many of the statements in the "Dear Bargain" may be and doubtless are false, yet we cannot refuse to believe its testimony as to Marlborough's avarice, *especially* when that testimony is corroborated by others, who, it is almost certain, never saw a copy of the "Dear Bargain."

The *Blackwood* article exultingly parades Marlborough's refusal to accept the government of the Netherlands, with an income of £60,000 a year, as a proof of his disinterestedness in money matters. That there were good reasons, sufficiently obvious to every one conversant with the history of those times, to prevent Marlborough from accepting so hazardous an appointment, need not be suggested.

It is said that there is sometimes "method in madness," and we may, with equal truth, assert that there is sometimes "method" in avarice and selfishness; and if that "method" was ever perfected in two individuals, it certainly was in Marlborough and his wife.

With one more quotation from the *Pictorial History of England*, Book IX, p. 249—a history which we will take this

occasion to say, is in many respects probably the best that has been published—we will leave the question to the reader, satisfied that he will admit the truth of Lord Macaulay's statement of the avarice of Marlborough. The quotation is as follows:

"Where there was so much received in what was *deemed* an honourable as well as a regular way, (the Marlborough family were said to be in receipt of £90,000 a year,) there was no great temptation to embezzle and cheat; and the Duchess was in all respects a higher minded person than her husband, *in whom the love of money became at last the ruling passion to such a degree as to make him stoop to all kinds of mean and paltry actions.*"

Lord Macaulay asserts "that he owed his rise to his sister's dishonour." The author in Blackwood does not deny this, but endeavors to gloss over the fact with smooth and honeyed words. He says, on p. 665, "that the passion of James for Arabella Churchill *smoothed* the early steps in her brother's path to fame, may be *admitted*." Here again we have "Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

We have reached now the culminating point of the article in Blackwood. The author of that article stigmatizes the account given by Lord Macaulay of the attack upon Brest, as malignant and false, and endeavors to evade the real point of issue, by abusing Lord Macaulay in language that should not have found a place in the vocabulary of a gentleman; and also by endeavoring to shift the blame from Marlborough's shoulders to those of his intimate friend Godolphin.

We protest against this trick, for Godolphin has nothing to do with the guilt or innocence of Marlborough.

The question simply is, whether Marlborough did or did not give the information to James as soon—as he asserts—as he learned the object and destination of the squadron then about to sail? And whether, in betraying the intention of attacking Brest, thereby giving—or intending to give, which is the same thing—timely notice of said attack, he did not violate his solemn oath of allegiance, betraying his king and country, and *indi-*

rectly, if not directly, incur the just imputation of being the murderer of the brave Talmash and the gallant men who lost their lives by the advantage taken of this information?

Lord Macaulay maintains, in language stronger perhaps than the occasion requires, that he was guilty of this treachery and baseness; and we shall now proceed to show that Lord Macaulay is right, and that he is sustained by facts and inferences obvious and legitimate.

On the 4th of May, (old style,) 1694, Marlborough wrote to James in France to the following effect: "He had," he said, "but that moment ascertained that twelve regiments of infantry and two regiments of marines were about to embark, under the command of Talmash, for the purpose of destroying the harbor of Brest and the shipping which lay there." "This," he added, "would be a great advantage to England, but no *consideration* can, or *ever* shall, hinder me from letting you know what I think may be for your service."

This letter was sent enclosed in one from Sackville to Melfort, which, as Lord Macaulay says, proves the importance of the intelligence; and Sackville sent it by "*express*," which confirms the statement.

Sackville says, in his letter to Melfort, "I send it by *express*, judging it to be of the *utmost consequence* for the service of the king, my master, and consequently for the service of his most Christian Majesty." Here it will be seen that the letter from Marlborough to James was forwarded *immediately* by "*express*," and must have reached James at least by the 10th or 12th of May at farthest.

Owing to adverse winds, the squadron, with Talmash and his troops on board, did not arrive off Brest until the 6th or 7th of June, thus proving, beyond a cavil, that the French king did have *from Marlborough* nearly a month's notice beforehand—ample time for defensive preparation; and that *his information*, in case *none other* had been received, was ample in *time*, as well as detail, to produce the deplorable results that ensued.

We might amplify the details of this base treachery of Marlborough's, but it

is hardly necessary to do so, as we are sure that every reader, while he may not concur in every inference and particular of Lord Macaulay's account, will at least agree with us, that his account is substantially correct. We will, however, offer one more extract from the Pictorial History of England, Book IX, p. 48, and then leave the question to the unbiassed judgment of the reader. This is the extract referred to. "It is argued by some that, though held of such importance, Marlborough's letter was of little use to James or the French, as the preparations making in our ports sufficiently betrayed the intention of some such attack; but if this reason be correct, it will hardly excuse the conduct of the low-minded hero of *Blenheim*."

In the same article, p. 671, Blackwood for June, we find the following assertion, an assertion so reckless and so utterly unsustained by facts, that the writer must have blushed as he penned it:—"Marlborough throughout was *faithful* to William, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say he was faithful to England and to the cause of *religious* and *political* freedom, in all his acts."

What would my Lord Coke or Chief Justice Marshall say to such doctrine as this? A man, according to this writer, may, deliberately and with malice prepense, lay a carefully digested plan of murder, and, because of unforeseen circumstances, he is thwarted in the attempt and does not succeed in committing the very act, is yet exonerated from all blame, and has violated none of the principles of "religious and political" justice! This is a doctrine monstrous in itself, and opposed to all the tenets of law, religion, honour and decency.

Our readers, doubtless, recollect Marlborough's promise and *attempt* to gain over the army and parliament to the cause of James, by inciting and appealing to their jealousy of William's Dutch troops and Dutch friends; and that he was in all probability only prevented from succeeding in his treasonable designs by the belief of James' friends in England that Marlborough, having betrayed William to James, intended to

betray James, and to place Anne upon the throne. The proof of this is clear and indisputable, being verified by a letter from James himself. It will be found in vol. iv Macaulay's History, in a note at the bottom of p. 133. We translate the letter, which is written in French:

"My friends, during the past year, had a design of recalling me, through parliament. The manner was concerted; and *My Lord Churchill* was to propose in parliament that all foreigners (*étrangers*) should be driven from the councils and the army of the kingdom. If the Prince of Orange had consented to this proposition, they could have had him in their hands. If he had refused, he would have made parliament declare against him, and at the same time *My Lord Churchill* would have declared himself *with* the army for parliament, and the fleet would have done the same; and they would have recalled me. They had already commenced to *act* in this project, and had gained a large party, when some indiscreet but *faithful* subjects, thinking that they were serving me, and imagining that *My Lord Churchill* was not acting *for* me, but for the Princess of Denmark (Anne), had the impudence to discover everything to Bentinck, and thus destroyed the plot."

Now here we have not only proof of Marlborough's treason to William and the existing government, and that he had gone so far as to "*act*" in the matter, but we have also the proof of his being a double traitor, his *real* object being—if he could get rid of William—to place Anne, and not James, upon the throne of England.

William, who was a man of wonderful sagacity, said of Marlborough, that he could *only* be trusted when it was to *his* interest to be faithful. Marlborough's whole life was a series of treasons. He made fair weather with all parties, and was ever ready to unite with the stronger.

An able writer has remarked "that under a less magnanimous Prince than William, the future hero of *Blenheim* would have ended his days on Tower Hill."

That Marlborough was a man of great

military genius, no one will deny—in fact, he is the ablest captain that England has ever produced, and has added a glory to her arms that has and probably never will be eclipsed.

Lord Macaulay, we think, has done ample justice to the genius and fame of Marlborough—a genius that will never

cease to be admired, and a fame that will never cease to exist, as long as the English language shall last.

But Lord Macaulay evidently thinks—and we entirely agree with him—that the name of Marlborough, like that of Bacon, is at once “the glory and the shame of England.”

E. T.

SONNETS.

BY AMIE.

SUPPLICATION.

Might I but touch thy visible garments' hem,
 O meek-eyed Saviour!—might a tender grace
 From the compassionate turning of thy face,
 With sudden light, my pleading soul o'erwhelm—
 Then might I from the blissful trance arise,
 To find this weakness, strength; doubt's chill eclipse
 Sunned to clear day; pain's dread apocalypse
 Some sweet evangel; and sin's scarlet dyes
 Grown white in crystal waves of thy dear peace!
 Yet thou art near the suppliant now, as when
 Thy feet did consecrate the paths of men;
 Thy voice still mighty to bid anguish cease.
 Bless, then, and strengthen! thou who art the door
 Through which we whitely walk to God's feet evermore!

TO A RING.

Circlet of gold, with stone of ruby red,
 Once taken from a hand grown cold and still—
 Its earthly labor done! By many a thrill
 Of varying emotions, thou dost wed
 My heart to bliss and pain. The circling years
 Of a dear life that passed in shade and sun,
 Seem nineteen golden summers wove in one,
 As I read backward through a mist of tears!
 Thou hast become a sacred souvenir
 Of one who garners heavenly jewels now,
 With saintly lustre on her meek young brow,
 And robes of shining whiteness. Ever near
 To link my spirit to dear joys once riven,
 Bind it with holier might to hopes of heaven.

GREENWAY COURT; OR, THE BLOODY GROUND.

(COPY-RIGHT SECURED.)

XLVIII.

THE COMBAT.

As the hour which had been fixed for the combat drew near, the four men entered the narrow defile of the Fort Mountain, and approached the secluded spot which had been selected.

They dismounted, tied their horses to the hanging boughs, and advanced slowly to the arena.

Captain Wagner, and his principal returned the low salute of Lord Fairfax and his friend, with one equally courteous—and then the seconds approached each other, and conversed for some moments in a low, ceremonious tone, which was inaudible to their companions.

The preliminaries were soon arranged, and the swords were produced and measured. They tallied exactly in length, and were of the same weight and temper. A nod from the Captain testified to his satisfaction.

At a sign from their seconds, the Earl and Falconbridge then removed their coats and waistcoats—and advanced to a spot indicated. They obeyed, saluted each other, and received the weapons from the hands of Captain Wagner and Mr. Carter.

“The terms of the combat are as follows, gentlemen,” said the Captain. “You shall engage, and so proceed for as long a time as seems proper. But in no case shall any personal collision of bodies take place—there shall be no clutching, and no resort to other weapons than the short sword. Should either weapon break, or the foot of either party slip, or stumble, the engagement shall terminate for the time. I will give the signal by raising my hand.”

At the appointed signal, the two men advanced upon each other and the weapons clashed together, the light of the sinking sun darting vividly from their burnished surfaces.

Both were excellent swordsmen, and

felt that all their science would be necessary. The combat was thus guarded at first, and consisted of a series of fencing lunges, rather than rapid thrusts, as though each were feeling the wrist of his adversary. Falconbridge was the more active and supple of the two—the Earl stronger and heavier in his fence. Still, as the combat grew more excited, neither had gained any advantage—and the blood of both gradually grew heated. The Earl glared at his enemy, and a spot in each cheek began to glow—on his forehead the huge veins became black and tinged. Falconbridge was pale, but the fire in his eyes contradicted this apparent calmness: his lips were set together like iron.

Despite his most powerful exertions the Earl could not drive the young man back an inch; and all his most deadly lunges were regularly parried. The old swordsman grew fiery and dangerous. His cheeks glowed as if from the light of a conflagration—he braced his gaunt frame until it resembled a bundle of steel springs and advanced step by step upon Falconbridge. He did not yield or give ground—the points of the weapons played in the very faces of the combatants—the hilts were almost wrapped around each other so to speak:

Then, in spite of the exclamations and protests of the seconds who hastened quickly toward them, a desperate, hand to hand, stabbing-match, rather than sword-play, commenced. Both the Earl and Falconbridge received slight wounds—but the sight of blood only enraged them more bitterly.

In another moment each would have mortally wounded his adversary, and so brought the combat to an end, when suddenly the two men were dragged violently asunder, and the Wizard of the Massinutton interposed his tall form which was shuddering with strange emotion between the infuriated adversaries. The respective seconds of the combatants had rushed forward crying, “Gentlemen! gentle-

men! this must cease! no poniard fight!"—but the towering resident of the Fort Mountain had forestalled them. He had seen the party when they entered the gorge of the valley, and divining their intention, hastened quickly toward them. He had arrived in time, and now stood between the hot swordsmen, his form towering high above even that of the Earl—his face, generally so pale, flushed with tragic emotion.

The Earl gazed at him angrily, and raised his head haughtily as their eyes encountered.

"Pray, what is the meaning of this interruption, sir?" he said. "Are you aware that you peril your life by this proceeding?"

"Yes, my Lord," said the Wizard, still agitated in every muscle of his tall, nervous frame by the singular tremour we have noticed. "Your weapon was within an ace of penetrating my breast; and Mr. Falconbridge also nearly struck me. But that is little!"

"Your meaning, sir! your meaning! Stand back!"

"I will not! You may kill me, if the act will be productive of satisfaction to your Lordship—but you shall not even do that until you hear what I came to say to you."

There was something so resolute and gloomy in the voice of the old man, and his eyes burned with such significance beneath his bushy white brows, that the Earl unconsciously dropped the point of his sword, and was silent.

"Your proceeding is extraordinary, very extraordinary, sir," he replied coldly, "but I respect your age, and say no more. I only request that you will communicate to me speedily what you design to inform me of—I know not what it is—then we will proceed!"

"It is necessary," returned the Wizard, "that your Lordship should listen to it in private."

"Impossible, sir!" the Earl replied, impatiently shaking his head, "I cannot, and will not leave this spot until this matter is terminated!"

"You must!" was the resolute answer.

"Yes my Lord, I tell you, and I know what I say,—I tell you that you must hear me speak, and privately. This combat shall not continue if it becomes necessary for me to interpose my own body between your swords."

"You speak in riddles, sir!" exclaimed the Earl, "stand back!"

"Strike then, gentlemen," replied the Wizard, calmly folding his arms, and not moving from the spot which he occupied between the combatants, "if you wish to shed blood, shed my own to commence with. I swear to you that nothing shall move me but the death blow!"

And he confronted the Earl with a majesty and determination in eye, lip, and hearing, which produced an effect even on his angry opponent.

"Well! have your wish, sir!" said Lord Fairfax, frowning, "with the permission of Captain Wagner, I will retire for a moment, to the distance of ten paces—is it permitted, sir?"

"It is permitted, my Lord," said the Captain, returning the bow which accompanied the words, "I see no objection."

"Well, let us make haste, sir," said the Earl: and sheathing his sword, he followed his companion, with quiet short steps. They had proceeded about ten paces, and the Wizard had commenced speaking in a low guarded tone, when the Earl was observed to start violently. As he did so, his head turned quickly, and he fixed upon Falconbridge one of those glances of lightning which, on extraordinary occasions made his eyes resemble flaming brands. His face was deadly pale, and the contracted lips revealed his white teeth set like a vice together. He no longer opposed the will of his companion evidently—they walked a hundred yards, talking in a low, agitated manner, and finally disappeared behind a huge mass of rock, covered with moss and evergreens, which rose on the declivity of the mountain.

The three gentlemen who had been left by themselves in this unceremonious manner, waited patiently for a quarter of an hour. Then they began to look curiously toward the rocky screen. Another quar-

ter of an hour passed slowly away, and their curiosity became something like impatience. It was not until very nearly an hour had elapsed, and when Mr. Carter at the request of Captain Wagner had gone to summon the Earl, that the two men were seen returning.

An extraordinary change had taken place in the bearing and appearance of Lord Fairfax. When he left the party he had carried his head proudly erect, his eyes were flashing with anger, and the aroused thirst for blood—he had resembled a warhorse, snuffing the odour of battle, and champing at the bit which restrains him. Now, all this had disappeared. His shoulders were drooping—his cheeks were pale; his eyes, of late so fiery, were full of wistful light; and he gazed upon his companions with an expression of absent wonder which impressed them with the most vivid astonishment. Especially did they experience a sentiment amounting to stupefaction almost, when they saw the Earl glance toward Falconbridge. In that glance there was no longer any enmity, any anger—all had vanished. It was a gaze almost tender in its character; and plainly an unconscious one to the Earl. The young man wondered at it, but replied only by a look haughtier than before; and calmly tested the metal of his weapon by pressing the point upon his boot and bending it.

Lord Fairfax soon recovered from his fit of absence, however, and by a great effort, summoned his habitual calmness.

He approached Captain Wagner and Falconbridge, and bowing with grave courtesy, said:

"This affair cannot proceed gentlemen, and the singular circumstance accompanying the fact, is the entire silence which I am compelled to observe at present upon the character of the considerations which render a further combat impossible."

Falconbridge flushed, and grasped his sword in a menacing manner.

"I am aware," continued the Earl in the same calm voice, "that my words are enigmas, but I cannot prevent that. I will make any apology, or follow any

course which Mr. Falconbridge may see fit to demand."

The seconds and Falconbridge greeted these words with incredulous wonder: but the Earl did not seem to observe it, and added:

"I propose in all that relates to an affair in which Mr. Falconbridge and myself hold the position of rival claimants, to withdraw my pretensions, and retire from the field—his interests shall no longer suffer from my presence—and I am prepared to make him any apology which he requires, for any thing in which he may have thought himself wronged, by any act of my own."

The words were uttered as calmly and coldly as before, in spite of a faint tinge of blood which rose slowly to the cheek—and having finished them, the Earl bowed low and was silent. The seconds and Falconbridge had listened with an amazement greater than before: but this expression in the eyes of Wagner was succeeded by another of unmistakable pleasure. As the Earl ended his address, he bowed low and replied:

"As the friend of Mr. Falconbridge, I accept your Lordship's proposal. We shall waive all further explanations or discussions, resting content with the general disclaimer and offer which has been made. You will permit me, my Lord, to say on the part of Mr. Falconbridge, whom I represent, that this proposition is no less characteristic of your Lordship's magnanimity, than of your fearless disregard of appearances. And so, gentlemen, the matter's at an end—the fight's over—if it's not, I'm a crop-eared dandy!"

With this joyous-outburst, the Captain twirled his mustache violently and picking up the coats of the combatants handed them to those gentlemen with an air full of grace and politeness. With a clouded, and gloomy brow, Falconbridge yielded to his representative, and the whole party were soon again in the saddle, on their way back to the lowland.

The Wizard was slowly retracing his steps up the mountain.

XLIX.

HOW FALCONBRIDGE RECOVERED HIS MOTHER'S RING.

On the day after the events which have just been narrated, Falconbridge set out from the Ordinary to visit Miss Argal for the last time.

We know the design of his visit. All was over—there was no longer any hope—the drama was played—he had fallen in the contest: but he must look upon her face once more for a moment: he must recover the little plain gold ring which had belonged to his mother, and remained in the possession of the young lady.

As he thus drew near to the secluded dwelling in which he had spent so many happy hours, a painful and cruel shadow swept across the broad brow of the young man. His shoulders drooped; his lip quivered; and the heavy-looking eyes were half veiled by the long lashes which almost reposed upon the pallid cheeks. Falconbridge was passing through that baptism of silent agony which sprinkles the hair of youth with gray.

As if to mock him, the face of nature was serene and benignant. The chill winds had passed away—and that season which is called the "Indian Summer" had arrived. The landscape was still, and bathed in imperceptible floods of vapour—every outline was rounded, every angle had disappeared—the soft mellow haze rested like a veil of gauze on the distant mountains, the prairie and the forest. A dreamy and mild influence seemed to pervade the whole scene, and the genius of silence and repose was enthroned, where lately the fresh breezes of October careered onward, nestling the dry leaves, and laughing.

But the young man scarcely observed the change. His own thoughts made the world in which he moved. An irresistible sadness invaded, and took possession of him—and he went along, unconscious of the landscape around him, dead to all but his own sombre meditations.

When Sir John stopped at the door, now so well known and familiar, his mas-

ter looked up with a vague, absent wonder. Then slowly dismounting, he affixed his bridle, and approached.

He knocked at the door, no one answered. But hearing the sound of voices in the apartment to the right, which was used as a sitting-room, he turned the knob, and entered.

The sight which greeted him sent the blood violently to his heart, and an irrepressible shudder ran through his frame. He leaned against the frame-work of the door for support, as though his limbs were about to fail him.

In the middle of the apartment Mr. Argal was holding, with a vigorous grasp, both wrists of his daughter, and endeavoring to sooth her. It was the appearance of the young lady, however, which made Falconbridge recoil shuddering. She was scarcely recognizable. Her dress was in rude disorder—her black hair was hanging down on her shoulders in tangled masses, and the fiery dark eyes which burned beneath her knit brows, were filled with an expression of rage and wildness which was terrible. The small pearly teeth had bit the writhing lip until the blood flowed—and in every muscle of her body, as in her face, the visitor discerned an awful distortion.

It was evidently as much as Mr. Argal could do to hold her. The nervous force which she displayed was wonderful. The soft round arms seemed endowed with the strength of a giant—and in spite of his most powerful emotions, the writhing form almost escaped from her father's grasp.

"I tell you!" she cried hoarsely and in a voice which the young man did not recognize as her own, "I tell you I saw him last night! He was lying in his blood! His eyes beckoned—I will go to him!"

"There, daughter, you are unwell," muttered the heavy hearted father in a voice of deep anguish, "don't talk so, and sit down."

"I will not! I will go! There, the eyes again!"

"It is your fancy, my poor child."

"My fancy! It is false! I tell you there he is looking at me—he is holding

out his hands—there is blood on them, blood for me to wipe away!"

"My poor child!"

"Let me go!"

The words were followed by a superhuman effort to disengage herself; but the iron grasp was not relaxed.

"And that other!" exclaimed the girl, "Falconbridge! Falconbridge! Have you seen him?"

She did not look at him: the wild gaze looked *through* him, and made him shudder, and feel faint.

"I loved him! I never loved any one before! I loved him with my whole heart—and he is dead! That man killed him—he is gone!"

"No, my child," murmured the poor father who had taken no notice of the young man's entrance, "he is not dead—he here he stands."

"Yes, I see him—it is his spirit! He is coming like Charles Austin to call me; I will go to him!"

And again the terrible struggle commenced, and was powerless. The sharp, white teeth caught the crimson lip and gnawed it cruelly—the round, supple form writhed violently in the grasp of Mr. Argal. The paroxysm was succeeded by an interval of comparative quiet, and the frame of the young lady exhibited evidences of exhaustion. A few more struggles ensued, and then they ceased. Her features relaxed—the burning eyes filled with leaden languor—the form drooped slowly, and murmuring "I never loved any one but him," the girl fainted in the arms of her father.

Without speaking he bore her calmly to the sofa, and placed her unresisting figure on the cushioned seat. In a moment she revived, but it was only to burst into tears, and sat hopelessly—she was plainly unconscious of any one's presence. Mr. Argal gazed at her for a few moments, with an expression of misery and wretchedness, mixed with tenderness unutterable: then he turned and approached the young man.

"You are shocked at this terrible scene I see plainly, sir," he said in a low, collected voice, "and there is little cause for

wonder in the fact. Pray retire with me, I have a few words to say to you."

As he spoke Mr. Argal summoned a maid, who went quietly to the side of her mistress with the air of one who was quite familiar with such scenes, and then the two men went out into the small porch. The youth walked in a dream as it were, his mind was struggling, he could not think connectedly. Mr. Argal placed his hand by an unconscious movement upon his heart, and mastering his agitation, said in a low voice, full of gloomy sorrow:

"Mr. Falconbridge, you have become the depository of a terrible secret of my family. Do you understand what you have just witnessed, sir?"

"No," came from the white lips, in a tone almost inaudible, "I do not, sir."

"I will explain it. My daughter is mad."

The words sent a horrible shudder through the frame of Falconbridge, and his face turned paler than that of a corpse, but he said nothing.

"The fit seized her to-day, sir," continued Mr. Argal, suppressing a groan, "it was probably occasioned by the affair between yourself and Lord Fairfax which the servants repeated."

The young man drew a long, deep breath, but was still silent.

"And now, sir," continued Mr. Argal, slowly recovering his calmness, but speaking in a voice of heart-broken woe, "and now, sir, I owe you a few words of explanation, if only to vindicate my own character in this affair, from the imprecations which must otherwise rest upon me. I will be plain, I will conceal nothing—for I speak to a gentleman and man of honour. I will keep back no particular. My daughter has been subject to attacks of insanity, sir, from her childhood. It was not a defect of her birth, but occasioned by a dangerous fall from a fruit tree, which inflicted a deep wound upon her head, and affected the brain. Soon after this incident, I observed the indications of mental disease. Her character which had before been as open and ingenuous as the day, became secretive and subtle. She would look sidewise and watch the per-

sons with whom she conversed, and store away in hidden places little objects which she had taken. Then as the years passed on, she changed more and more—she became cruel and pitiless, she, my own child! who had been a very angel of goodness and tenderness—whose heart would have bled at the suffering of the least insect—she grew hard and unpitiful!”

A low moan accompanied the words of the poor father—he controlled his agony with difficulty, but resumed.

“The strange lustre you must have seen in my child’s eyes, sir, then appeared. They glittered with a morbid light—an unnatural, insane light! It was the misfortune of a poor youth to be attracted by their brightness—he loved her, and when she dismissed him, at the moment when one of her paroxysms was approaching, he put an end to himself!”

Again the speaker paused, and a woful contraction of the lip showed the struggle which he had passed through before revealing these things.

“Well, to go on, sir. When she heard of the youth’s death she was seized with a fit of madness. I passed through a scene like that which you have witnessed to-day—it made me twenty years older. But it ended: and my child returned to herself again; to wring her hands and weep, and exclaim that his death was caused by her act. She wrote to the youth’s father a full history of her mental aberration, and requested him to never approach her again. So that terminated—and soon afterwards I removed hither. I now come to the scenes connected with yourself, sir—and I acknowledge in advance that I have been guilty of a criminal weakness. I saw your attentions to my daughter, and feared the result. But I could not speak! I should have done so, as a man of common honesty,—that is true, sir,—but I could not! Look at my face, Mr. Falconbridge! See the vulture that is gnawing me! I have been false to you—but I could not speak! Oh, sir! may you never know what it is to feel this awful shame!—to be drawn one way by your honour, and another way by love for a poor insane child! I could not reveal her awful secret, de-

grade her in all eyes, make her name the laughing stock or the horror of every one! I could not brand my own child in your eyes with the stigma of madness! So I faltered, sir, with my terrible responsibility. I said to myself that you were only a youth, in the region for a short time; that you would soon go, and our existence be forgotten. My poor child denied any engagement between you—I know not with what truth—I do not ask, sir. Then Lord Fairfax appeared—she attracted his attention, and his admiration. This very day I had intended to go and tell him what I had told you, sir, if it killed me. That’s all. I have spoken, Mr. Falconbridge, with an effort, and labouring under an agony of feeling which no words can describe! It is little to declare to you that my heart is broken—but that is beside the question. I know not whether I should ever have found courage to tell you all, if you had not chanced to come when you did. But you know all now. I have striven to show you that in concealing my child’s condition I did not act with deliberate dishonour—to entrap you. Before my Maker, sir, I solemnly declare that I am guiltless here at least. I was weak, my heart was torn with shame and anguish—I could not speak! I should have fled from the country with my daughter on the eve of her nuptials—that is all!”

With heaving bosom and quivering lips, Mr. Argal was silent for some moments. Then he added:

“I have now told you everything, sir, I feel less shame than before. In a few weeks I go with my poor child from this region—in some distant land we may bury our shame and suffering. Without her, I should have no life—she is dearer to me than the world. Speak well of her, Mr. Falconbridge! She is weak, not sinful!—or if that is impossible, say nothing! God has heavily stricken her, and her lot has been a terrible one—do not add to its darkness by your scorn or contempt! After all, sir—however much she may have wronged you—she is a woman, a mere girl, and should excite your pity! You heard her broken words—in her madness—she loved you—I pray

you, sir, to forgive my poor child and me."

The broken and agitated voice died away, and no sound was heard but the flutter of a single leaf, which parted from a bough of the oak above, and pattered down. The young man remembered that sound afterwards, and shuddered at it. To the struggling words of the sorrowful speaker he made no immediate reply—his eyes were full of tears, his lips refused their office. At last he mastered his emotion in a partial degree, and in a tone almost inaudible said:

"Thanks for your confidence, Mr. Argal. I am so far from blaming you for not revealing all before, that I honour and respect your deep love and tenderness, and think I would have acted as you did. You know me well enough to believe me when I say that all this shall be locked up forever in my breast. I need scarcely add that no word against you or your daughter shall ever pass my lips. From my heart, from my soul, from the depths of my soul, sir! I pity and sympathize with you. Your daughter is sacred to me—it is as a child that I shall regard her—my heart is broken like yours almost, but I blame no one. In the presence of that God, sir, who afflicted your child, I swear to guard her name from reproach or injustice—I have nothing to forgive; if I had, I should forgive her."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and a long pressure was exchanged. As the two hands were thus clasped, a low sob at the elbow of the young man made him start and tremble. He turned and saw Miss Argal standing motionless in the doorway, and holding toward him his mother's ring. Her face was wet with tears—her eyes swam as she gazed at him; she murmured rather than said:

"This is your ring, sir—I have deceived you. Will you forgive me?"

The words were followed by a quiver of the bleeding lip, and bursting into tears, the young lady placed her handkerchief to her eyes, and went hastily to her chamber.

Falconbridge stood looking after her, with the ring in his hand—and never

did the countenance of a human being express more unutterable anguish. He leaned against the pillar of the portico for support, and uttered a groan of such despairing wretchedness that it seemed to tear its way from the very depths of his being, and compress the woe of years into a second.

Then, making a slight movement with his head towards Mr. Argal, he slowly went and mounted his horse. The bridle lay untouched upon the neck of the animal, and Falconbridge did not speak to or direct him.

Sir John took the road at a gallop toward the Ordinary. The rider seemed to be dreaming. His shoulders bent forward; his chin rested on his breast; from time to time he passed his hand wearily across his forehead, and gazed absently around him.

The animal continued his headlong gallop.

Half a mile from the Ordinary, the young man reeled in the saddle. Overcome by vertigo, he would have fallen the next moment from his flying animal, when the bridle was suddenly seized, the horse thrown on his haunches, and the arms of Captain Wagner caught the drooping form.

"So it ends!" cried the gloomy and sneering voice of the soldier, "all is over!"

Two words replied to him, as Falconbridge fainted—two words, in an accent of unspeakable pity:

"Poor child!"

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L.

THE APOLOGY.

Two or three days have passed. It is a beautiful morning of the "Indian summer" as before. The landscape of mountain and valley is reposing beneath the rich mellow haze—and the air has that dreamy and delightful softness which inclines the heart to reverie.

In the large room of Greenway Court Lord Fairfax is conversing with George and Cannie. The youth had brought

the girl behind him from the Fort on the preceding evening—they had spent the night—and before setting out to return, Cannie examined the objects around her, with evident interest.

George was gazing at her with unconscious earnestness. His affection for the girl had grown deeper and stronger. As he came to know her better, the rare charms of her mind and heart had enthralled him. Her goodness and simplicity, and absence of all littleness irresistibly attracted his frank, honest nature; and the unconscious refinement and grace of the little maiden came to rivet the influence which her character had exerted upon the boy. He, thus, gazed at her with a fondness which was plainly uncontrollable,—and the Earl smiled with melancholy pleasure as he saw the youth's secret. His countenance wore the old expression of sorrowful thought—but there was nothing cynical in it now. The grim look had disappeared, and though cheerfulness was not there, still the face was more pleasant for the change. He leaned back in his arm-chair, caressing with one hand the solemn head of a huge deer-hound at his side, and his gaze wandered absently but pleasantly from George to Cannie.

"So, you like my house, Cannie?" he said, "my old hunting lodge?"

"Yes, sir—oh, yes, I mean, my Lord," returned the girl, "I have been looking at the books and the pictures and all. They remind me of home."

"Of home? Do you remember your home? Where was that?"

"In the Low Country, sir. But I was born in England."

"And you do not remember England?"

"Very slightly, sir. I look upon Virginia as my home, and love it—because grandpapa is with me. He is all I have."

The eyes of George seemed to contradict this statement, but he said nothing. Then a sigh from the Earl made him turn his head.

"You are right, my child," said the old nobleman gazing at Cannie with wistful tenderness, "our real home is the

land where the heart finds its rest. 'Tis a terrible disease, what is called homesickness, Cannie, and I've felt it, as many others have done."

The quick look of sympathy in the eyes of the girl seemed to touch the Earl, and he continued in the same tone of melancholy softness.

"I was born and reared in England, and you see that I am living now in another land. I long sometimes to look upon the familiar old scenes, and pluck a daisy from the sod of old England, my mother soil. I remember the same feeling in a nobleman of my acquaintance who was exiled by political troubles to France. His name was Henry St. John, a very brilliant person, whom you, George, have read of, I am sure, and it may be Cannie also, though he's long dead and she's very young. I had known him in London, and spent many delightful hours with him—for his conversation was wonderfully attractive. His favourite topic was the superiority of a strong mind to misfortune—the strength he possessed to bear up against obloquy and exile, sustained by his own thoughts and his philosophy. Well, see how it ended. I went to visit him in France, and a more unhappy personage I have rarely seen. All his philosophy was gone—he had yielded. 'The burst of the cloud had gone near to overwhelm me,' he said one day: and he looked as he spoke toward the cliffs of England, as a child does toward its mother. He never rested in his efforts to regain his home—and sometimes I think I am his shadow in the new world; I would return, and lay my bones in the soil where my forefathers sleep."

The Earl was silent again, absently caressing the head of the great deer-hound.

"All is the same, however, my dear," he added in a moment, "under the blue skies of home, or the stormy clouds of distant countries, the one thing is to be honest and true. One looks down on us who governs and directs for the best—do you not feel that?"

"Oh, yes, sir—my Lord," returned Cannie, to whose eyes the sad tones of

the old cavalier had brought tears, "indeed I do, and that is enough to make us happy, I am sure! In the mountains or the lowlands, He is still beside us. Whether we are buried in the sands, or the ocean, it is still the same—as Mr. Falconbridge said, you remember, George."

"Mr. Falconbridge?" murmured the Earl; "do you know him, then, Cannie?"

"Oh, yes, sir—he has been to see us, and I could not help loving him. His face is so kind and true-looking—and when he smiles I feel as if it was sunshine."

"That is true, said the Earl, with a bright light in his eyes which made his face pleasant to behold. "Mr. Falconbridge is truly a gentleman."

"Oh, I'm sure he is. I loved him from the first moment I saw him."

"He loved you as well," said a voice behind the speaker.

And Falconbridge, who had entered without attracting attention, inclined his head to the company. In a moment the girl, by an irresistible impulse had risen to her feet, and caught in her own warm little hand, the thin hand of the young man. Then she gazed into his eyes with a wistful look, and said:

"You are very, very pale, sir."

Indeed the young man resembled a ghost rather than a human being. All the laughing pride of eye and lip had vanished—his cheeks had lost their bloom and were fallen away—an unspeakable sadness stamped his entire countenance and bearing—in a few days he seemed to have lived twenty years. As he smiled now, and pressed the little hand in his own, there was something so touching and pathetic in his appearance, that Cannie could not restrain her tears.

"There, there, don't cry, my dear," said Falconbridge, "you distress me. The change in my appearance moves you, I suppose—but 'tis nothing. I have been somewhat unwell, but am better. I trust your Lordship is well."

And the speaker inclined low with stately courtesy before the Earl.

"Thanks—yes, sir—very well," re-

plied Lord Fairfax, who had scarcely moved, and still regarded his visitor with evident agitation. But there was nothing hostile in this emotion. On the contrary, a strange earnestness and softness characterized his bearing, as he pointed to a seat, and bowed low to his guest.

"Many thanks, my Lord," returned Falconbridge, "but my visit must be brief. In three days I shall leave this region, and I come to make an explanation to your Lordship."

The Earl, till singularly agitated, glanced uneasily at George and Cannie. The two young persons rose with quick courtesy, and would have retired, but Falconbridge arrested them by a movement of his hand.

"No, do not retire," he said, "my explanation is not a private one—and I have entire confidence in you both, George and Cannie. Pray remain then—and now, my Lord, for my business. I have come hither to say, like an honest gentleman, that I have wronged you, and to beg you to pardon me. I will imitate the reserve of your Lordship on the mountain yonder, and add in general terms what I mean. I accused you, in my heart, and to your face, in the forest there, of an unworthy and dishonourable action. I insulted and outraged you, and forced you to meet me in single combat. I am truly glad at the issue of that business, for I wronged you, not intentionally, but no less really. Since that time, I have discovered my error and your innocence. I have been ill, and had time to reflect. I have risen from my sick couch to come and say to your Lordship, that I am sorry for my words and for my actions—to declare my conviction of your irreproachable honour, and to entreat your pardon and forgiveness."

With these words Falconbridge bowed low again, and was silent.

"I have nothing to forgive, sir," replied the Earl almost eagerly, "I should rather sue to you—for I have wounded you, I fear, deeply. On my honour, sir, the act was not malicious—I pray you to forget all, and receive my hand."

There was something earnest and no-

ble in the voice of the Earl as he thus spoke, and a slight colour came to the cheek of the young man. He took the proffered hand, and the eyes of the strange rivals met in one long look of deep meaning.

"I shall now beg your Lordship's permission to retire," said Falconbridge. "I am not well, and the ride hither has fatigued me. As I have declared, in three days I leave this country. This will be my farewell to your Lordship."

Then, turning to George and Cannie, he held out his hand, with the melancholy smile which had excited the child's tears. She cried again as she took it, and George bit his lip to conceal his emotion.

"I am glad to have seen your kind face again," he said to Cannie; "and yours, George, though I trust you'll come to see me before I go. And now, good-bye. I salute your Lordship, and bid you farewell."

In spite of the Earl's hospitable invitations to remain, which were uttered with great earnestness, the young man then departed:—and soon afterwards George and Cannie set out on their return to the mountain.

"In three days!" murmured the Earl,—"then he goes in three days! But he shall not!—no, he shall not! How noble he is—and how pale! Poor boy, my heart ached when he smiled as he did. In three days? We shall see!"

As the Earl spoke thus, Captain Wagner hastily entered the apartment.

LI.

THE COURIER.

The appearance of the Borderer indicated news of importance.

"What has occurred?" said the Earl.

"The rascals are coming!" returned Wagner, throwing his hat on the table. "At least they are on the way, my lord—the Injuns!"

"Ah! What of them?—What news of them?"

"A plenty, and too much. A courier is following me, and he'll soon relate all to your lordship. Well, I think we'll have stirring times at last. We'll eat 'em or be eat by him, or I'm a dandy!"

As the Borderer spoke, the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard, and in a few minutes a rough clad settler from the frontier entered, and bowed low to the Earl. His tidings were soon imparted. The Indians had crossed the Alleghanies two days before, in a large band, and had laid waste the entire South Branch manor, killing women and children, and even attacking Fort Pleasant and Edward's Fort, on Cacaphon. In all directions homes were blazing, fields on fire, the dead bodies of the settlers and their families were stretched across a hundred thresholds, along the line of march of the savages. The incursion had been so sudden that no preparation, on the part of the borderers, had opposed it; and the whole region west of the town of Winchester was helpless at the feet of the advancing enemy. Such was the information of the courier, who gave his account with long drawn breaths, as one laboring under great exhaustion. In fact he had ridden night and day, and was worn out. Old John speedily took charge of him, in obedience to the direction of his master, and the Captain and Lord Fairfax were left alone together.

"Well," said the Earl, his swarthy face glowing, "well, Captain, there seems every probability of your prediction being verified. We'll have fighting, and that speedily. What are the defences of the region immediately west of Winchester?"

"Few or none," returned the soldier, knitting his brow and reflecting: "there's Pugh's, and Enoch's and Parker's Forts, with Edward's, the strongest. Further west, toward Fort Cumberland, are Pear-sall's and Sellar's, and Fort Pleasant, which is well fortified. But these are passed. Its dooms unlucky, my lord—but these worthies seem to have heard nothing of the inroad until it was on 'em, and the very devil will be to pay, or I'm a dandy! Where's the map? I know the region by heart, but may forget some places."

The Earl drew it out of the drawer, and they were soon poring over it. The result was discouraging. The forts mentioned by the Captain were all regularly laid down, but no others.

"There are plenty of cabins," said the Borderer, frowning thoughtfully, "but they are shells that the first blow will smash. What remains? I tell your lordship I have never been taken more aback. Messengers must, however, be sent immediately throughout the river counties. I'll assemble the hunters and settlers around here myself, and then let the bloody scoundrels look out. I have said I'd eat their carcases, and I'll do it, or my name's not Wagner!"

A quick discussion of the details then took place, and the plan of operations was agreed upon. In two hours couriers were departing in all directions, and Captain Wagner himself was scouring the country, to assemble the settlers in the immediate vicinity.

On the next evening a messenger arrived, with the intelligence that the band of Indians had gone in an opposite direction, toward the Potomac, plundering and burning on their march.

"I'll go after 'em," said the Captain, who had returned from his long ride; "the boys will assemble at Winchester to-morrow, and I'll take command, as your lordship has directed."

"Such is my wish, Captain," returned the Earl, "and thus we may take breath for a moment."

"And I'll take some Jamaica, with your permission, my lord, or zounds! without your permission, for I'm broke down! I've been in the saddle till I feel as if I grew there. I'm bow-legged, or the devil take it!"

Having swallowed his Jamaica, the Captain became more tranquil, and listened in silence to the Earl.

"And now for a private matter of my own," said the Earl. "Where is Mr. Falconbridge, Captain?"

"At the Ordinary, my lord."

"Does he return to the Lowland?"

"He! return to the Lowland! Who? Falconbridge? You don't know him, my lord. He's a good heart of oak, and you

ought to have seen his face when he heard of the killing of the women and children! It was a glorious face, or I'm a dandy! The very devil in his eyes. You don't know that man as I know him. He is one of the kindest and softest-hearted fellows in the world, but I'd rather go through fire than arouse him! He go to the Lowland, with those women and children kicking and squalling over there, as the bloody scoundrels slit their wind-pipes? I fancy it! No! He'll be duly in the ranks to-morrow, and I wouldn't give a sixpence for the red devil that meets him!"

"Good, good!" said the Earl, with glowing cheeks. "That is like him, Captain. I knew it—I was sure of it; but he is weak, you know—he has been sick."

And a strange pathos was discernible in the tones of the Earl.

"Sick or well, he is with us," returned the Captain. "Your lordship seems really interested in him."

"I have reason to be."

"How so!"

The Earl did not immediately reply. He mused and hesitated. Then suddenly his irresolution disappeared, and turning to the soldier, he said:

"Captain, did you not think the scene on the Fort Mountain, on the day of your duel, a very strange one?"

"A perfect puzzle!—a mystery! I've been racking my brain to understand it ever since."

"Well I'll tell you what it meant," replied the Earl, "if you will make me two promises."

"Two promises, my lord?"

"Very simple ones. The first is to guard sacredly what I tell you, and the other is to go this evening, in spite of your fatigue, and bring Falconbridge hither to sleep. I must see him."

"I promise both, my lord—and you know me. When a thing is told to me I put it under lock and key, and the rack couldn't get me to tell it. I don't talk in my sleep, and I've carried this hatred of the practice of gossiping so far that I've often forgot things on purpose. I knew a man once who always, when he got

a letter headed 'burn this,' lit one corner of it to read by. He read the last line as the flame burnt his fingers. That's my habit. I don't repeat—I forget."

The Earl nodded, well satisfied, and said:

"I can trust you, Captain Wagner. I give you a mark of this entire confidence now. I wish you to watch over and guard the person whom you know as Falconbridge, and to explain this request, am about to give you a brief history. Are we wholly alone?"

The Captain rose and examined the doors and windows, then returned to his seat.

"Completely, my lord; and now I listen. 'The person I know as Falconbridge?' Hum!"

The Earl looked into the fire for some moments, with thoughtful gravity; then fixing his melancholy eyes upon the Borderer, commenced the narrative which he had promised.

LII.

THE BALL IN THE RIGHT SHOULDER.

"Captain," said the Earl, with that look of deep sadness which made his countenance at times so touching, "my life has been more or less unhappy from its commencement, but I think I have suffered, within the last month—nay, within a few days—as much as, or more, than in many years before. I have learned what is one of the most sorrowful things in all this world—that much happiness has been wrongfully denied me by one of my fellow-creatures—that I have sighed where I might have smiled—that the heaven above me has been obscured and gloomy, when the simple act of a simple mortal might have dissipated every cloud, and made the sun shine brightly for me.

"But to drop these generalities and come to my narrative. It will not be long, but shall contain the truth and the whole truth. Men at my age do not make intimate confidences for the pleasure

of talking—and yet I experience something like pleasure, sir, in the thought that I am about to unburden my mind of some events and thoughts which have long oppressed it. I do not conceal, nevertheless, that I have my own personal object in this matter—I repeat what I said but now, that I wish you to watch over the person whom you know by the name of Falconbridge—with him is connected all that I shall say.

"Listen, sir. My narrative will not, I think, be a lengthy one. I was born at the end of the last century, at my father's house of 'Denton,' in Yorkshire, and grew up in sight of the patrimonial oaks of my family—in the familiar, rustic scenes of English life. My father, Thomas, Lord Fairfax, the fifth of the name, was a cold, but not an unkind man—my mother, Catherine, daughter of Lord Culpepper, was a very saint on earth. Under the tuition of these beloved parents, and a worthy old gentleman who lived at Denton, I grew to the age of seventeen—when I was sent to the University of Oxford. There, I passed through the ordinary routine of study, and neglect of study—and on leaving the University obtained a commission in the royal regiment of the 'Blues.' This, however, did not hold me long—I resigned my commission from distaste for the life of barracks, and plunged into the whirlpool of London. My rank gave me access to the finest society of the time, and at nineteen I had become, my friends informed me, one of the most perfect specimens of a macaroni to be found in the club-houses and drawing-rooms of the capital. I enjoyed this dissipated mode of life for some months—mingling with delight in the political and literary circles which were ornamented by the presence of Bolingbroke, and Addison, and the lesser lights of the day—and then, wearied out with play, with the theatres, with fine ladies, and simpering beaux, I retired to Denton, and became a country gentleman again.

"And now commences the series of events which I design relating. My life hitherto had been gay and splendid—no cloud had crossed the bright sky of my youth—in the brilliant circles of London,

as in the jovial scenes of Oxford, I had basked in uninterrupted sunshine, and never given a single thought to care—never indulged one violent or discordant emotion. I was ere long to learn that human life cannot glide away in one unbroken current of limpid smoothness—that there are breakers and reefs on the most smiling coast, which the most experienced pilot cannot always avoid. I was no such experienced person, I need not tell you. To great ignorance of the world, in spite of my years in London—I added an excitable and headstrong temper when aroused: and this defect of my blood was not long in revealing itself. I had never quarrelled with anybody at Oxford or in London—in both places I had lived among scenes which are often disturbed by evil passions—but I passed through intact. I had gone to the theatres, and supped with wits and gallants,—played tric-trac,—and wandered forth with the Mohocks at three in the morning, on their revels and absurdities, perpetrated at the expense of the watchmen of the city—all this I had passed through without once drawing my sword, without a single affair; how was I to have an affair, in the apparently sluggish scene of Yorkshire?

“There was a gentleman of the neighbourhood about forty years of age, whose name was Sir William Powys. He had once possessed a very fine estate, but owing to his want of management, and the extravagant mode of living which he pursued, this great property had gradually melted away. It was covered with mortgages, by means of which Sir William had, from time to time, raised large sums of money to sustain him in his mode of living—and among the holders of these mortgages was my father. He was neither by habit or inclination a money-lender, and long resisted the request of Sir William, to advance him a large sum of money which had gradually been saved from the proceeds of the Denton Estate. At last, however, he yielded to the solicitations of the knight, and delivered to him the sum, taking a mortgage on the bulk of the Powys’ Court manor. This had happened a year or two before my

arrival—and just before I came, my father had foreclosed the mortgage, and forced Sir William to alienate almost his whole property. I know not if this action of my father was harsh. From my knowledge of his character, as from the general tenor of his life, I am convinced that he proceeded to this apparently unkind act, in the purest defence of the interests of his family. My sister, since dead, was about to be married, and a settlement was absolutely required on the part of the Fairfax family. Sir William could not, or would not, repay the money borrowed—and as I have said, the mortgage was foreclosed. He parted with his property without any overt act of enmity; but it was soon whispered throughout the shire, that the knight denounced my father at his own table and elsewhere, as a usurer, a Shylock, a Jew money-lender, and in other terms equally insulting.

“I need scarcely say, sir, that this intelligence set my blood on fire. My father was then a gray-haired man, full of years; and I knew that he was physically unable to right himself. A long, well-spent life, it is true, gave the lie to these base insinuations and calumnies; but in our family we are restive under insult, no matter whether it injures or not. I saw my father’s face flush more than once, when these expressions were unguardedly alluded to in his presence—and I longed for an opportunity to revenge upon the calumniator the wrong which he had perpetrated toward Lord Fairfax. I was determined to seek him, and pick a quarrel upon some indifferent ground: and then—I said with clenched teeth—I will put an end to him, or he shall put an end to me. An opportunity of carrying out my design soon presented itself. In the vicinity of Denton, and not far from Powys’ Court, was the race-course of the county. Here, upon a certain day, were assembled all the gentlemen and ladies of the region around. I repaired to the race-course early, but not with any design of betting. I sought Sir William Powys, who would attend I heard—and I was soon gratified. I descried his tall form approaching upon horse-back, in the midst of a number of

his friends; and I even now recall his athletic and powerful figure, which in bulk of muscle, pride of carriage, and its haughty air of superiority, threw into the background every personage about him. He dismounted, and gave his bridle to a groom. Then, accompanied by his friends, he approached the open space beneath the balcony, which was filled with ladies and gentlemen, intent on the coming festivity. The horses, in their sweat-clothes, were being led up and down; a hundred comments were made by the crowd who inspected them; and bets were every moment offered and taken by the gentlemen on the various racers which had been entered. I approached the group, in the midst of which Sir William was standing and expatiating upon the merits of the horses. As I drew near I heard him say: 'Three to one on the bay—in tens or hundreds.' 'Dore, Sir William,' responded the gentleman to whom he spoke, and who was an acquaintance of mine. His name was Sir John Colburn. 'I congratulate you, Sir John,' I said, laughing, 'the bay's a miserable hack, and will probably be distanced the first heat.' I saw Sir William Powys turn as if an adder had stung him. He was proud of his knowledge of horse-flesh; indeed, it was one of his weak points—and to have his judgment thus sneered at, and by a mere boy, such as I happened to be, enraged him suddenly and profoundly. His eye flashed, and he surveyed me from head to foot with a glance which was intended to annihilate me. It failed, however. I have a faculty of my blood in a very marked degree—I grow cooler as I become more exasperated. I hated Sir William at that moment, mortally; and I replied to his insulting look by a satirical smile. This heated him more dangerously—I saw his cheek turn crimson with anger. 'And who are you, sir!' he said in a tone of excessive rudeness, 'who are you that presume to put your opinion against mine!' 'I thought you knew me, sir,' I said, with perfect coolness, 'as I remember meeting you some years since. But no matter. My name is not important—and I presume, in spite of your

extreme dissatisfaction, to say that in my humble opinion the bay is the poorest and most ludicrous horse entered—it is hard not to look at him without laughing in fact—and no one but a tyro would bet on him.' 'What do you mean, sir!' said Sir William, turning white with rage at my tone of disdainful indifference, and advancing close to me as he spoke, 'your meaning, sir!—if it is an insult you intend uttering, this horse-whip shall teach you—!' In an instant we had grappled. I had designed nothing of the sort; but the sight of the degrading instrument raised above my head, aroused the devil in me, and made me wild. I caught at it, fully intending to wrench it away, and apply it to his own person—and in a moment we were locked in a furious embrace. We were parted immediately by the bystanders, who rushed to us with loud exclamations—and a glance at the balcony above showed me that a young lady had fainted, and was being born out. 'Who—is—this person!' panted Sir William, with powerless fury, 'had my right arm been unmaimed I would have punished his insolence!' And he glared at me wildly, and would have tried to strike me again, had not his friends restrained him and told him my name. 'Tom Fairfax! Tom Fairfax!' he muttered, with clenched teeth, 'very well! this may be arranged elsewhere! Ah! a Fairfax, is it!' 'Yes, sir,' I replied scornfully, 'my name is Fairfax, almost or quite as good a name as your own, and you shall not have to wait very long for the 'arrangement' you desire!' With these words we exchanged ceremonious bows, and separated—Sir John Colburn accompanying me. In three hours all was 'arranged' as I had promised. We were to meet with pistols, at a spot near the race-course, which had been agreed on. The objection to the use of short swords lay in the condition of Sir William's right arm—he had been kicked a short time before by one of his horses, and somewhat disabled. He insisted very generously and fearlessly upon swords, but his second overruled him, and pistols were decided upon. Well, not to lengthen my narrative unduly—it is, perhaps, al-

ready too long—we met: at the first fire my ball penetrated his right shoulder, and so great was the agony which it caused him, that he fell, and fainted from loss of blood. His ball did not touch me. The duel ended thus, and Sir William was born home in his carriage. It was his daughter who had fainted in the balcony.

“So terminated,” continued the Earl, “an affair which was recalled to my recollection in a very strange manner some time since—in the Ordinary yonder—but to resume. I returned home only half pleased with the issue. Such, sir, is the depravity of the human heart, and to such a height had I been aroused by the wrong done my father, that—I am sorry to say it, but I must be candid—I thirsted for my enemy’s blood. For the present, however, this desire was doomed to disappointment, I reflected—but on the very next day a new means presented itself. Sir William’s family consisted of a son and a daughter—Edith and Arthur, who were twins:—well, Arthur, on the morning after my duel with his father, sent me a challenge, which I accepted at once. He was a few months younger than myself, but was reputed to be an excellent swordsman. I referred his friend to Sir John Colburn, and everything was soon agreed upon—but the matter was all at once arrested. My father had remonstrated with me strongly for my affair with Sir William, and begged me to avoid in future any occasion of renewing the quarrel. If I insisted upon fighting—he would meet Sir William himself—it pained and distressed him, he declared. He soon found out my design of meeting Arthur Powys, and rode hastily to Powys’ Court. There had never been any open quarrel between the two—and their meeting, I afterwards heard, was amicable. The consequence of the visit was, that the elders forbade the juniors, on pain of their displeasure and forfeit of affection, to proceed in the matter. In the end, both Arthur and myself were summoned to the side of the sick man—and Sir William very nobly apologised for his insult to me on the race-course. ‘Had I known you, sir,’ he said ‘I should

never have been guilty of the act of raising a horse-whip to strike you—that, I need not say. I saw no indication of your rank or family—and now beg to say to you, that I deeply regret the whole occurrence, as I regret some very inconsiderate and ill-advised expressions which I doubt not, really led you to provoke me into a quarrel. There must be no more contention, Viscount, and if you refuse me this request, I shall rise from my sick couch and meet you when you will—if you require me, this moment.’ This speech ended all. The apology for the hasty reflections upon my father calmed me somewhat, and the matter terminated by the withdrawal of Arthur’s challenge.

“Ten days afterwards I was out fox-hunting with a number of gentlemen, among whom was Arthur Powys. We were separated from the rest, and rode side by side at a great pace. We came to a bad fence—Arthur’s horse rolled into a ditch, and he fell beneath. I drew up quickly, and dismounted. His leg was cruelly fractured, and taking him in my arms like a child, I held him on the saddle, and slowly conveyed him to Powys’ Court. As I entered the last gateway, the insensible figure resting upon my bosom, the pale face near my own, I saw a young lady rush out, wild with terror, and hasten toward me, weeping. It was Edith Powys, who received from my arms the unconscious form of her brother.

“Our hands touched: it was the first time.

LIII.

THE ORIGINALS OF THE PORTRAIT.

“With this incident” the Earl gravely continued, “commenced my new life. From that moment, when she came crying to take the young man upon her bosom, I loved Edith Powys with all the ardour of youth and romance. I do not scoff at it, or laugh, as some persons I think do—love to me, sir, has been a blessed reality, a solace, supreme comfort and charm of my existence. I have

known many sneer at women, at the passion of pure love—for myself I regard it with a sacred wonder, and kneel almost humbly before a true-hearted girl, be she the peasant maid or queen on her throne. Oh no, sir! women are capricious—they are fanciful—they have many great weaknesses—but at the bottom of all the folly which appears in many of them, there is gold of the purest stamp—without alloy!

“Well I loved Edith Powys—she is with me still, though long years have fled over me, and dulled my heart, since the day when I buried her beneath the spring violets at Denton. It was the desire of an All-merciful being moreover, that she should love me too—in spite of all her prepossessions against me. She often told me afterwards that her feelings toward me, on the day when I grappled with her father in front of the balcony on the race-course, were pure hatred—and that she had registered a vow never to have any other sentiment toward me. But the sight of her brother bleeding in my arms—pressed to my heart, and borne along with such tenderness—this touched her and paved the way for the entrance of other less bitter feelings; and then love came to answer the love I felt for her.

“Powys Court was no longer closed against me now. Thanks to the incident which I have related, entrance was freely accorded me. I had really conceived a strong friendship for Arthur—first from the fact that we never afterwards look indifferently upon a person whom we have been kind to,—whose weak form we have carried in our arms—and secondly, from another and equally natural circumstance. The brother and sister were not only twins—they were the most extraordinary copies of each other. Both had delicate features—the same clear frank eyes—the same lips full of laughing pride—the same soft brown hair. Had Edith assumed the costume of her brother, you would have said, that a miniature Arthur Powys stood before you. Had the brother donned a female dress, Edith, larger it is true, and more masculine, but still Edith, would have

looked at you with the smile of her brother.

“I have a portrait of the young man, painted some years after these events—’tis up stairs over the fireplace of one of the bed-chambers. I scarce dare to look at it when melancholy oppresses me—for the resemblance to Edith Powys sends a thrill of bitter anguish through my heart, and I recall all the past, as I gaze on! To continue: I say that this singular resemblance between the young man and the young lady, insensibly drew me to his side. In his company I was almost enjoying the society of his sister. I availed myself of the incident which had bound us together, and went regularly to ask after his health. He soon improved. The fracture was painful, but yielded to the treatment of the physicians, and he was soon limping about the house again—leaning on my shoulder or his sister’s, and smiling as before. He was a noble youth—one of the noblest hearts that I’ve ever known. He soon came to look upon me with affection and confidence, and the feud between the houses of Fairfax and Powys seemed destined to terminate with the elders.

“But I had calculated literally *without my host*. Sir William Powys was one of those men who never forgive. He might waive his enmity, so to speak, for the occasion; and even utter words of courtesy and good humour—but beneath all this was the implacable memory—the rooted and ineradicable recollection of his real or fancied wrong. It thus happened that the keen-eyed Knight watched the growing intimacy between myself and his daughter with ill-disguised disapprobation and opposition. He was too well bred to refuse her hand before I had asked it; and evidently writhed with secret anger at the past. As my object in visiting Powys Court became plainer and plainer, and the artless affection of the young lady was less disguised, the Knight’s dissatisfaction grew more intense. I saw it, and ground my teeth as I thought of it, often—but that was all. In the depths of my heart. I think I really respected him more for it—for his loyalty so to speak, to the

family feud and the dislike he exhibited and plainly experienced, to a match between his daughter and a person, his social superior. He was only a baronet, and his possessions were reduced to nothing nearly—but he nevertheless opposed bitterly the union of his child with one who would soon be Earl of Fairfax and Baron of Cameron, with ample means of keeping up both titles. Indeed there was nothing small or mean about Sir William Powys. If he ever committed an action which seemed to indicate those qualities, you had only to reach deeper, and a more noble passion so to speak, would reveal itself. The craving for vengeance might induce him to act basely—but mere paltry love of gain never could.

"Thus, to return, I was obliged still to respect the Knight, in spite of my bitter feelings at his manifest opposition. I tried to soften him—it was all in vain. Edith and Arthur became my advocates, and would sound my praises. The baronet only sneered, and asked if *both* of them were in love with me. Thus things went on until I could no longer control myself. I went to Sir William one day—confessed my affection for his daughter—and requested his permission to pay my addresses. 'My permission, sir!' he said with a bitter laugh, 'why truly you are a very entertaining person.' 'Sir William!' I remonstrated. 'Oh! don't let us argue' he replied, 'I'm not such a dunce, sir, as not to see beyond my nose. I have observed what has taken place in my house for some months past, and I therefore say that your addresses have been paid without ceremony, and without my leave, sir! You will judge yourself if the act was not dishonourable!' His face began to flush—and my own as darkly. 'Sir, William,' I said, 'you have wronged and insulted me! It is not becoming to do so, when I hold the position toward you which I do. And permit me to say, sir, that I have done nothing unworthy of the honourable name I bear—of the name of Fairfax, which is as old and as honourable as that of Powys!' His reply was a burst of rage. The comparison of the two names seemed to arouse all his old enmity. He gnashed

his teeth, and seemed about to strike me.

"I had dared to come into his house, he said, and wile away the heart of his daughter—and his son. Under the mask of friendship I had beguiled her affections, and now came impudently to ask permission to pay my addresses. No! I should not have his consent! I should never marry his daughter! No person who bore the detested name of Fairfax should wed with one of the family of Powys! He had intended to express to his daughter plainly, his feelings on the subject long before—but pride restrained him. He had hoped that her sense of what was due to himself, as well as the blood which ran in her veins, would preserve her from yielding to this miserable infatuation! But he would no longer preserve silence! He would speak his mind, plainly! Then if she chose she might marry me and welcome! She would at least have his curse for a dower! The baronet uttered all this and much more with a fiery wrath and indignation which seemed to increase as he proceeded. When his speech ended he was furious, and red with anger. I was pale. 'Sir William Powys,' I said with a sinking heart, but a collected voice, 'you have done what no English gentleman has ever done before—insulted a visitor in your own house! But I have no insult to hurl back in return. You know well that I cannot answer you—you know why. I scorn to reply to your charges of dishonour—they fall harmless, for they are unjust and unfounded, you know perfectly. I shall now go, sir—this interview ends all, as you desire. I will intrude myself into no family which scorns me—you need fear nothing, sir—it will not be necessary to curse your daughter.' And I bowed and went away. On the portico I met Edith. She was as pale as death. She had heard all through the open window. With a quivering lip she held out her hand. I pressed it to my lips with a groan, and rode away, at a gallop, with a choking sensation in my throat. I had acted as a gentleman of the house of Fairfax should act—but my heart was almost broken in the struggle.

"I will hasten on in my narrative. When old events return to me—they beguile me into unending details.

LIV.

WHAT THE PACKAGE, TORN BY THE BEAR,
CONTAINED.

"A few months afterwards, Edith Powys had become my wife:—my father and mother were both dead:—I was the head of the house, though I had not reached my majority."

The Earl paused as he uttered these words and a deep sigh issued from the depths of his heart. These memories evidently agitated him profoundly—but controlling his emotion, he continued his narrative.

"I shall not pause to speak of the grief I experienced at the loss of my parents—upon that subject I do not like to say anything. I shall confine my attention to the events which I wish to relate. The explanation of my marriage will not be either difficult, or lengthy. From the day on which I held the angry interview with Sir William Powys, the relations between himself, and his son and daughter, had greatly changed. A mutual coldness sprung up. The father regarded the daughter as a rebel against his authority—an unworthy scion of the house of Powys. The daughter—with what justice you must decide—considered her father harsh and unjust. The insults which he had heaped upon an unoffending person, aroused her nice sense of fairness and justice, his coldness toward herself revolted her pride and self-respect; in a word, the family at Powys' Court were divided, and marshalled on opposite sides. Arthur sided with his sister. He was never, in the remotest degree, discourteous to his father; but a thousand trifling incidents indicated his opinion of the amount of blame attaching to each. Under this household discord, the baronet writhed vainly. There was nothing to find fault with, no disrespect even was shown him, much less any disobedience; his orders and regrets were all sedulous-

ly attended to and complied with; no word of complaint was uttered. But the skeleton was there. In the eyes of the young man and his sister, the knight read as plainly as in a printed book, changed feeling, coolness, the revolt against injustice to one who had not offended. The baronet endured it, in wrathful silence—but he endured it. It broke the health of his daughter. She could not preserve her feeling toward her father without bleeding inwardly—her cheek became paler and paler—she grew ill. Then she did not rise from her couch, and the tragedy approached its catastrophe. The baronet went to see her one morning, she threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears. She could not, could not, go on feeling so toward him, she said: it would kill her; she loved him more than her life; he was her own dear father, and she had been sinful—. Then her voice was choked with sobs. All the tenderness so long pent up in the heart of the baronet responded. He took the girl to his heart, gazed with apprehension upon her white worn cheeks, and groaned. An hour afterwards he had passed through the great struggle between his affection and his pride. He came to Denton and begged me to pardon his harsh words. Would I ride back to Powys' Court with him? He set his teeth close as he spoke, and breathed slowly.

"I need scarcely say that I acceded to the invitation. The weeks which had elapsed, had nearly killed me—my health and strength were gone—I was the mere shadow of myself. The loss of Edith had nearly broken my heart, and I moped like an octogenarian. Thus I had no pride to oppose to the baronet. I think my face flushed with delight. His horse scarcely kept up with my own as we rode toward Powys' Court.

"I did not see Edith, of course, but I saw Arthur. He dined with us; and I could read in his frank face the deep happiness he felt at the event of the morning. The baronet was sedulously courteous and attentive to me during dinner, and we sat long at the table, drinking wine and talking on a variety of topics. We both un-

derstood that the whole scene was a piece of acting—but when two men desire mutually to carry on a drama, there is no failure in the dialogue or the gesture. I knew that the obdurate father had relented; that he intended Arthur to relate everything to Edith, and he doubtless knew that I rated his sudden courtesy at its just value, and comprehended its design. When I left the house, I had promised to return in a few days. When I again entered the old hall, I was told that Edith awaited me in the drawing-room. Arthur handed me a paper as he said this, smiling; and I read the words:

“I consent that Viscount Fairfax shall proceed in the matter upon which we had some months since, a discussion, if it still be the desire of that gentleman.

“WILLIAM POWYS.”

“I blushed with delight, and placing the paper in my bosom, hastened forward toward Edith, who came to meet me with a faint colour in her cheeks. Let me not speak further of the scene, except to say that when I left Powys’ Court, late in the evening, the young lady was affianced to me. Six months afterwards we were married.

“I now speak of a portion of my life, which stands out, clear and distinct from the rest, as one of the great mountain headlands here, lit by the sunset, raises its head above the gloomy valleys. For a time I was happy—wholly, perfectly. The days glided away like hours, and they were days of unalloyed sunshine: for I loved my wife with a depth of tenderness which is indescribable. She bloomed in the great old hall at Denton, like a flower of the spring; blessing me with her sweet smile, and tender eyes, and adding a new lustre to my life. Those months are now my most cherished recollections; I go away from the lonely present, and live again in the past. I feel her heart beat against my own, and—wake from the dream to stretch out my widowed arms and utter a groan—for she is past the stars!

“I hurry on. My narrative is nearly ended. I proceed now to relate events which have been a mystery to me for

more than a quarter of a century—which I came to comprehend but the other day—on the mountain there, when I retired with the personage who passes under the name of Powell, but who is no other than the Sir William Powys, of whom I am speaking. You start, sir! but do not interrupt me—to continue. Left alone almost, at his old country house, the baronet became silent and gloomy. His daughter had been more to him than all else in the world, and by removing her from his side, I had added another to the long list of wrongs which he had scored up in his brooding memory against the name of Fairfax. Arthur was good company, and had been the pride of his father; but the young man’s espousal of his sister’s cause, had created a coolness toward him on the part of the baronet; and the old familiar relations between them were thus interrupted. Another cause of complaint against the young man was the frequency of his visits to Denton, whither the baronet himself very seldom went: and thus, the days of the master of Powys’ Court were lonely and unhappy. Upon my head, as I now know, all the pent up storm was secretly discharged. He had been forced by circumstances to sanction my union with Edith, but his repugnance to myself remained undiminished; and this feeling ripened rapidly into a sentiment of actual hatred; smouldering silently, and only awaiting an opportunity of striking its object. This opportunity soon came. The Countess of Fairfax returned, after the English custom, to the mansion of her parents, to pass through that ordeal of suffering, which God has imposed upon woman as the penalty of their entrance into the sacred world of maternity. True, Edith’s mother was not living, but at Powys’ Court, she might fancy the presence of the dear form at her bedside; and to Powys’ Court she accordingly went.

“A month afterward, an heir of my name was born; but died in twelve hours. My wife was already dead—she had surrendered her existence in giving life to another human being. She died with her hand in my own, smiling sweetly as she always smiled as she looked at me; as

she will smile, I trust, when we are reunited in heaven, where sorrow and tears come no more."

The Earl pressed his hand to his forehead, and his weary eyes moistened as he thus recalled the scenes of the past. His brows contracted with a weary shadow, and a groan which issued from the bottom of his heart, revealed the extent of his suffering. He remained thus silent, and overcome by emotion for some moments, then his eyes suddenly became dry again, and a flash darted from them. A cold and menacing expression came to the quivering lip and he continued.

"I said that my son died twelve hours after his birth. In so declaring, I gave the statement of his nurse and Sir William Powys—a falsehood! Yes, a horrible, base falsehood, unworthy of a menial, much more of a gentleman! The truth will serve to display the awful depths of depravity, to which a man who profoundly hates another will descend, under the influence of a thirst for vengeance. It was not my son who died; it was the child of one of the maids, born almost at the same moment, and substituted, in its death-throes in place of my own. The unhappy man confessed all to me on the Fort Mountain in our interview, confessed with shame and repentance, and shuddering humiliation, the means which he had made use of to rob me of this solace of my widowed heart. By a large bribe he induced a woman of the household to make the change; the child of the servant thus died in the chamber where my dead wife was lying; mine was placed in the arms of the servant as her own.

"Thus, under the stimulus of a horrible sentiment of hatred, and thirst for vengeance, did Sir William Powys commit an action which has made him, he declares, supremely miserable for more than a score of years. His object was a double one. He aimed at depriving me of an inexpressible consolation, and at securing to himself the child of his daughter. It was almost with burning jealousy, he declares, that he thought of me, in possession of this memorial of his child, whom he loved so tenderly, and relinquished to me only to make her hap-

py. His scheme, he declares, was to rear the boy carefully, to make him heir to his entire possessions; and before I died to reveal the whole matter, and further secure for him the Earldom and wealth of the house of Fairfax. Such was his design—a portion of it wofully succeeded. But to return.

"I followed the dead bodies of my wife, and my supposed child to the Denton church-yard, and saw them placed in the earth. Then I mounted my horse and returned to my desolate home, broken hearted and longing for death to put an end to my misery. I was destined to be struck again heavily. A servant handed me a package as I dismounted—I opened and read it with a quivering lip; then I fell into a seat, almost prostrated. My guardians had cut off the entail of Denton, in order to preserve the great Leeds Castle Manor, derived from my mother, the daughter, as I have said, of Lord Culpepper; the house of my forefathers was no longer my own; I was a tenant of Denton by sufferance. I despair of conveying to you any adequate idea of the weight of the blow which thus struck me. It is true the project had long been under consideration, in spite of my remonstrances and protests; but I was now so near my legal majority, that I had abandoned all fears upon the subject. I was tottering when the stroke came; it almost prostrated me. Denton was lost to me! It was no longer my own! The house which I was born in, which recalled to me every happy moment of my youth, which my wife had lived in, and made sacred in my eyes; Denton was the property of strangers! To my overpowering pain, succeeded a mad, speechless rage; and I stormed like a child at the men who had done this. I went to them and told them I would never forgive them; but it was a pitiful conclusion after all. Finally I yielded, and grew calm. I surrendered the house and went to London. I lay there for months tossing with fever—then I rose, an old man at twenty-one.

"Such were the events of my early years in England."

To be continued.

TO A MIRROR A CENTURY OLD.

Mr. Editor :—The following well-drawn picture of life is from the pen of a young lady of Virginia, and presents, in vivid colours, those contrasts of joy and sorrow which are the inheritance of many a loving household.

A hundred years have o'er thee rolled
 Since first thy polished face
 Gave back, to eyes long since grown cold,
 A form of matchless grace.
 Speak out, old Friend, and tell me now
 Of days long, long ago,
 Of that fair face and sunny brow
 You loved to image so.

To Fancy's ear the Mirror spoke,
 In measured tones and low :
 "That fairy vision o'er me broke,
 A hundred years ago.
 'Twas morning then, and life looked bright,
 And love and hope were new ;
 Ere evening, came a softer light,
 And shadows sometimes too.

"The rose's hue bloomed on her cheek,
 Her brow was smooth and fair,
 Her clear, dark eyes were soft and meek,
 And brown her waving hair.
 Those chiselled lips, that classic head,
 Might shame a Grecian's art,
 But dearer beauty, round her shed
 A gentle, loving heart.

"Her husband, too, was by her side,
 A form of manly grace,
 A bridegroom meet for such a bride—
 Her hand in his to place.
 The brodered vest, the coat of blue,
 With golden buttons gay,
 The silken hose, and buckled shoe,
 Tell of that olden day.

"Time onward passed, and gathered now
 Around a mother's chair,
 Three little heads in reverence bow,
 And lisp their evening prayer.
 Their rosy lips with smiles were wreathed,
 As each she fondly pressed,
 A fervent blessing o'er them breathed,
 And laid them to their rest.

"'Tis said that guardian angels move
 Beside our pathway here,
 And hover o'er, with wings of love,
 To guard from dangers near,

And, sure, if angels ever dwell
Upon life's stormy sea,
That mother's love, I know full well,
Their angel guard must be.

"Death stooped his shadowy pinion o'er
That peaceful, loving home,
A cherub boy he rudely bore
To the dark, silent tomb.
But angel bands were waiting near,
To catch the parting breath,
And the freed soul in triumph bear
Beyond the reach of death.

"The mother meekly bowed her head,
Nor hoped to find relief:
She sorrowed o'er her lovely dead
In silent, tearless grief.
As low her mourning head she bent,
White wings were fluttering near,
An angel voice from Heaven was sent
To whisper in her ear:

"Mother, look up! behold, your child
Forever is at rest,
Safe from the storm and tempest wild,
Upon the Saviour's breast.
The tender lambs I early take,
Up to their heavenly home—
With joy their golden harps they wake,
Safe from the ills to come.'

"Her onward way she calmly trod
In meek submission still;
Bowed to the sovereign power of God,
Nor murmured at his will.
A golden cord of hope and love
From earth was rudely riven,
That cord now draws to realms above
And binds her heart to heaven.

"As time rolls o'er, and, year by year,
Life's river onward flows,
A joy is here—a sorrow there
To break the calm repose.
And now a group of maidens fair
Is gathered at her side;
A noble boy, besides, is there,
The mother's joy and pride.

"A nuptial morn rose bright and fair
Over earth's smiling face,
And loving friends were gathered there,
A bridal scene to grace.

The eldest of that youthful band
In snowy robes arrayed,
With beating heart and trembling hand,
Her marriage promise made.

"A tender joy sat on her brow'
As back her veil she waved—
Turned from the crowd, and bending low,
Her mother's blessing craved.
On the fair head her hand she laid,
Pressed on the brow a kiss,
As from her inmost soul she prayed
That God her child would bless.

"There came a time when that strong arm,
That, through life's checkered way,
Her shield had been from many a storm,
And, next to God her stay,
While anguish rested on the brow,
In helpless weakness lay:—
Her fervent prayers she murmured low,
And watched him day by day.

"In vain those prayers and watchings now—
Death hastes his seat to place
On the strong arm, the noble brow,
And form of manly grace.
Her heart is sad and lonely now,
Lost is her earthly stay,
Onward, with lingering steps and slow,
She goes her darkened way.

"Her darling boy went o'er the sea,
No more his steps return;
A wave his winding sheet must be,
A coral reef his urn.
No more she hopes to see her child,—
While waves his tresses part,
A mournful dirge the tempest wild
Sings to her widowed heart.

"Each year, each sorrow, and each care
Some youthful beauty steals,
With silver streaks her dark brown hair,
Her blooming roses pales.
Of all that radiant beauty fair
But shadows now remain;
But faded cheek, nor silvered hair
Could make that face look plain.

"A clear and brilliant setting sun,
With glory gilds the west,—
Our pilgrim too, her labours done,
Is sinking to her rest.
The remnant of her youthful band
Is gathered round her there—
She blesses each;—then lifts her hand,
And breathes her latest prayer.

"As the soft murmur slowly dies
Upon the quiet air,
She dropped her hand—she closed her eyes,
And breathed her life out there.
A smile her faded lips wreathed round,
A smile of heavenly peace;
A resting place at last is found,
Where cares and sorrows cease.

"Since then I've seen to pass away,
Like leaflets on the wave,
The young, the happy and the gay,
To fill an early grave;
While I, a thing of fragile race,
Permitted still to stay,
Reflect new forms of youthful grace
As in the olden day."

Ah such is life! and who would dwell
On earth a hundred years!
Where joys and hopes we loved so well
Are drowned in bitter tears.
Were there no heaven, no joys to come,
No other place of rest,
Were this our everlasting home
Oh who could think us blest!

REVERIES OF A WIDOWER.

FIRST MONTH.

Another month of unutterable gloom has passed. To me the future is blotted out, and memory alone has been busy. Every act of kindness bestowed upon me by my dear lost Rosalie, every sacrifice endured for my sake, now floats around me, and embalms her memory with an angelic halo.

I return home in the evening, and my little children cluster around me; their hilarity is subdued almost to sadness. They love to talk of their poor dear mother that is gone home to heaven. When the older ones see how it wrings my heart, they strive to check the prattle of the little ones. I would not have them to forget her, and yet the mention of her name brings on a paroxysm of grief.

Life seems to be utterly vain. I wander on an aimless being, for my heart is in her grave. True, I go out into the world and mix with men; I talk with them about the every-day affairs of life; I smile at their vapid jests,—but it is like the sparkle of ice, very cold.

The evening is the time of the climax of my desolation. It stands in such contrast to the past. At that hour her light foot-fall was heard as she came to greet her lover husband returning from his daily toil; at that hour her cheerful voice was heard calling up the little ones to run and meet Pa; at that hour she gave the heart-welcome that proved I was the idol of the household. But now the children do not run to greet me; they cannot smile when I come, for they take the hue of their feelings from my gloomy brow. The lights are on the table, the fire is blazing on the hearth, but the light of the dwelling is put out forever.

I strive to fondle my little ones; I strive to join in their innocent mirth; I strive to realize that I have yet something to love and live for, but it is impossible. The harp is broken, and cannot give back a responsive note of gladness. My elder ones hang around me; I take my little ones upon my knee, and soothe them to sleep by a mournful

lullaby; one by one they sink to slumber, and I stand alone—a monument of desolation. I seek my desolate couch, but refreshing slumber is a stranger there. My body sleeps, but my spirit teems with alternate visions of joys returned or sorrows intensified. When night comes, I wish for the morning; when morning comes, I wish for the night.

SECOND MONTH.

I have just returned from her grave with my children. Already their spirits are regaining somewhat of their former cheerfulness, but with me, alas! there is no break in the cloud. It is now the dawn of spring. The very brightness of nature makes the gloom within darker from the contrast. Her grave is covered with the sod; no marble monument has risen with its epitaph to epitomize, in a few brief lines, the volume of her virtues. We have planted flowers around the sacred spot, and they are just in bloom. I have always thought that flowers around the grave of the pure who die young, were themselves a poetic inscription over the dead. Though buried in earth, her spirit blooms in a brighter world; her memory rises their fragrant incense. And, alas! like a flower her life was too bright and beautiful to be lost. It shall be our task to keep the flowers in perpetual bloom. What renders me more inconsolable is that my tears have ceased to flow. The fountain is exhausted, and my grief hangs like an incubus upon me.

All the bright visions that I had formed of the future, are dissipated by this one heavy affliction. My airy castles lie in ruins before me. The charm of life is dissolved. Once in the struggle of duty, pleasure was blended with exertion, but now the elasticity of spirit is gone, and I work, like the galley slave, without hope. Every hour that passes makes me more fully realize her loss. We know not our blessings until we lose them. Oh, if she were back, again how much more tenderly would I cherish her.

I feel conscious that I was perhaps as affectionate to her as most men to their wives. But now I distinctly remember how often, how very often, when moved by the cares of life, I have received her sympathy with impatience and coldness. How often I have left her and wandered from home in pursuit of pleasure elsewhere. How often I have spoken in an unkind voice when there was no cause for it. The memory of these dark passages are burnt into my heart as with a branding iron. It is too late to make reparation. Would that I could forget them.

Oh, if I only had her back again, to prove that I was not unkind—to ask her forgiveness—to cherish her with a more devoted tenderness; but all I can say in the bitterness of my agony is, “too late! too late!”

On her dying bed she called me to her side, and breathed out her thankfulness to me for my undeviating constancy and kindness. She had forgotten or forgiven my faults: like the setting sun, her expiring light gilded even the clouds that hung around her.

Would that you, oh, husbands, would profit by my experience; cherish your wives while living; banish all unhallowed thoughts from your hearts; take for your motto and act up to it the simple couplet—

“Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues always kind.”

She is more to you than all the world beside, for believe me when I tell you, when she is gone, the light of your world is extinguished.

THIRD MONTH.

No one can feel the full force of a heavy affliction when first it falls. I have her miniature; her soft hazel eye beams with affection; her sweet smile meets my ardent gaze; her parted lip almost speaks. But no, the heart beats not, and the voice is hushed forever. I strain the lifeless thing to my almost bursting heart. I gaze and gaze upon it, and try to conjure her back again, but all is vain

—it is but a counterfeit at best; and though I would not part with it for the world, still I feel *no richer* with the treasure.

How little do we realize the true value of our blessings, until we lose them.

We return from our business at all hours to our home, and there we are sure to meet a hearty welcome. Every wish is anticipated and every comfort cared for. The fire blazes on the hearth in winter. The fan and the slipper are ready in summer. The vases filled with flowers in spring. The meal prepared—in fine, the house garnished, swept and in order. All this is done under her supervision. She is the presiding deity of the household, to order, direct, and superintend. She has the worry, trouble, and vexation of careless and improvident servants. We enjoy the fruit without the labour—yea, more, we but too often find fault and blame without a cause.

I begin to feel now but too bitterly that I have lost something more than the communion of heart with heart. My home has ceased to be tidy, for my servants slight their work, and I have not the tact to correct them. By a strange perversity of human nature they have taken advantage of my affliction to impose upon me in every possible way. Full well they know that I have no heart to punish their faults.

FOURTH MONTH.

Darkly, sadly, gloomily another month has passed. Afflictions come not singly, but in battalions. My children have been sick. In their delirium they called for “mother, mother, where is mother?” Who but she could soothe their pain and alleviate their suffering? Men grapple with the world and triumph, but there is no heroism more enduring, more unselfish than the mother watching over her sinking child. Other arms grow weary; other tempers grow petulant; other eyes grow heavy with watching, and other frames sink exhausted; but the nursing mother bears up day and night for weeks and weeks, as if sustained by an almost supernatural power,—

neither the fatigue of the body nor the anguish of the spirit seems to subdue her indomitable fortitude.

The widowed husband feels his loss at such a time more keenly than ever before. His own grief is doubly enhanced because it is blended with sympathy for his suffering child. He feels that there is no heart so tender, no hand so gentle as hers, the loved and the lost.

I stood by the couch of my little daughter, as she called for mother. I tried to whisper in her ear that mother had gone to the better land; but my voice failed, and I fell by her side in a paroxysm of grief. She kept on calling and calling, until her little voice died into a whisper. Poor thing!—it mattered not—she could not have understood my meaning.

I stood and watched her feverish sleep, and felt how gladly would I lie down by her side, and “sleep the sleep that knows no waking.” The momentous truth dawned upon me that great, novel, and responsible duties had devolved upon me by this heavy affliction, and that I had neither heart nor capacity to fulfill them. How could I be both father and mother to the orphan! How could I blend the gentleness of woman with the firmness of man? True, I love them now with a double intensity for their own and for their dead mother’s sake; but there is no love like a mother’s. I felt that I must fail; I bowed my head to the storm—crushed, desolate, broken-hearted.

FIFTH MONTH.

Human nature is beginning to show its perverseness in my children. By instinct they seem to know that the rein is slackened, and they begin to presume upon it. I doubt whether there is any struggle more severe upon a surviving parent than the correction of a child for waywardness. A conscientious parent knows that it is necessary. It is impossible to avoid it, and yet when the trial comes—when provocation after provoca-

tion occurs, and it can no longer be avoided, the stricken parent fulfils the task with an agonized heart.

I have corrected my daughter, and oh, how bitterly I felt when her tearful eye looked up for pity. It was the glance of her mother when in distress. It was done; but we sobbed ourselves to sleep on that never-to-be-forgotten night.

SIXTH MONTH.

I have tried hard to compose an epitaph that will, in a brief space, do justice to her memory, but I find it impossible to express all the tenderness I feel.

“Sacred to the memory of Imogen. In her character were blended all the virtues that adorn the female character—a faithful friend, a fond mother, a devout Christian, an adoring wife. She won me by her beauty and accomplishments. She retained my heart by her many excellencies. Time and association only served to increase our devotion. This monument is erected to her memory by her disconsolate husband.”

The polished marble shaft, (a broken column,) with the above inscription, now rests upon her grave.

How inexplicable is the human heart! Strange as it may appear, I feel some consolation in having placed a monument over her. I know that it can do her no good, but I feel a secret gratification in letting people see that though she is dead, she is not forgotten. I love to hover around the spot. I love to hear the complimentary comments of strangers on the beauty of the shaft and the pathos of the inscription. I feel that I am not utterly disconsolate.

Her grave has become the shrine of my nightly devotion. I love to visit it by moonlight, and commune with her spirit. I strive to recal her smile. By the mingled effort of memory and fancy I can almost realize her presence. But no, it is a dream; life itself is but a fitful dream. Would that I could close my pilgrimage and be at rest.

THE DREAMER.

ON THE MASSACRE OF DADE'S DETACHMENT.

'Tis morn, o'er Florida's extended plains
 The risen sun in Southern splendour reigns ;
 Bright is the scene and blue the o'erhanging sky,
 Where nature's beauties only meet the eye,
 Save when compact and close in order due
 Advancing columns meet the gazer's view—
 A band of heroes, few but firm, they go
 To save their country from a savage foe.
 Prompt with their heart's best blood to seal her cause
 Uphold her faith, and vindicate her laws.
 —And now the margin of a wood they near,
 When, hark ! what sounds of terror strike the ear,
 Too well that fatal volley has betrayed
 The secret of the red men's ambuscade ;
 For ere the tempest of its shot is o'er
 Lamented Dade has fallen to rise no more,
 Whilst round him, gasping in the pangs of death,
 His foremost ranks yield up their parting breath.

Again, again it comes ! no respite now :
 Volley on volley pours, and blow on blow ;
 Behind, before, on every side arise
 With horrid yells and far rescuing cries,
 The savage foe : hemmed in, outnumbered far,
 Fearless they still maintain the unequal war.
 None fly, none swerve, but battling hand to hand,
 Behold each hero of that gallant band.
 Vainly, alas ! each leader's life-blood stains
 The thirsty soil 'till now but one remains—
 Brave Barringer ! How dauntlessly he stands,
 Cheers on his men, and issues his commands—
 "Fight on !" he cries, "let each man do his best,
 Act well his part, and leave to Heaven the rest."
 Even while he speaks he falls ! No chief have they,
 None to command, and none to lead the way.
 It is a glorious yet a fearful thing
 To see that scattered remnant combatting
 Chiefless, 'gainst countless odds the strife maintain,
 And conquered only when the last is slain.

And now, to consummate the horrid war,
 *The sable fiends rush in with loud hurrah ;
 They wound, they tear their unresisting prey,
 And add new horrors to the dreadful day—
 'Till sickening nature, to her instincts true,
 Turns with a shudder from the dreadful view.

Farewell, brave hearts ! a long, a last farewell !
 Long shall your memory with your country dwell,
 Long shall she mourn o'er your untimely fate ;
 †And these Floridian wilds now desolate,
 Peopled and free to distant days shall tell
 How gallantly you fought—how nobly fell.

M.

* The negroes with the Indians rifled the dead and murdered the wounded.

† Alluding to Dade County, Florida.

OBSERVATIONS, ON THE "CÆSARS," OF DE QUINCEY.

Excudent alii spirantia molliùs æra,
 Credo equidem; vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
 Orabunt causas meliùs; cœlique meatus
 Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent;
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

VIRGIL.

We may well be struck with admiration and astonishment, when we take a retrospective glance at the dignity and grandeur of the Roman Empire. Greater in extent and concentration than any kingdom of ancient or modern times, Virgil might well put those words in the mouth of Anchises, and feel that it was Rome's prerogative "to make the world obey." Truly might he sing, before Augustus, in language somewhat exaggerated, but in the main true, that Africa and India obeyed her power;—that her sway extended beyond the solar year, without the starry way, "where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around"—and then concluding with a bold personification of Nature, represent not only the Caspian Kingdoms, but the Mæotian Lake, as quaking with fear, while the Nile "hearing him knock at his seven-fold gates, seeks his hidden springs," and endeavors to flee from his terrible presence. As Augustus had now conquered all his enemies, and the nations lay prostrate and bleeding at his feet, he might well repose on his laurels and enjoy what Pindar calls, "the radiant splendours of Majestic Peace," and listen with complacency, while the poet rehearsed in his presence, that he was

"Born to restore a better age of gold."

But Virgil is not alone in thus recording the splendour and glory of Rome in her palmy days, as other poets and orators dwell frequently on that soul-stirring theme; the glory of their native land. Thus, the scholar may recollect, that Cicero, in his oration "Pro Domo Sua," calls the Roman people the conquerors and commanders of other na-

tions, "Ille, ille populus est dominus regum, victor atque imperator omnium gentium." Not only in name, but in fact, had imperial Rome subjected the inhabitants of the burning South, the frozen regions of the North, along with the luxurious and enervated East, and mysterious Africa, with her torrid realms, her debilitating climate, her magnificent forests, her gigantic, strange, unheard of, and powerful animals, and her numerous and differently civilized inhabitants—differently civilized indeed, as, contrast Egypt, Ethiopia and Nubia. What a mighty power was this Egypt, with her wonderful Nile, her civilization and antiquity, extending beyond the limit of human thought, and confusing the mind, by an attempt to run back through the dim vista of years; her long line of kings and conquerors, her pyramids and catacombs, her tombs on which are built modern habitations, her lakes which cover ancient pyramids, her Memnonic harps, and her cities which might rival Rome itself in greatness. Take for instance, Alexandria, the abode of learned men, the seat of the schools of philosophy, the depository of the famous library, known as the Alexandrian; the stronghold of Egypt, and of such importance that whoever made himself master of it might easily defy the power of Rome. Then the hundred-gated Thebes, and its magnificent ruins, which even in her decayed grandeur was worthy of being the prey of imperial Rome. Lastly, this Egypt, the great corn country, the granary from which Rome drew her supplies, was considered by Augustus as sacred ground, on which neither senator or Roman Knight might tread without his permission; where the senate might

exercise no authority, but where the administration was kept entirely in his own hands, as his sagacity led him instantly to perceive that in a time of evil commotion, either a "choice master-spirit," or an ambitious and turbulent knight might easily gain possession of the mouth of the Nile, or the Isthmus of Suez, and defend them with an insignificant force. We might name other cities of Africa, and behold Carthage, which once competed with the mistress of the world, with her Hannibal, the greatest general of antiquity, whose sad fate brings tears into our eyes while we execrate the conqueror; and Palmyra, the city of the desert, whose name will ever be connected with the far-famed Zenobia, the sublime Longinus, and the conqueror Aurelian. These cities dared to dispute the authority of the mighty one, and fell bleeding and humbled at her feet. Asia, with her kingdoms of Assyria, Parthia, Mesopotamia and Armenia, were chained to her chariot wheels, and existed or sunk into annihilation according to her sovereign will. The frozen regions of the North belonged to her; the Celts, the Gauls, the Britons, were humbled and made Roman provinces, while she asserted her sway over the nations of Germany, and the regions of the Northern seas, and although our indomitable, and independent ancestors were never totally subdued, yet many of their kings and chieftains were made prisoners, and portions of their country passed under Roman dominion. Let no one object to the phrase, our ancestors, for though the Saxons are not mentioned by Tacitus, in his Germania, they doubtless existed in rude independence among the forests and fastnesses of Northern Germany. Reader! pause and contemplate the greatness of this mighty empire, and do not wonder that the writer of the above paragraph should feel enthusiastic on such a theme, or that he should indulge in rhapsody whilst contemplating the magnificence of the mighty past! The historian, Polybius, says that the Roman empire achieved its great deeds in fifty-three years, that in this space of time they reduced the habita-

ble globe, and this period contains the whole progress and advancement of the Roman greatness.

The above remarks have been suggested by a perusal of the *Cæsars* of De Quincey. We thought this subject had been exhausted by Gibbon, Arnold, Merivale and Niebuhr, but we find our mistake in perusing this volume of De Quincey's; as the author has handled the subject in a different manner from those writers, almost inducing us to think with Bulwer, that, "history is rarely more than the biography of great men." The work, certainly, cannot be called a history taken in the common acceptation of the term, but is rather a philosophic essay, or a series of essays, and while it treats of the acts of the emperors in a succinct form and condensed manner, it takes a philosophic view of their conduct, attempts to account for their idiosyncrasies, their enormous wickedness, and expatiates in a style altogether unsuited to history. The author has also related many anecdotes which might be considered irrelevant to dignified history; for, as he remarks, while the public acts of the *Cæsars* have employed the pens of historians, and rendered them the most wonderful and interesting of studies, their private memorials, the secret springs of their conduct, have been suffered to lie in oblivion, and yet wonderful to relate, with the first of the *Cæsars* commenced the anecdotal style of history. These sketches, or, biographical portraits, the author professes to have gleaned from Suetonius, and the writers of the Augustan history. This work, the Augustan history, is the production of six authors, who wrote in the time of Diocletian, who was Roman Emperor from A. D., 284 to 305. The names of these six authors are said to be, *Ælius Spartianus*, *Julius Capitolinus*, *Ælius Lampridius*, *Vulcatius Gallicanus*, *Trebellius Pollio*, and *Flavius Vopiscus*. It is a valuable collection, inasmuch as it gives the lives of those emperors of whom we have no other record. The narrations are indeed often confused and inaccurate, and we will not find in them purity of diction or elegance of style; the rare grace of a

Livy, or the energy of a Tacitus. But in this world we must take things as we find them, and with all their faults of style, they supply a missing link in the chain of history. De Quincey commences with a succinct review of the celebrated kingdoms of antiquity, and those of modern times, compares them with Rome, and decides that the imperial kingdom far exceeded any other either ancient or modern in extent and concentration. Julius Cæsar, the founder of the Cæsarian line, is of course the first in the list. He is evidently a favourite with our author, who considers both the city and the emperor as solitary and unique in their grandeur, or, to use his own words, "both were immortal and worthy of each other." We believe our author is not alone in his admiration of the character of Julius, as the first of the Cæsars has been a favourite with most authors. The fact is, they have been dazzled by his splendid military reputation, the colossal grandeur of his reputation, the freedom from everything petty or mean in his character; his numerous accomplishments, and the vastness of those works he both accomplished and designed. These have cast over his erring deeds a halo of glory and splendour, which blind our eyes to his crimes, and render us lenient to his faults. We forget his cruelty, and the immense sacrifice of life made during his sanguinary career. Turn to the historian, Arnold, and mark his words. "In his campaign in Gaul, he is said to have destroyed a million of men in battle, and to have made prisoners one million more, many of whom were destined to perish as Gladiators, and all were torn from their country, and reduced to slavery. The slaughter which he occasioned in the civil wars cannot be computed, nor can we estimate the degree of suffering caused in every part of the empire, by his spoiliations and confiscations, and by the various acts of extortion and oppression which he tolerated in his followers." When we reflect on his sanguinary career and the glory that surrounded him, we may exclaim in the language of Addison's Cato, "curse on his virtues,

they've undone his country." De Quincey will not allow that he immolated the liberties of Rome at the shrine of ambition. This is his own individual opinion, he does not quote authorities or profess to be guided by others, but indulges in a style of characteristic declamation, as follows. "It is false to say, that with Cæsar came the destruction of Roman greatness, Peace, hollow rhetoricians, until the Cæsar came, Rome was a minor, by him she attained her majority and fulfilled her destiny. Caius Julius, you say, deflowered the virgin purity of her civil liberties, doubtless then Rome had arisen immaculate from the arms of Sylla and Marius." This simile is continued and sustained for two or three pages, and we must confess that it is not to our taste, being neither beautiful, delicate or appropriate. Throughout the whole range of heaven, earth or sea, could no other language or comparison be found to express the overthrow of the Republic?

Although we are deeply impressed with the splendid qualities of De Quincey as a writer, yet we cannot be insensible to his faults. Among others, we are struck with the dogmatical manner in which he asserts his peculiar views and his proneness to conjecture, as on pages 78 and 80, where he surmises as to the plans of Augustus Cæsar; and again on page 202, where he supposes Commodus died as a gladiator. The biographer or historian should never indulge in *conjecture* or *surmise*, but only deal in *facts*. One would suppose that some writers are omniscient, that their eyes are keen enough to behold the intents and purposes of a man's heart, and that they could pierce to its inmost depths. This conjecture and supposition may be very well for romance, but should be utterly exploded in history, as tending to falsify what should be strictly true. Even as facts stand, there is enough misrepresentation to make one exclaim with Sir Robert Walpole, "History must be false."

In the third chapter of this work, De Quincey endeavours to account for the monstrous atrocities and horrible wicked-

ness of the majority of the Cæsars; for the reader may well be startled at the stupendous guilt and craving after the marvellous in wickedness, which is manifest in the characters of Caligula, Nero, Tiberius; as also in Vitellius, Domitian and Commodus. He may well pause and ask how it was, and if there were no checks to this despotic power;—why did the people remain so inert and passive;—what physical or moral causes were there which should thus induce a whole nation, we may say nations, to lie prostrate and pressed down, as with a leaden weight? In perusing the accounts which historians give of the reigns of Caligula, Nero and some other worthy specimens of this genus, we are naturally tempted to ask, did the people possess a spark of virtue? had they any idea of liberty? or were they illumined by a single ray of divinity? Alas! we are afraid that the rhapsodies of some poets, relative to the godlike nature of man's faculties, and his soul being an emanation of the divinity, would not be applicable to the inhabitants of the Roman empire during these disastrous times. But why was it thus? De Quincey solves this problem, and makes us acquainted with the chief causes of this diabolic wickedness of the emperors, and the oyster-like inertia of the people. But, before proceeding further, allow us to quote a passage of Tacitus, illustrative of the general iniquity. "In general, a black and shameless period lies before me. The age was sunk to the lowest depths of sordid adulation, insomuch that not only the most illustrious citizens, in order to secure their preëminence, were obliged to couch and bend the knee, but men of consular and prætorian rank, and the whole body of the senate tried with emulation which should be the most obsequious slave. We are informed by tradition that Tiberius, as often as he went from the senate

house, was used to say in Greek, 'Devoted men, how they rush headlong into bondage.'" As we have quoted from a Latin historian, we may be allowed to introduce the lines of an English poet who, though he wrote in tuneful numbers, and in centuries after those eventful times, has yet depicted them with the graphic pencil of Tacitus. The lines referred to may be found in the "Fall of Sejanus," by Ben Jonson, one of the Old English Dramatists. In a short dialogue between two virtuous philosophers, it is shown in bitter and sarcastic language how, in those times of tyranny, the most virtuous actions were misrepresented and seized upon as an excuse for tyranny and despotic punishments.

Arruntius,—

"What are thy arts good patriot, teach them me,
That have preserved thy hairs to this white dye,
And kept so reverend, and so dear a head,
Safe on his comely shoulders?"

Lepidus,—

Arts, Arruntius!
None, but the plain, and passive fortitude,
To suffer, and be *silent*; never stretch
These arms against the torrent; *live at home*
With my own thoughts, and innocence about me,
Not tempting the wolves' jaws; these are
my arts.

Arruntius,—

I would begin to study 'em, if I thought
They *would secure* me; May I pray to Jove
In *secret*, and be *safe*? ay—or *aloud*?
With open wishes—so I do not mention
Tiberius or Sejanus? Yes, I *must*
If I speak out; 'Tis hard that; May I *think*,
And not be rack'd? What danger is't to
dream?
Talk in one's sleep, or cough? Who knows
the law?

* Arruntius might well ask this question, as we are told by Tacitus, that two Roman Knights of the name of Petra, of high distinction, in the reign of Claudius, were accused of treason. The charge against one of them was that he *dream't*, and the dream was considered an omen of the Emperor's death. Tacitus briefly says, "The two brothers died for a *dream*."

May I shake my head, without a comment,
say

It rains, or it holds up, and not be thrown
Upon the Gemonies! These now are things
Whereon men's fortunes, yea, their fate de-
pends.

Nothing hath privilege, 'gainst the violent
ear.

No place, no day, no hour, (we see) is free
(Not our religions, and most sacred times.)
From some one kind of cruelty; all matter,
Nay, all occasion pleaseth. Madman's
rage;—

The idleness of drunkards;—woman's
nothing;—

Jester's simplicity, all, all is good,
That can be catch'd at."

De Quincey tells us the *people* had degenerated, and they were not the Romans of Republican times. The fine gold had become dim, and the metal entirely changed by amalgamation with baser coin. The ancient and pure stock of Roman nobles and people had been 'cut off by the civil wars and by the wholesale proscriptions generally resorted to by a successful usurper. The line of those families, which were styled by Romulus the first class of nobility, and by Brutus the second, was almost extinct. Even those of recent date, created in the time of Julius Cæsar by the Caspian law, and under Augustus by the Senian, were well nigh exhausted. Their ranks had been filled up by enfranchised slaves, who were invested with all the rights of citizens. These, or their fathers, were from Canopus, and Daphne, the infamous suburbs of Antioch, and Alexandria, where they had revelled in Asiatic luxury and depravity, or, they were the enervated slaves of eastern despotism; Cappadocians, Phrygians, Armenians, and Sidi-nians.

Again, we are astonished at the unheard of luxury prevalent among the Romans. Indeed, so enormous had the evil become, that the Senate considered themselves called upon to frame laws on the subject, but, abject slaves as they were, the matter was referred to the Emperor. Tiberius gave his opinion in a memorable letter to the Senate, in which

he proved it would be a rather troublesome affair, and quite beyond his power to arrest the evil; for, as he truly said, where must the reform begin, and how is the simplicity of ancient times to be restored? "Must I abridge your villas, those vast domains, where tracts of land are laid out for ornament? Must I trench the number of your *slaves*, so great at present that every family seems a nation in itself?" The evil was too deeply seated to be removed by legislative acts. We have an account in the works of the poets and moralists of that period of the luxurious manners then prevalent. Lucan, in his *Pharsalia*, Pliny, Horace, and Seneca, all comment upon the subject. It would consume too much time to give an account of the profusion of individuals, for who has not heard of Apicius, and other epicures, and their extravagance, as regards the pleasures of the table?

Besides the luxury of the times, we may notice another social evil and monstrous wickedness. We allude to the frequency of divorces. Every man and woman changed partners, according to caprice and whim, and perhaps there were few who did not admire and follow this fashion. What would we now think of a woman who changed her husband every three months? Can we wonder that the streams were corrupt when the fountains of domestic happiness were poisoned? As we peruse the account of these infamous times, we are struck with the wickedness of woman in the highest rank of society—those who by their rank, their social position, and their opportunities of education, we would suppose to be under too powerful influence to permit them to stray from the path of duty. But, ladies of the highest social position were not only licentious in their conduct, but guilty of crimes of the deepest dye. What shall we say of Vestitia, whose father was of prætorian rank, or, as we should say in modern language, belonged to the aristocracy. What shall we say, when we read of her coming forward and making a public profession of profligacy, according to the forms prescribed by law, to women of the lowest rank, who were

registered by the magistrates, and were henceforth considered as privileged characters in this infamous line? Plaucina, of illustrious descent, the wife of Piso, Governor of Syria, was implicated in the murder of Germanicus, the grand-son of the Empress Livia. Then there was Vaulia, grand-niece of the Emperor Augustus, who, by her infamous conduct, brought disgrace on that illustrious name. A prosecution was carried on against Lepida, whose ancestors were allied to the Æmilian family, and who was granddaughter both to Sylla, the Dictator, and to Pompey the Great. She was accused of an attempt to poison her husband, of adultery, and other crimes, and found guilty. What shall we say of the females of the family of Augustus, who embittered his days, destroyed his domestic happiness, and made him feel how "sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." The profligacy of his daughter Julia, and his granddaughter, are well-known passages of history, as likewise their banishment from Rome. Livia, the Empress, and wife of Augustus Cæsar, was a woman of boundless ambition, and, to gratify that ambition, was suspected of dark crimes, in removing by death the children of the family of Augustus, in order that her son Tiberius might be made Emperor. There is no doubt she was instrumental in the death of her own grandson Germanicus. If it were not so, could Piso and his wife Plaucina have dared to act as they did? would Piso have hastened to the temples and offered victims as for some joyful event? and would Plaucina have laid aside her mourning for a sister, and clothed herself in the garments of joy and mirth?

The life and death of Germanicus, as related by Tacitus, has all the character of romance, and all the pathos of a high wrought tragedy. We behold the warrior of Germany, graceful in person, affable, noble-minded, and beloved by all; without arrogance, and unspoiled by prosperity, mild and gracious to his friends, temperate in his pleasures, and likewise an affectionate and faithful husband. Can we wonder that he should be

idolized by the Roman people, and that the public demonstrations of affection were so violent, that Tiberius and Livia were awakened from their nocturnal slumbers by the noisy vociferations of the proletarians, who sang, in strains of exultation, "*Salva Roma, Salva Patria, Salva Germanicus*;" that is, "Rome is safe, our country is safe, Germanicus is safe." Our commiseration and deepest sympathies are excited, and there is every reason to believe (though the murder was never proved) that he died by treachery and poison at the early age of thirty years. We can see in imagination the fleet which bore the remains of Germanicus, enter the harbour of Brundisium, and we hear the slow, solemn and melancholy sound of the oars. We listen to the deep groans and audible sobs of the multitude, as they behold the disconsolate Agrippina come forth from the vessel with her children, and bearing in her hand the urn containing the ashes of Germanicus; and the beautiful and appropriate verses of Virgil naturally rise to our minds—verses designed for Marcellus, but which the multitude might well have repeated while their hearts were torn with anguish:

"This youth, the blissful vision of a day,
Shall just be shown to earth, and snatch'd
away."

Shall we add any more to the dark catalogue? The terse pages of Tacitus are sadly eloquent with instances of the guilt and crime of those in the higher ranks of life. What infamy ever exceeded that of the younger Livia, the wife of Drusus?—she who listened to the wicked addresses of Sejanus, who succeeded in gaining her heart and person, and finally persuaded her to poison her husband. We have a counterpart to this horrible story, in the life of Æmilia Lepida, who was corrupted, in the same manner, by the same arch deceiver, until at last she accused her husband to the Emperor, who threw him into prison, where he was starved to death. The heart sickens at the graphic descriptions given by Tacitus, and we are tempted to exclaim, can

it be true? May it not be fancy's sketch on the part of the historian? Alas! Tacitus was not wont to indulge in romance, and we have no reason to doubt the authenticity of all he has related.

Should we not wish to consign to oblivion Agrippina, the daughter of Germanicus, and the mother of the Emperor Nero? She, above the rest in wickedness, "stood like a tower." We will not except even the infamous Messalina, and the mother of Sextus Papinius, for, although these women were shamefully wicked, yet their career of guilt was not so long continued, neither were their crimes so numerous nor of such infinite variety. No matter at what period of life we regard Agrippina, she stands forth as criminal and degraded. When her son Nero was born, the father exclaimed in a spirit of prophecy, "how can anything but a monster be the child of Julia and myself?" But though her crimes were great, we cannot but regard her with compassion, when we think of the parricide of Nero—for this monster dared to imbue his hands in the blood of a mother. Her career had been sinful, her ambition inordinate, her temper uncontrollable, but this does not excuse the parricidal act. Many of her crimes were committed that Nero might reign, and thus we have the secret of her bloody career, in her answer to the Chaldean astrologers. When they predicted that her son should reign, but that he should kill his mother, "let him kill me," she exclaimed, "but let him reign." There is something of satanic grandeur in this answer, as well as maternal affection and towering ambition. Ah! little recked she for the inward torture, the groans and the horrible thought of dying by the hand of a son, so that she might behold him master of the universe. We are shocked at the pertinacity with which Nero clung to the idea of his mother's death, the deliberate measures he took, and his calm, systematic manner of proceeding. Had the crime been committed in the violence of passion, there might be some extenuation, for violent passion is only another name for *insanity*. But he first attempted to take her life by cun-

ning, and hoped that the measures he employed for sinking the vessel would have the appearance of an accidental catastrophe; but it failed, and the most obtuse could not but perceive that murder was intended. The Emperor was in despair, for it seemed Agrippina would live, and he was determined she should die. Assassins were accordingly dispatched for this purpose; and when the unfortunate woman was really convinced of the fiendish intentions of Nero, (for hitherto she had hoped it was only a vision of the imagination, a dream gliding through the realms of sleep,) yes, when she beheld the assassins, she made that pathetic exclamation, "*Ventrem feri.*"

But what could be the cause of this wickedness among the gentler sex, they who, even in the most deplorable times, should frown at vice, and by their virtuous conduct stem the torrent of wickedness wherever prevailing? As we expressed ourselves above, it was doubtless owing, in a great measure, to the facility of divorces; this was the fountain of those rivers of iniquity which ran in torrents through the land. Satirists and moralists in vain raised their voices, and at one time the law made a feeble effort to oppose the fatal current, by reviving the Julian statute against adultery. But it was useless, as we are told that in a short time after its passage, a Roman lady, Telesina, married her tenth husband! Were not such customs and manners sufficient to degrade woman in any age? Could we expect to find in them honour, nobility of soul, or any of the conjugal virtues, which may be said to be the foundation of public virtue? The nuptial ceremony itself was attended with very little solemnity, as there were no less than two or three forms of contracting marriages, and two of these would be considered in our day as only another name for downright immorality and licentiousness.

There was another cause for this universal depravity; this was their religion, or rather their want of religion. As the author observes, their intellect had outgrown their religion. The rude mythology of the Pantheon might very well

suit a nation in a semi-barbarous state, but was utterly unfitted for the nation in its cultivated state.

The great and learned Romans had long ceased to respect the popular mythology, they even looked upon it with scorn and contempt. By degrees these feelings and sentiments became diffused through society. We may easily imagine a company of learned and philosophic Romans discussing the subject of religion in presence of their slaves, who, like the servants of these days, stood with open ears, listening to the conversation of their masters. No doubt they afterwards talked the matter over among themselves, and echoed the opinions of their superiors, feeling every way inclined to curl their lip with contempt, and turn up their philosophic noses when they entered the next heathen temple to burn incense. Behold the awful spectacle of a nation without religion! Can we wonder that they should be unhappy, and endeavour to drown this misery in scenes of profligacy and extravagant splendour?

The shows of the amphitheatre and the gladiatorial exhibitions were another prolific source of moral degradation.—We are told that at a single exhibition there were sometimes slaughtered five thousand animals. The whole population turned out to behold them, not only men, but refined and lovely women and delicate children. It is not strange they made no progress in the fine arts, and were strangers to the beauties of painting and sculpture. We mean, in a comparative sense; they were inferior, for instance, to the Greeks in all that regards the beautiful. All the tenderness, delicacy and refinement of their nature was extinguished, and poetry, sculpture and the fine arts could not flourish under such auspices.

Neither cared they for science, for, as De Quincey suggests, what a splendid opportunity for the lovers of natural science during the five hundred years of these exhibitions! Emoluments and rewards were offered to the hunters of every climate, that they might reserve for the Roman market the fiercest, strangest and most beautiful animals. Yet

little interest was evinced for scientific pursuits, slight progress made in natural history, while the researches of the elder Pliny excited no enthusiasm. This passion for exhibitions was so deeply seated in the nation that had the Emperor possessed godlike qualities, and yet ceased to gratify it, he would not long have continued a favourite; most probably he would have been the victim of assassination and perished, because the people were not allowed to see wild beasts tearing each other to pieces! No matter how much in heart he despised such exhibitions, he must comply with the prevailing humour. Thus it was with Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius. Thus De Quincey speaks of the former:—"Little, indeed, did Pius want of being a perfect Christian, in heart and practice. Yet all this display of goodness and merciful disposition would have availed him little with the people at large had he neglected to furnish shows and exhibitions in the arena, of suitable magnificence. Luckily for his reputation, he exceeded the general standard of imperial splendour. It is recorded of him that in one *missio* he sent forward on the arena a hundred lions. Nor was he less distinguished for the rarity of the wild animals which he exhibited than the number. There were elephants, there were crocodiles, there were hippopotamii, at one time upon the stage; there was also the rhinoceros, and the still rarer crocuta, or corocotta, with a few stepsikerotes. Some of these were matched in duels, some in general battles with tigers; in fact, there was no species of wild animals throughout the deserts and sandy Saharas of Africa, the infinite steppes of Asia, or the lawny recesses of then sylvan Europe, no species known to natural history, (and some, even, of which naturalists have lost sight,) which the Emperor Pius did not produce to his Roman subjects on his ceremonious pomps."

But if these combats of wild beasts degraded human nature, what must we think of the gladiatorial exhibitions, in which there were such immense sacrifices of life, and where the prisoners were brought from the ends of the earth, and "butchered to make a Roman holiday?"

What an awful hardness of heart and degradation of human nature such scenes must have produced! It will not excite our surprise to learn that these gladiators revolted against the tyranny of their masters, and at one time kindled a war, which caused great alarm and considerable trouble to suppress. We allude to the Servile War, carried on by Spartacus, the Gladiator, A. U. C. 681. Gladiators were of two kinds, compelled and voluntary, and were supplied from several conditions—from slaves sold for that purpose, from culprits, and from barbarian captives taken in war. These last were led in triumph, and then reserved for exhibition. Every one may call to remembrance the touching and beautiful lines of Lord Byron, suggested by a supposed statue of one of these ancient gladiators:

"I see before me the gladiator lie.

He leans upon his hand. His manly
brow

Consents to death, but conquers agony;

And his droop'd head sinks gradually
low;

And through his side the last drops, ebbing
slow

From the red gash, fall heavy, one by
one,

Like the first of a thunder shower. And
now

The arena storms around him. He is
gone

Ere ceas'd the inhuman shout, which hail'd
the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not. his
eyes

Were with his heart, and that was far
away.

He reck'd not of the life he lost or
prize—

But where his rude hut, by the Danube,
lay.

There were his young barbarians all at
play;

There was their Dacian mother; he, their
sire,

Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday."

There were likewise, in the list of gladiators, those who were proscribed and condemned as rebels. There were likewise free citizens, who followed the profession

of a Gladiator, from a depraved and perverted taste; sometimes they earned their bread in this way.

In the reign of Nero even knights and senators degraded themselves by fighting at these gladiatorial contests, and upon one occasion no less than four hundred senators and six hundred knights fought in the arena. So fond were the people of these bloody spectacles that they were continued even after the conversion of Constantine, and were not abolished until the time of Honorius, A. D. 404. Perhaps it may not be amiss to close our remarks relative to the gladiatorial contests of the Circus and the shows of the Amphitheatre, by an extract from the eloquent pages of Gibbon—it is a description of the Amphitheatre of Titus: "Posterity admires and will long admire the awful remains of the Amphitheatre of Titus, which so well deserves the epithet of colossal. It was a building of an elliptic figure, five hundred and sixty-four feet in length, and four hundred and sixty-seven in breadth, founded on fourscore arches, and rising with four successive orders of architecture to the height of a hundred and forty feet. The outside of the edifice was encrusted with marble and decorated with statues. The slopes of the vast concave, which formed the inside, were filled and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of seats, of marble likewise, covered with cushions, and capable of receiving with ease fourscore thousand spectators. Sixty-four vomitories poured forth the immense multitude, and the entrances, passages and stair-cases, were contrived with such exquisite skill that each person, whether of the senatorial, the equestrian or the plebeian order, arrived at his destined place without trouble or confusion. They were protected from the sun and rain by an ample canopy, occasionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreshed by the playing of fountains, and profusely impregnated by the grateful scent of aromatics. In the centre of the edifice, the arena, or stage, was strewed with fine sand, and successively assumed the most different forms. At one time it seemed to arise out of the

earth, like the garden of Hesperides, and was afterwards broken into the rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterranean pipes contained an inexhaustible supply of water, and what had just before appeared a level plain might be suddenly converted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels and replenished with the monsters of the deep. In the decoration of these scenes, the Roman emperors displayed their wealth and liberality, and we read on various occasions that the whole furniture of the Amphitheatre was either of silver, of gold, or of amber. The poet, who described the games of Carinus, affirms that the nets designed as a defence against the wild beasts, were of gold wire, that the porticoes were gilded, and that the belt or circle, which divided the several ranks of spectators from each other, was studded with a precious mosaic of beautiful stones." Truly, these old Romans understood how to produce splendour and effect.

The causes we have mentioned explain to us the unexampled depravity of the Roman people—a depravity pervading all ranks, from the patrician down to the proletariat. As to the diabolical wickedness of the emperors it may be accounted for in the absence of all checks to their power, direct or indirect, either from the senate, army or people. They had none from religion, which they scorned and contemned, but yet made it the instrument and tool of their power. They received no restraint from the senate, who were entirely subservient to the tyrant, who ruled them with a rod of iron; whilst submissive and crouching with fear, they strove to outvie each other in debasing sycophancy to the vilest specimens of humanity. Let it be understood we are now speaking of the wretches who disgraced the Roman purple. True, the army was some check, as their power was a physical one; a vast machine, compounded of disciplined force and death-like instruments, which usurped the civil authority and ruled where they should have obeyed. For instance, what an awful example of their tyranny have we, when they sold the empire to the highest bidder. But still, their power was not

available for the suppression of tyranny, inasmuch as they could be bought, and provided largesses were freely distributed, they cared little for the sufferings of the people.

Thus the Cæsars might exercise unbounded sway and sink deeper in the gulfs of infamy, unchecked and uncontrolled—unless, indeed, their fiendish and unheard of crimes roused all mankind against them; as was Nero's case. But even *he* was allowed to murder his tutor, his brother, his wives, his mother, and a host of patricians, the most worthy men, and best blood of Rome. He was allowed to fire the city, and while all was burning, the noblest monuments of antiquity, rendered sacred by the worship of ages, the innumerable trophies of victories, the inimitable productions of Grecian artists, with the precious monuments of literature; all, says Tacitus, were irrevocably lost. For our part we never think of the loss of these *precious monuments of literature*, without inwardly bestowing a fresh execration on Nero. We never hear a reference made to the lost works of any celebrated author of antiquity without thinking of Nero's firing of Rome; thus attributing it to that event, and assigning him a place in the lowest circle of Dante's Inferno.

We are told that while the city was in a blaze, the monster mounted the stage and sung the destruction of Troy, and to crown his infamy invented a magnificent lie by accusing the followers of our blessed Redeemer of the crime, and subjecting them to unheard of torments and exquisite cruelties;—so that, even the hardened, profligate populace of Rome, melted into something like compassion. And yet this monster *lived* and *reigned*!

Thus, while the people were enervated, luxurious and changed in every respect from the times of the Republic, and while the emperors possessed this unlimited sway, can we wonder at this flagitious wickedness? Alas! their situation was too trying for a human being, and there seemed no middle path of conduct, they must either act with the wisdom, comprehension and benevolence of a divine being, or the wickedness of a

demon. De Quincey suggests that the emperors might have been *insane*; his benevolent feelings not enabling him to account in any other manner for their strange freaks. "It is certain," he says, "that a vein of madness ran in the family,"—and then he relates an anecdote of Tiberius Cæsar, which certainly resembled the freaks of a madman. But if we examine the matter closely we cannot allow them this plea for their wickedness; "there was too much method in their madness," and after a calm investigation of the subject, we cannot but think their fiendish cruelty was caused by the possession of unbounded power.

De Quincey has enriched his work with anecdotes not to be found in the pages of the dignified historian; as a collection of ann, appended to the historical notice of great men, would swell the volume to an immense bulk, and would not suit the stately march of Gibbon, or the ponderous footsteps of Niebuhr. In a work like De Quincey's, they appear in their appropriate sphere. On page 155, he tells us that the Emperor Antoninus Pius wrote stays to remedy a defect of stooping, observable in his tall and dignified figure, and that he might discharge his public duties with more decorum. He likewise gives an account of the luxurious habits of the Cæsar Ælius Verus, the adopted son of the emperor Hadrian; it is curious and characteristic of the period, and runs as follows: "The true stain on his memory, and one which is open to no doubt whatever, is excessive and extravagant luxury. For example, he constructed a sort of bed or sofa protected from insects by an awning of network composed of lilies, delicately fabricated into the proper meshes, and the couches composed wholly of rose-leaves, and even these not without an exquisite preparation, for the white part of the leaves, as coarse and harsher to the touch, possibly also as less odorous, were scrupulously rejected. There he lay, indolently stretched, among favourite ladies,

And like a naked Indian slept himself away.

He had likewise tables composed of the

same delicate materials, prepared and purified in the same elaborate way, and to these were adapted seats, in the fashion of sofas, corresponding in their materials and in their mode of preparation." There are also anecdotes of Nero and of Caligula; the last of these emperors took a fiendish delight in wholesale murder, as when he ordered a whole file of prisoners, as yet untied, to be thrown to wild beasts in the dearth of raw flesh, and when none could be procured at the ordinary market price.

De Quincey differs with Gibbon in dating the time of the decline of the empire. Gibbon dates from the reign of Commodus, but De Quincey from the time of Philip the Arab, when the empire, already sapped and undermined by changes from within, began to give way and dilapidate from without. It was during the reign of Philip the Arab, that the secular games were celebrated. We transcribe from the pages of Gibbon a description of these games, written in the happy manner of this author. "Since their institution, or revival by Augustus, they had been celebrated by Claudius, by Domitian, and by Severus, and were now renewed the fifth time, on the accomplishment of the full period of a thousand years from the foundation of Rome. Every circumstance of the secular games was skilfully adapted to inspire the superstitious mind with deep and solemn reverence. The long interval between them exceeded the term of human life, as none of the spectators had already seen them, none could flatter themselves with the expectation of beholding them a second time. The mystic sacrifices were performed during three nights on the banks of the Tiber; and the Campus Martius resounded with music and dances, and was illuminated with innumerable lamps and torches. Slaves and strangers were excluded from any participation in these national ceremonies. A chorus of twenty-seven youths and as many virgins of noble families, and whose parents were alive, implored the propitious gods in favour of the present, and for the hope of the rising generation, requesting in religious hymns

that according to the faith of their ancient oracles, they would still maintain the felicity and empire of the Roman people."

We have only a few words to say of De Quincey's style, as this subject has been most ably treated by a writer for one of the London Reviews. He considers the style of De Quincey as one of his most wondrous gifts. As Professor Wilson once said, "the best word always comes up, it comes up as easily as a bubble on the wave, but it is yet fixed, solid and permanent as marble. It is at once warm as genius, and cool as logic. Frost and fire fulfil the project of embracing each other. His faculties never disturb or distract each other's movements, they are as inseparable as substance and shadow."

His sentences are generally too long for beauty, and are disfigured by parenthesis; we once undertook to count the number in the *Cæsars*, but soon grew weary of the task. In this respect of long sentences, and habit of amplifying, he resembles Coleridge, of whom Wordsworth speaks as "the rapt one with the god-like forehead," and of whom Talfourd speaks of seeing the palm trees wave, and the pyramids tower, in the long perspective of his style. In both these authors, De Quincey and Coleridge, this peculiarity arises from amplitude of mind, deep learning, extensive research, fertility of imagination; these combinations producing a countless host of images, which come rushing through the brain, so that it requires an almost superhuman effort to refrain from embodying and presenting to others the ideas thus shadowed forth. It may also arise from

a desire to probe the subject to its inmost recesses, and cast on it all the incidental light which a mind, replete with ancient and modern learning, would naturally have at command. In reading the *Cæsars*, one is struck with the vast amount of knowledge compressed into a small space; the beautiful and condensed arrangement of these events of ages, and the accurate and elegant language he employs to delineate the most metaphysical distinctions. We have had the same ideas and could scarce find language to express them, but, in De Quincey they stand forth in clear relief, like the features of a sculptured image, prominent, bold and life-like. Perhaps his greatest works are his *Suspiria de Profundis*, and the *Confessions*, which take a high rank among the noble productions of this period of literature. We have little more say of De Quincey; his works must be perused to appreciate their beauties. Almost all the reading public know something of his works—of the immense amount of opium consumed by him—of the torture and agony he has endured while sitting under the shadow of the Upas tree—of the superhuman efforts he has made to remove into a healthier atmosphere, and the victory that has crowned those efforts. The friends of humanity have gladly learned that he is no longer a slave to this pernicious drug.

Finally, whoever wishes to renew the classical recollections of youth, and to find a thousand kindred associations and incidental illustrations occurring to their mind, should read the *Cæsars* of De Quincey.

AT NIAGARA.

BY JOHN SAVAGE, AUTHOR OF "SYBIL, A TRAGEDY," &C.

THE RAPIDS.

I.

In broken lines, like ghosts of buried nations,
Struggling beneath their white and tangled palls,
They leap and roar to Earth their exaltations,
And Earth e'en trembles as the spectre falls.

II.

With strength that gives solemnity to clangour,
With quaint immensity that strangles mirth,
Like mortal things they roar to time their anger,
Like things immortal they disdain the Earth.

III.

They bound—as dallying in their gorgeous West,
In forest cradles and in parent mountains,
They heard old Ocean throb his regal breast
And call his vassals—the cascades and fountains.

IV.

From crag to crag they leap and spread the sound
Through gorge and wood their flashing banners motion,
Till here in frantic rivalry they bound,
These mighty white-plumed cohorts, for the ocean.

V.

Surging along the pale battalions muster,
Crowding each other till the strongest springs
A-top his fellows, with heroic lustre,
And dares the deeds, like Viking, that he sings.

VI.

Like men, the Rapids, born amid restless valor,
Flash o'er their foes with many a frothened spasm,
And linking all in pomp's majestic pallor,
Leap like ten thousand Romans down the chasm!

THE FALLS.

I.

There is an awful eloquence around—

Like earthquake underneath the dreamful pillows
Of some great town, that deemed its strength profound,
And wakes on worse than frantic Ocean's billows.

II.

The mists, like shadowy cathedrals rise,

And through the vapory cloisters prayers are pouring:
Such as ne'er sprang to the eternal skies
From old Earth's passionate and proud adoring.

III.

There is a voice of Scripture in the flood,
With solemn monotone of glory bounding,
Making all else an awe-hushed solitude
To hear its everlasting faith resounding.

IV.

There is a quiet on my heart like death,
My eyes are gifted with a strange expansion,
As if they closed upon my life's last breath
And oped to measure the eternal mansion.

V.

I see so much I fear to trust my vision,
I hear so much I doubt my mortal ear,
I feel so much, my soul in strong submission
Bends in a silent, death-like rapture here.

THE "BATTLE OF THE EUTAWS."

Virginia, Aug. 22, 1859.

EDITOR SOU. LIT. MESSENGER :

Dear Sir.—I offer you for publication the enclosed letter from Gen. Wm. H. Gaines to Gen. Henry Lee, containing a picturesque and valuable sketch of the battle of Eutaw. It is written *currente calamo*, but with great candour, modesty and force : and should be preserved among the stray leaves of our Revolutionary story.

I am, very truly, yours,

J. E. C.

Virginia, 1st April, 1810.

DEAR SIR :

If I have not replied to your favour of the 6th of February until now, you will be pleased to impute it to the length of time between its date and the hour that it found its way into my hand, and not to want of attraction or respect.

My arrival at camp, with dispatches from the Marquis of F. to Gen. Green the evening before the battle of the Eutaws, put it out of my power to answer you so minutely as I could wish or you desire. With pleasure, however, I give you all the information I can ; although from your activity, command in the army, and superior ability to discern, I am very sure that you are much better acquainted with the transactions of that day than I possibly can be.

Your first question, "How many pieces of artillery had we on that day, how stationed, and who commanded our artillery?" Answer: Four; two six pounders, commanded by Capt. Brown, of Hampton's regiment, and two three pounders, commanded by me. The two three pounders under my command were in front of the infantry—the six pounders were in the centre. About half an hour before the attack, I received orders from Gen. Green through his aid, Capt. Pierce, of our regiment, to push forward down the road and to attack the enemy wherever I should find him ; and for my better security against an attempt upon me by a small party of horse, he threw under my command a Lieutenant and twenty-two men. I considered mine a

forlorn hope, and was happy to believe in the General's confidence in me by this instance of the honour he had conferred. By a very quick march, I had in a very few minutes advanced nearly or quite a mile in front of the army, when I received information from you that a body of the enemy were in rapid march and close upon me, on the left. You advised me to prepare immediately for action. I replied that my orders were peremptory to march until I should see the enemy. While in hasty march and in conversation with you the enemy appeared. In five seconds I engaged him with my little grass-hoppers and twenty-two fine fellows of the infantry, of whom I made mention above. "Farewell," said you, "Gaines ; I will endeavour to send a regiment to your relief ; but I never expect to see you again." I replied, "Farewell, Colonel ; I will do my duty."

In a few minutes the action became general, and not a man could be spared from me. By permission of Heaven, with my two threes and the Lieutenant's command, at least one hundred and fifty of the enemy were beaten, and by far the greater part killed on the spot. I did not fire a single round until the enemy were within twenty-five paces. Canister shot I relied upon altogether, the distance being too near even for the use of grape. In the heat of the conflict, by repeated firing the straps which covered the trunnions of one of my pieces gave way, and recoiled several feet from the carriage. I had it instantly taken up and put in place to keep up a good countenance,—but it was, you know, no

longer fit for service. In a few minutes after, the same misfortune attended the other piece, but just at the moment when the enemy gave way, and were pursued and cut to pieces by a small party of horse that had come up and formed within twenty steps, upon the enemy's right. This was a gallant little corps of about twenty in number.

Being now deprived of the use of my faithful little friends, the grass-hoppers, which I had ordered off in case of a defeat, I rode a little in the rear of our horse to see the charge; and I do not believe that five of the enemy escaped of those who had not been killed or wounded in the contest with the artillery and twenty-two infantry. I reflected with pleasure and admiration on the gallantry of this little body of horse, who killed or took prisoners about forty-five of the fugitives. About one hundred and sixty lay before the mouths of the artillery.

About this time, I met with Gen. Green riding very briskly through the woods, when I informed him of the unhappy circumstance which had deprived me and my country of the use of the grass-hoppers, and how I had disposed of them,—hoping that what I had done might meet his approbation. He told me that it did, and complimented me on the spot. I submit to your fine feelings what must have been my own.

Being now without command, (for the twenty-two had joined its corps,) I obtained the General's permission to remain on the field, to render all the services in my power by stopping soldiers who might desert, or be disposed to retire upon a slight wound. I had collected about ten or twelve of these, when Col. Williams, the Adjutant General, came up to me, and ordered that I should, with this crippled set, take charge of about two hundred prisoners. I remonstrated by telling him that I had the General's leave to continue on the ground, and that I thought the office he had assigned to me belonged more properly to the horse and infantry. He was positive, telling me that at so critical a moment and upon such a weighty occa-

sion I should not think of etiquette, especially as in my then situation I could not render to my country a more important service. I was struck with the force of the observations, and believing them as well as the order to have come from Gen. Green, I instantly obeyed and moved off the prisoners. On the next day I was relieved by a French Lieutenant Colonel.

Permit me, sir, to say here, that to the information I received from you, I attribute in a great degree the success of that day, for I am positive that without it, the enemy would have come upon me with their bayonets unperceived.

After my pieces were rendered useless, and sent off and secured, Capt. Brown was ordered up with his six pounders, that had not been engaged, to attack the brick house. We shook hands as he passed; and to my utter astonishment he returned in a few minutes without his pieces. The fact is, that a small party from the house, apprized of the object had concealed themselves in the woods until the pieces were in among them, when they showed themselves, fired upon the Captain, wounded Captain D. Finn, Lieutenant Drew, and Lieutenant Cassin, mortally; he died in the church in a few days—killed two of the sergeants, and two or three matropes. Thus the six pounders were taken without having fired a shot. I attach blame to none. We took a three pounder from the enemy.

Question: "Lieut. Col. Campbell commanded one of the Virginia regiments; who commanded the other?" Answer: Lieut. Col. Compbell, I know, commanded one of the Virginia regiments, and was killed. I do not know who commanded the other; nor do I recollect whether or not General Sumner was wounded.

I am not fond of egotisms, but as you have desired me to be particular, I have been obliged to mention myself more frequently in this short account than I could wish. You are perfectly acquainted with the operations and feats of the horse. I have given you a most perfect

and faithful account of the artillery on which you or any other historian may rely. I suspect that you are writing a history of the Southern campaigns, if not of the war. If so, pray let me have a squint at the manuscript.

I am, dear sir, with good wishes for your health and prosperity, yours,

WM. HENRY GAINES.

TO GEN. HENRY LEE.

A DIRGE.

I.

Day is dying, dying,
 'Tis the time for tears,
 Precious hours are blending
 With the vanished years;
 Precious hours are fading
 From our ken away,
 Weep! the night is coming,
 Weep for dying Day.
 See, the rain is falling
 Where the sunshine lay!

II.

Day is dying, dying,
 Night is coming on,
 Whisper, whisper softly
 Of the bright hours gone—
 Of the bright hours buried,
 While we dreamed and played,
 Dancing in the sunshine,
 Resting in the shade,
 Gath'ring flowers that angels
 In our pathway laid.

III.

Oh, for hours departed!
 Mourning them is vain,
 Yet our tears are falling,
 Falling like the rain;
 Summer time is with us,
 Hopes illumine our way,
 But our hearts grow weaker
 With each joy's decay—
 Blame us not for weeping,
 We have lost To-day!.

MABEL

A RE-GATHERING OF "BLACK DIAMONDS" IN THE OLD DOMINION.

BY EDWARD A. POLLARD, OF VIRGINIA.

From New York city to Virginia—from the toils of Wall street to the mountain-haunts of the Old Dominion—from the dust and clutter of the city to the still and fragrant woods that deck the old mother-land of Virginia, such is the transition I have made to enjoy one brief month of sweet summer in my boyhood's home.

I must pay an occasional visit to Virginia, the home of my youth and the land of my dead. Who can wholly repress such desires to escape from the metropolis to the quiet, familiar home-country, as fresh and beautiful when we come back to it, with hearts grown old, wounded, stricken, as when we wandered over it with the unbroken, springing hearts of years ago! Yes, Nature never varies in its beauty and tenderness; it always offers comfort; it always contains a delight for the soul. The city, the metropolis—with its disappointments, its changes, its bustle, its constant chasing of feet, telling ever of the passing away of man—was ever a sad place for me. Thanks that I have left it, if only for a while! From the little office near the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, where the noise of the crowd comes wearily up to the fourth story—from its horrid black desk, and the partner constantly pacing to and fro in endless soliloquy, now addressing the jury, now stating a point of extreme acumen, now applying the torture of a cross-examination to an imaginary witness, and pointing his finger at the phantom that always insists upon telling him falsehoods—from these surroundings and listenings I have escaped for a month's holiday, escaped to the blessed country, and been carried back once more again to the Ole Virginny shore.

The first stop I make on my journey into Virginia is at Charlottesville, a red, staring brick village, but boasting some handsome houses on what is named "Quality street," and overlooked by some beautiful and interesting country seats, on the magnificent wooded heights, in

the distance. But the principal interest attaches to the University of Virginia, which is situated in the vicinity of the village. It was here that I enjoyed the first experience of college life; and it is here, after ten years, that I renew the memory of the *green* days of my existence. Many changes meet my eye; much has passed away, and much more has been added in the way of doubtful improvements. The Virginians, it seems, are obtaining some of the foolish conventional ideas of "improvement," current in the North, and have carried them into their designs of college life. Formerly there was free ingress into the college grounds. Now the faculty must have the fashionable fiction of a porter's lodge, which is attended by an old apish negro, who, with the cunning laziness of his race, manages to open the gate without removing from his seat, by the instrumentality of a ragged rope passing into the house. Formerly the students exercised in the free and open air. Now they must exercise in a covered amphitheatre, from which flutters a tattered flag, like that displayed by a vagrant circus. And so the manner goes—the old simplicity all destroyed, and the old college invested with all the conventionalities and doubtful conveniences of the pretentious schools of the North, such as public halls, amphitheatres, hospitals, porters' lodges and what not.

The old corps of professors, from whom my early mind obtained its daily pabulum, is nearly broken up. I miss these wise men much, who to my young eyes surpassed all that there remained of the world in knowledge. I little knew that the world outside, so disrated, was, after all, a very respectable world in erudition, and quite as knowing as our college demigods. But really, of the Faculty there were some distinguished members. They have inscribed their names among those of the scientists and distinguished men of the country; but they were known to us by familiar appellations. There were

Old Gess, Old Prof, Little Bob, Bill, etc., all of them known to fame under other less plebeian names, and all of whom are now missed from "the Chairs" of the University. Honour and happiness attend them in the noble flights in which they persevere. "Bill," perhaps, has forgotten the old lecture room in his higher flights. But there are many who still preserve the recollection of him among bright college memories, to whom he was ever plain Bill, while to the rest of the world he was under the name of Professor Rogers, a lofty and venerated light of science.

But there is one person whom of all others I miss from the walks of the University, and who from the foundation of the school until one short year ago, had ever been a prominent figure in its daily exercises. Retained is his memory in thousands of hearts once beating in the tide of youth at college, now scattered as far as the white ships on the ocean can carry their living freight of souls. On the sunny savannahs, among the hills of the North, in the mines of California, and far, far away across the blue sea, live those who will remember the name of the old negro janitor and factotum, "Big Lewis," who so often summoned them to recitations by the bell, now himself summoned to the bar where the great lesson of life has to be recited by all of God's creatures.

Big Lewis was really one of the most interesting negroes I ever knew. The augmentative in his name was intended to distinguish him from "Anatomical Lewis," a scraggy negro, who assisted in the dissecting room, and who, from this circumstance was put down by all the negroes in the country as an intimate of the devil. Big Lewis was wholly free from any diabolical circumstance attaching to himself. He was a mild negro, of a greasy and overfed appearance; but most remarkable for the stores of learning he had amassed in his long familiarity with college life. From his long service in "Little Bob's" laboratory he had acquired a smart, practical knowledge of chemistry. He was also some-

thing of a classical scholar. His knowledge in this respect he had frequent occasion to illustrate in exhibiting to visitors the copy of Raphael's "School of Athens," which adorned the college hall. Big Lewis was able to designate by name each individual figure in the groups on the canvas; but being studiously trained in habits of respect to his betters, he was accustomed to name each philosopher with the careful prefix of "*Mister*," as "Mr. Socrates," "Mr. Plato," &c.

From the students, who were gathered at the University from all parts of the Union, Big Lewis exerted himself to collect all the information he could of the country outside of Virginia. He was particularly pleased in pumping the Yankee students of all they could tell him of the free country. The condition of his black brethren in the North was an object of great solicitude to him; and when told that the negroes there seldom grew as fat as himself, Big Lewis, who was so proud of his own obesity, and made it the standard of happiness in others, pitied them, I believe, from the bottom of his heart. He was grieved to know that they were, as he expressed it, "so monstrous puny," and very naturally connected in his mind their leanness with their condition of freedom. The old fellow would remark, with singular sagacity, that as for himself, although he should lose his fat, he would still be better off than his free brethren, for "*mass'r arter he got de flesh was bound to take care of de bones.*"

On Sundays Big Lewis was in his proper element as preacher to the black folks. He was very fluent, but had the singular faculty of the negro, of delivering occasional phrases of the greatest sententiousness in his otherwise fluent and voluble discourse. I well recollect his favourite illustration of the value of salvation, put in the sententious form of a rhyme:

"Lose your brudder,
And get anoder:
But lose your soul,
And you lose de hole."

Truly do I trust, that the poor old negro

did not experience that loss, which is indeed and immeasurably, the greatest of all. Breathing silently the prayer which I pay at every grave, telling me of one soul less, and reminding me of the graves of my own beloved, I turn from the college to prosecute my journey to the homes of the old unchanged, dear mountains of Virginia.

On through the broad forests, skirting fields of green waving corn, and over roads, the ruggedness of which beggars description, I at last reach the grand slopes of the Blue Ridge. The country is looking beautiful in the rich, deep green of summer. The harvest time is past, and the wheat has been gathered in stacks, which dot the broad acres with a picturesque effect. To me, born and bred in this part of the country, the harvest was ever a great epoch of the year, and I would have given much to have been able to visit the old farms, when the golden grain was being cradled by the excited and joyous negroes, singing their rude songs, and pressing each other in the rows of the cradles, while their master excites the contest by his presence and voice. It is indeed a noble sight. To listen, too, to the peculiar harvest songs of the negroes is, of itself, an interesting employment. The leader in the rows generally sings some rude, half-witted lines of encouragement, to which the other cradlers respond with a chorus.

Among the favorite harvest choruses which I retain in my recollection, is the following—the doubtful meaning of which I am, however, unable to decide:

“Ah, wheel her boys! Ah, wheel her!

And I wheel my wheel in de middle of de field.”

Pursuing my journey, I make the usual round of visits to uncles and cousins, and even remoter relatives. Again I am charmed by visits to hospitable kin; and again, I am especially charmed by the Virginia fashion of kissing cousins to the third degree. The pretty cousin “with the Roman name” is again greeted with a kiss, and found not only on her lips, but in her heart as sweet as ever. God bless her! An only daughter, an immense heiress, she is yet not spoiled, and from her first entry into the world of fashion and frivolity, she retires to her Virginia home still so gentle, so innocent, so fragrant of goodness, exchanging life in the world of vanity for life in her own pure nature—leaving that world like a dew drop falling from the painted leaf of a flower, still pure, unstained and beautiful. God bless her, I say again, and God bless the many of my remaining kin, who, by kindness, love and the tender memories of old times, have made my Virginia visit a bright passage to look back upon in the weary days of my life.

EPISODES OF JUNE'S DAYS, 1848.

BY F. PARDIGON.

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.

The following spirited account of some of the transactions of the French Revolution of 1848, has been translated for the Messenger by the author himself, from his original work, entitled "Episodes des Journées de Juin," and published at Brussels in 1852.

[*Editor Sou. Lit. Messenger.*

CHAPTER I.

THE INSURRECTION BEGINS.

This narrative is not a tale contrived by the imagination, nor an historical essay whose materials, more or less carefully collected, do not preclude errors, it is the simple account of a few stormy days, a kind of autobiography for one week. The interest, nevertheless, is not merely personal, as the same dangers were shared by thousands.

There are two kinds of histories that could be written of the revolution of June. One is, that of the street fight, where the subject is heroic enough and death was dealt out handsomely; the other is that of after the fight, whose hideous features were mostly hidden in subterraneous recesses, or behind fortresses, walls; those walls, says the poet,

"That stifle sobs and absorb agony."

Of this last one, we have attempted a sketch, as far as our experience extends; but it will never be thoroughly written, as the knowledge thereof is mostly the secret of the dead.

The causes of the revolution will be dispensed with, as to try to elucidate them, would be nothing but taxing the ingenuity of the American reader with a perfect logograph. It is only necessary to state, that it was the conviction of the writer, that the insurgents were the wronged party, and should have been supported. As to the right involved in the quarrel, we leave to impartial history, if it ever cares for it, to decide the question.

During the evening of the 22d of June, I was apprised that a large meeting, with torches, was convened on the Place du Pantheon. That kind of conference in the open air and at night, presented some-

thing strange, and denoted urgency—we made haste to join. Many orators were speaking at a time, without creating confusion, however, as there was a public for each of them. Even the voice of Stentor would have failed in making itself heard by that much attentive crowd, whose furthest ranks, dark and immovable, were fading away in the obscurity of the place.

At certain moments, some deep murmuring and oscillating motions in those groups, where one could not even distinguish the faces of men, proved that they were all moved by a common thought and in the reach of the voice of some speaker. That thought must have been unusually grave, as there was a total absence of those cries, bravoos and applauses ordinarily heard in popular meetings. They resolved on meeting again on the morrow at day-break. Similar assemblies had taken place in various parts of Paris, and it may be seen, that although the insurrection was not under a chief leader, nor even a staff, there was a preliminary understanding which accounted for the extent of the rising; but concert of action proper there was not.

The news of that decree of the Forum, spread itself among the clubs. The political club of the Deux-Mars, whose republican character was of the darkest dye, and which had something of a military organization, resolved to join in, though in my address, as the presiding officer, I had left it to them to decide, neither urging nor deprecating a fight, but tracing a vivid picture of the many evils of a civil war in itself, independently of its causes and its issue, in order that everybody should be well aware of what he was about to undertake. A mournful silence ensued, but the resolution was passed the same night.

The 23d, very early in the morning, many people were gathered together on the Place du Pantheon. They had no arms, and were not so numerous as one might have anticipated. Some only appeared and retired after a while, very likely visiting in that way the revolutionary centres.

In the meanwhile the 11th legion of the National guards, tried to form its battalions to oppose the movement. At half past six in the morning, the roll-call was ordered in the companies; at 8 o'clock, it was the general roll-call; but nobody yet was very anxious to commit himself, and the *place d'armes* remained unoccupied. They probably waited to know what the infantry of the line and the *gardes mobiles* would do. Even at one o'clock, P. M., when they beat the general, no more than 1,000 men could be mustered.

A few hours of expectation having brought no new accident, I resolved to cross over the Seine and I had reached the Pont-Neuf, when I learned that the fight had actually begun with the 2nd Legion at the Port Saint-Denis, on the Boulevards. I immediately retraced my steps lest I should be out off. The blast of war overran Paris in an instant. The shops were now shutting up in great haste, and it was everywhere a regular clash of shutters; the streets exhibited an unwonted animation, with people walking rapidly about, some running to arms, some hurrying to and fro for curiosity's sake, others repairing to their dwellings, there to put themselves in a place of safety.

It was now my duty to join those in arms, and I did so, having previously taken to my lodgings a few men to carry some stands of arms, *opima spolia* of the revolution of February, which I had secured at all events and also some ammunition. I divided it all, and we formed a patrol.

The neighbourhood of the Pantheon was fully in insurrection; the streets were stripped of their pavements, and paving-stones heaped up with incredible rapidity. The 12th legion had declared for the movement, against the 11th, which

was opposed to it. Some *gardes-mobiles* and *gardes-republicains*, were also among the insurgents, whose forces presented a sprinkling of everything. It is a fact, that the utmost incertitude prevailed in the beginning with many people as to the choice between the insurgents and the other side. Even the government doubted whether it could rely upon those forces which soon proved most furious against the barricades,—we mean the *gardes mobiles*,—themselves sprung up from the barricades of February. The change was as sudden as it was complete. Nor was this hesitation confined to the *mobiles*: in despair, many soldiers of the line beat their guns to pieces against the heaps of stones.

Another fact as remarkable as it is characteristic, took place between the Place Maubert and the Rue Saint-Victor, near another transverse street, called, I believe, the Rue des Bernardins. The assailants found themselves face to face with a barricade and in a great perplexity; the defenders of it were silent at their post. Negotiations were opened, but could not lead to an understanding.

Then begins firing without the usual fury. An officer steps out from the ranks, his kepi at the end of his sword lifted upwards and his head shrouded in his cloak; he walks so blind-folded straight ahead, and climbs up the barricade without being shot at from either side. He passed in that manner to the insurgents, not to fight but to protest, as he stood during the fight, bareheaded with folded arms, having first disarmed himself and torn off his epaulettes.

A very sharp fusillade broke out all at once in the lower part of the street close to the river. It was the attack on the barricade of the Petit-Pont, and here we have another instance of the fatal misunderstanding that aroused friends for a reciprocal destruction. It was the brave Colonel Guinard who commanded the attack, at the head of the artillery-men of the National guard, but even a part of those artillery-men were behind the barricade, so that they could call one another by their own names. Here again one of those instances of hesitation that are sure

to befall us when there is a misgiving that something is amiss. Some descended from the barricade and began to parley with the body of artillerymen, who were also anxious to clear up their doubts. All useless! The colonel, who was under the impression that the insurgents were Bonapartists, ordered his men to storm the barricade at the cry of *Vive la Republique*, and the barricade, in a first discharge of musketry, mowed down thirty of them. The fight was kept up with the most destructive effect, however. This Colonel Guinard is the same by whose side I was proud to stand just twelve months after, on the 13th of June, 1849, at the *Arts-et-Metiers*, this time undoubtedly for the defence of the written Constitution, but with the sole result of being condemned, together with 70 others, to perpetual confinement by the high court of Versailles; and perhaps it might not be out of place with respect to the old Colonel to quote the celebrated verse of the *Pharsalia*:

"*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*"

A sudden storm, accompanied with violent claps of thunder and a deluge of rain, burst on Paris at this moment, and under these circumstances, mingling at first with the noise of our little thunders and finally silencing them. It is a popular prejudice that a revolution on earth calls for a tempest in the sky, and this storm came to its support. The sky cleared up as suddenly as it had been overcast.

That heavy rain proved in some respect detrimental to the beginning of the insurrection, and offered a plea for retreat to many who would not perhaps have thought of it but for the opportunity; it rendered also the defence more difficult, most of the insurgents being armed with guns of the ancient description, taken from the arsenal of Vincennes. On the other hand, the flood was such that some portions had to be abandoned momentarily because of the accumulating waters.

The enemy made a movement forward in the upper part of the street, through three different streets: the *Rue des Gres*,

the *Rue des Cordiers* and the *Rue Neuve des Poirees*: all these barricades were merely out-posts, well-fitted to prevent a surprise or to delay the progress of an attack in those intricate quarters, but not for a main stand. They were made use of to exhaust the ammunition of the *mobiles* who were shooting all round as they approached. Having thus receded from one street to another we fell back upon a barricade erected on a narrow place of the *Rue St. Jacques* against an old building, a dependency of the college of *Louis-le-Grand*; the barricade was pretty strong, and I had secured its communication with the main barricade and strong hold on the other side of the building. This I had done by fixing the barricade across the street, just above the front gate, and keeping by me the keys of the back gate, and other intermediate passages.

The *Mobiles* debouched from the square at right angles with the street, and faced us by a left-wheel movement. They were saluted with a discharge, and the cry: *Vive la Republique!* And our astonishment was not small to see them stop, utter the same cry, and turn upward the butt end of their rifles.

"Let us come to a parley," cried my companions to me. I mention it in detail, as it is averred that this curious process of fighting has been resorted to many times, and, at first, not without success.

I came down and ran to the company of *Mobiles*. On the other hand a *Mobile* came out from the ranks, we met and fell into each other's arms. A remarkable thing! That man had tears in his eyes, true tears, and he was sober. Nor was he to be taken for a sniveller. He was a sort of dumpy fellow, with a firm look, his features well marked, rather pitted with small-pox, and the hair and beard red. He repeated: "we are brothers!" It will be recollected that such was the by-word of the day.

I have retained the conviction, that until the *Mobiles* were completely drunk with wine and fighting, it was for them a heart-burning to march against the barricades.

I accosted the Captain, who had en-

trenched himself behind the company, and was snugly wrapped up in his cloak of oil-cloth. His countenance, cold and distrustful, was quite a contrast with the *élan* of the private.

"We are then together! You will not fight against the people."

He began an idle talk :

"Yes, we all defend the Republic, but why those barricades? Just pull them down; we will come to an understanding afterwards; but as long as there will be barricades. . . ."

I felt foolish myself, and so I think would have anybody in the same predicament; and, worst of all, others from the barricade witnessing my welcome in the company, had left me to mingle in the ranks. This circumstance attracted the attention of the Captain, who evidently feared that his men should escape his control. He ordered them to arrest the insurgents. I stole away from the rear, and ran headlong on the foot-path towards the barricade; but in my round-about way I had a glance on the square off the corner, and there I discovered the remainder of the battalion in good order, which explained the countenance of the Captain, and accounted for the snare.

We were now only five in number, and we sustained many rounds, a thing that surprised our opponents, who knew nothing of our means of escape, which could be used at a moment's warning. They had begun invading the barricade, behind which we were still fighting; and when they had reached the top, nobody was to be found! We had all disappeared through the gate on our left—put ajar for the purpose, and then immediately fastened behind us. This was our best piece of fun during the day, to make amends for other sorrowful things.

The back gate opened on the Rue Chartière, a narrow and very steep street verging to a kind of Seven Dials, all occupied by a circular barricade, facing in every direction, commanding every one of the streets, and certainly impregnable but for the help of cannon.

We were there attacked by a wider street, perpendicular to Chartière. The

fight lasted till dark, when the Mobs retreated. We were left to ourselves, and there reigned in the neighbourhood silence and loneliness. We numbered there a great force, which prepared to encamp for the night, or to rest in the adjoining houses.

At ten I undertook a reconnoissance, and to disguise myself I put on a workman's blouse, and exchanged my kepi for a fancy cap. I turned round the corner of the Institution of Sainte Barbe, and struck on the Pantheon.

All was like a desert. A formidable barricade which wanted nothing but defenders, leaned smartly upon the north flank of the Pantheon, and the public library of Sainte Genevieve. All round numberless little barricades were destroyed and their fragments scattered about. In some streets the people stood at the doors of their houses, talking over the events of the day. It was said that the insurgents had kept their ground, and were fortifying themselves everywhere. All the *Faubourgs* had begun to stir; then followed surmises. I also met with several litters, carried by soldiers of the line, taking the wounded to the Military Hospital of the Val-de-Grace.

On my turning back to reach again the Rue Chartière by the Place Cambrai, I had proceeded as far as the Rue des Grés when a man on duty, close to a baker's shop turned into a military post, hailed me:

"Who goes there?"

"I am going only a short distance to Saint Benoit cloister."

He made no objection, and seemed about to go off, when he suddenly looked back, as one who alters his mind, and after a visible but extremely short hesitation—

"I arrest you!" he exclaimed, nearing me.

"You say you arrest me?"

"Yes; I will take you to the post."

"But still . . . you must have a reason."

"Oh! I know you—it is sufficient. Let us go to the post."

The Garde-Republican—for he was one of them—since he had arrested me, had

taken hold of my arm above the elbow with a grip highly creditable to his wrist.

"Leave off," said I rather bluntly, "I can as well go with you without it."

He hesitated again, but resolved on giving up his grasp.

In that more friendly gait we arrived at the barracks, where they immediately began to search me. They were foiled in their expectation. I had nothing compromising me at all, neither writing, nor arms, nor ammunition—even my hands, clean washed, were without trace of gunpowder. True, my clothes under the blouse that I had put on, were still wet with rain, but what did that matter? They in their turn looked aghast. But my man was very proud of his capture, and laid some stress upon it. As for me, I considered that the circumstances in which I had been arrested were far from being unfavourable to me, and I insisted on having a verbal-process drawn up and signed, to make use of it at all events, and prevent farther difficulty. They refused to listen to my demands; and it was perhaps better so. A door in the small room in which I was examined was opened for me to enter into another small room, and then it was locked again.

I found myself in the dark. I was coffered, (*coffré*,) that is the true word for it. I think there are some pieces of furniture in use even larger than this jail. Small as it was it contained a guard-room bed, with the luxury of three scanty, thin, and dirty straw mattresses. These furnished the ordinary though uncomfortable sleeping accommodations of three men. There were already four in the room; I came in as the fifth one,—and before long seven individuals had to put up with them.

CHAPTER II.

* GRES STREET BARRACK.

I went on groping, but could not find a place to stretch my limbs, and I was afraid I must give up all hope of rest during that night, when I exultingly laid

my hand on an empty place on the boards between the mattresses and the wall. I felt no relish for the mattresses—the boards could not be anything but cleaner. I wedged myself in sideways, facing a very demure and good-tempered bed-fellow—the wall itself.

All the prisoners were not in bad spirits; for the most part they were strident and profuse of speech. The sight of all this was so little serious, that one would have said that it was nothing more than might have been seen on any other night in the lock-up.

After half an hour there was a great row in the next room. Some men, with much pulling and vociferation, dragged along a prisoner. He had his gun—or more exactly, he had had it, since he had just been disarmed. A little wine seemed not a stranger to his excitement. He asked for his weapon again and again obstinately. In the meanwhile he was searched, as I had been; marks of gunpowder were looked for on his hands and legs; and they undressed him to see if frequent firing had not bruised his shoulder in front.

The prisoner, roughly used and hauled about, had his coat torn to pieces; his indignation was aroused, but his gun, which he called his *fusin*, (slang for *fusil*,) was the great object of his solicitude. When they asked him his name and dwelling, he did not hesitate a moment, but said with something of pride:

"I am a Parisian! I am a Frenchman!"

A little while afterwards there was a grating of the key in the heavy lock, and the new guest was ushered in.

He was a mechanic, of fine features, and not more than twenty-four years of age. His language and gestures were those of a man of heart, whose bravery has been tried. He betrayed a pugnacious and yet a loyal disposition. He called for his *fusin* without ceasing, and for an opportunity of using it against no matter whom. His humour was gay, his conversation easy and winning; his wit quick, his heart stout; a genuine Parisian, as he had proclaimed

himself. Nevertheless it is painful to think that this man, of a heroic temperament, incapable, I am sure, of any meanness in defeat, or any infamy, atrocity in victory, was set down, as all the insurgents indeed were, for a plunderer, a brigand or an assassin.

While I was indulging in these reflections and my companions laughing and screaming in the midst of some jokes of the faubourgs, the night was passing away. A seventh companion was now admitted into the room—a good looking street boy, some nine or ten years old. To rescue him from certain death, the door of our prison was opened to him; so it happened that the same den, at the same time, was for one of its tenants a place of refuge, a safe asylum; but for the others only a first station on a journey perilous, and to too many fatal. Their short-lived hilarity subsiding with the fumes of wine, and otherwise subdued by involuntary slumber, left them at last in a cooler composure. They had, however, so little suspicion of the true state of things, that they imagined they were to be turned out at daylight, after twelve hours of *duress* like nocturnal disturbers. The man with the *fusil* judged more justly, though he did not anticipate the whole truth.

"*Parbleu!*" said he, "we are not out quite yet. Political prisoners, devil! I am sure they are going to take us to the Luxembourg. Ah! that I had my *fusil!*"

Such was his ordinary conclusion. In order to obtain more precise notions concerning the fate that was intended for us, he resolved upon addressing himself to the sergeant-turnkey. He went to the lock, and there knocking two or three times:

"Sergeant! sergeant!"

"What do you want?"

"Are you not to let us out soon?"

And as the sergeant gave no answer:

"Eh! don't you hear?"

"It is not my business. Keep quiet; you have nothing to gain by your noise."

That was all that could be obtained from the sergeant. Fatigue, and very

likely also the fact of everybody reflecting a little upon himself, caused silence at last. The barrack and the street were both still. There was no sign of life except the slow step of the sentinels, and at intervals the clatter of muskets on the ground, the voice of the officers, and more frequently those cries, sinister and monotonous as a funeral melopœia, those words flying through the darkness, and echoing from one corner to another in the streets, on the squares, along the quays,

"*Sentinelles! prenez garde à vous!*" (Sentries! be on the lookout!)

All at once the forlorn sentries fell back at full speed on the barrack, and a significant, sharp, short cry, "To arms!" startled us from our weariness. We lent an attentive ear.

The gardes-republicains rushed to arms, ranged themselves in order of battle before the barrack, and with a step rather slackened but resolute, marched to the Pantheon.

The fight was recommencing. It was the dawn of day; a pale glimmer streamed in to our paltry lodging through its only window. A fire by platoons thundered in the direction of the Rue Soufflot; the artillery sent repeated volleys. At the bottom of the Rue St. Jacques, the same deep voice began to roar. The Rue des Mathurins had also its formidable echoes. Firing was going on in all the streets around.

During this sombre harmony, a remote constant noise from the Place Maubert, the Rue Mouffetard, and the gates of the suburbs, was like a muffled accompaniment to this unparalleled orchestra, a sublime horror.

The volley which had poured on the Pantheon a hail of balls was left without an answer. Another volley, and renewed silence: a third, with a frightful concert; the muskets of the battalions and the guns of the artillerymen belched on the barricades an avalanche of lead and iron.

After this long and terrible provocation, a single discharge, which gave full evidence of the temper of the combatants, replied unexpectedly. Three times

interrogated, the barricade had at last delivered its answer, and the deadly message, flying with leaden wings, must have shaken and thinned the ranks of the assailants, as a gust in autumn swings the tops of trees in a wood, and strews the ground with fallen leaves.

We were, so to speak, on the theatre of the battle. We could, by hearing, follow all its sudden turns. I, for one, possessed as I was of a full acquaintance of the localities, might have almost said such a report came from such a place.

The attack then was a furious one. It was easy to understand that there was on that side plenty of cartridges and ammunitions of all kinds. The defence was one of the most energetic but deliberate, crafty, sparing of lead and powder. They seemed to apprehend, indeed they apprehended, that the ammunitions would be exhausted before the end of the day.

As for us, our thoughts were no longer in the barrack prison; they had taken their flight, hovering over the battlefield, choosing any particular spot where the struggle raged most desperately. Our hope was increasing. We expected at every moment to see the barrack invaded by the insurgents, and under this powerful interference liberty throw our doors open.

The fight once entered into as we had begun it the day before, the more obstinately victory was disputed, the more our situation was made a dangerous one. We had no power to turn the scale in which our lives were poised, and still our fate depended on a motion of the balance. There was between us immured, disarmed, kept from the fight, and those behind the barricades of the streets, the most perfect community of fortune; we were counted among the combatants; conquerors with them, or with them conquered; their life and death was ours.

The man with the *fusil*, is it necessary to state, was in utter despair, that such a hot affair should be disputed and decided without him. He was a prey to impatience and grief. If I judged well of what was going on within him, he had

no less merit in remaining passive on his board, than Montezuma on his bed of burning coals.

The insurgents entrenched under the porticoes and within the wings of the Pantheon, defended themselves and manœuvred in a masterly manner. Two barricades as strong as bastions flanked the monument. One of them commanded the Rue d'Ulm, (for the attack was simultaneous,) and caused real havoc among the besiegers. The artillery of the troops fired from the Rue Soufflot in a right line upon the pediment, and somewhat obliquely on both wings. Cannon balls crossed the nave in the direction of the great transept, one of them carrying off the head of the statue of Immortality which stands on the stair-case of the choir.

The excavation of the Rue Soufflot, which was at that time in course of construction, proved most prejudicial to the insurgents and favored military strategy, as it admitted of the erection of batteries at a distance not within musket shot. This disposition of things, however, might have been turned against the troops themselves, in a manner far more formidable to them than it was to the insurgents, by means of one of those simple combinations which unfortunately often suggest themselves but too late.

Let us suppose they had thrown up a colossal barricade by pulling down boldly the two new houses not yet inhabited, which stood on the corner of the Rue Soufflot and the Rue St. Jacques, and then, to prevent being surprised from behind, duplicated this barricade with another one half-way up the street, which is very short, and abounded with building materials.

In that manner a great part of the Place du Pantheon the Rue St. Jacques, right and left, the Rue d'Enfer and the Rue St. Hyacinthe, and even the Place Saint Michel would have been commanded by the insurgents, to whom the Pantheon remained the principal fort. That fort, a *corps d'armée* could not have attacked in front without placing itself between two fires, and under the additional disadvantage of not being able to use artillery.

The counter-barricade alone could have been attacked directly from the Rue d'Enfer, but then on a small field and at short range by a battalion or two, unable again to make use of artillery except at the risk of having their artillerymen singled out and the pieces silenced, as happened on the Place de la Bastille the day after. In short, it appears that the Pantheon was better defended on the sides where the fortifications were merely natural, than in front where a vast extent of ground allowed manœuvring to thousands of soldiers.

Be this as it may, the firing by platoons of the insurgents rivalled in precision that of the troops, and caused the officers of the National Guard to stare in wide-mouthed astonishment. We might have confounded their very close fire with that of Line or the Mobiles had not the Pantheon, by absorbing first within its spacious flanks and then re-echoing the detonations of the barricades accompanied them, like a vibrating gigantic bell, with its sonorous, hollow voice. This was a signal we could not possibly mistake.

Nothing contributes more to an accurate estimate of the strength of the insurrectionary party when their movements had become serious, than a knowledge of the amount of force required to suppress them. The statement of General Lamoricière to the National Assembly was, that two millions of cartridges were made use of. There were at that time in Paris, besides 180,000 National Guards of whom not more than one-third were favorable to the rising,

16,000 Gardes Mobiles ;
2,500 Gardes Republicanis ;
2,000 Gardiens de Paris ;
23,000 troops, regulars.

To consider only the taking of the Pantheon, the fight was sustained by divers battalions of the 11th and 12th Legions, and a strong body of Gardes-Mobiles commanded by General Damesme, who was mortally wounded and replaced by General Brea. The regular troops numbered

450 men of the 75th of the line ;

75 men of the 7th light infantry ;
800 men of the 14th light infantry ;
600 men of the marines ;
120 men of the 6th cuirassiers cavalry ;
44 of the corps of engineers ;
4 pieces of artillery.

As the insurrection lasted five days, and many points were more difficult to carry than the Pantheon, the slaughter was immense: eleven thousand men were killed on either side, and the number of wounded is not known.

This being said by way of parenthesis, we return to our barrack of the Rue des Grés. The movement was gaining ground, the approaches of the street were threatened. The corps stationed on the Place Sorbonne were ordered to move on ; The Rue de Clung was occupied. At fifty yards from our prison musketry was in full play, and a little lower down, the Place Saint Michel was the theatre of another fight. It was one of those revolutionary waves that we expected to see break on our walls and take us away in its ebb.

The sergeant, our jailor guardian, who had already shown himself an excellent fellow in his way, if this tribute can be rendered to one who was to us merely indifferent and without animosity, whilst others were either insulting or aggressive, had now become of the gentlest amenity, for which more praise might be given to him, if the issue of the fight still undecided, had not furnished an extenuating circumstance. We still treated on equal terms at that time, and he was willing to show for us the regard which he would expect from us in his turn if a sudden change of fortune had laid him down on our pallet and wrested from him the keys of the prison. At intervals the fire slackened, and according to what we might surmise from the last discharge as to which party was getting the best of it, our hopes vanished, or rose to the highest pitch of extravagance.

Then suddenly the fire which had dragged along, dull, feeble, dying away, would revive, become rapid, deafening and tumultuous ; all, all again was put in doubt.

As things remained in the same situation, and the barricade had not in the least lowered its tone of defiance, some wished to summon instantly the guards, if not to surrender, at least to give us a free passage. This was indeed to be rather too sanguine. Such a rash proceeding would not only deprive us of all chances for escape, but uselessly burn our fleet behind us. I was never in favor of increasing danger wantonly.

I made my advice good.

"What do you want to do now?" said I to my comrades. "If there was but one man in the barrack, yet that one would be master of us all. A single bottle of straw is all what he would need to smoke us to death like foxes."

The argument had its effect, they remained quiet. But as impatience ruled the hour, they wished at least to proceed by diplomacy. The man with the *fusin* called upon the sergeant in the gentlest voice possible. As the sergeant knew him to be rather talkative, he turned a deaf ear. Annoyed into a reply at last, he answered in a tone which bespoke but little humour for conversation—

"What do you want? let us see." And as a pretext was to be invented, "water!" answered the man with the *fusin*.

At the same time he seized the large jug, but this was full. He was not long embarrassed, however, for he emptied the jug on the floor and handed it to the sergeant, who brought it back filled to the brim. Useless efforts were made to engage him in conversation—the door was fastened again. We had gained nothing in this attempt at diplomacy but a gallon of water in the jug and as much on the floor. We were compelled to wait yet longer.

It was now broad day. Our prison, which consisted of four naked and dirty walls, covered by a dark ceiling of projecting rafters, looked still more gloomy and detestable. The window opened on the Rue des Grés. It had a fixed framework with a strong iron grating, and was fitted on the exterior with a sort of wooden screen which effectually pre-

vented us from seeing anything in the street, as the boards of the window sill came closely upon it, leaving but a small aperture through which we could see a portion of the sky as from the bottom of a well. The iron bars were much less provoking than that other frail obstacle, on account of which we were left to the monotonous distraction of gazing out upon the blue sky.

One of our number after awhile had obtained permission to leave the room, and did not return. Persuaded that he had found means of escape, all of us were anxious to make a trial of this last chance of safety, but it was idle, for several were allowed to go out only to come back immediately.

My turn arrived. A few steps led me to a rather roomy inner court, enclosed by blank walls, not very high, and nearly adjoining, on the side of the Rue Soufflot, some old buildings half-demolished. The first glance I threw around inspired me with some hope. I was ready to make any attempt that was supported by a reasonable prospect of success—neither resolution, nor physical strength, nor a certain amount of address, I felt assured, would fail me. But my hope was short-lived. On the other side of the court, a sentinel was pacing up and down with his musket upon his shoulder, evidently for some other purpose than that of breathing the fresh air of the morning.

The sight of the sentinel put an end to my half-formed project of scaling the wall, and retracing my steps I began to reflect on my situation. I felt very much invigorated at the same time by the keen bracing atmosphere which I took into my lungs by long draughts. A faint smell of powder had impregnated it, and given it a powerful action on the heart and brain. The batteries were at a distance of only two hundred yards, and the morning breeze, driving before it the dense clouds of smoke which it dissipated at length, filled the neighbourhood with the odour.

Never had earth and sky presented so complete a contrast. The sky serene and tender, gay, buoyant and luminous, the air pure, fresh and inspiring, the

earth dark, repulsive, merciless, murderous.

Let a man have been as little meditative as possible, he could not have escaped these external influences, nor refrained from making the comparison.

I had no idea whatever of entering the prison again, and so I amused myself with describing a curve in the court yard, which should bring me back to a convenient point of departure for a leap at the wall, measuring my steps, meanwhile, and diminishing their noise. I hoped thus to escape the notice, not at all times vigilant, of the sentinel.

About this time, a tragic scene occurred on the Place du Pantheon. It was related to me by an eye-witness.

Some soldiers of the line had arrested behind the Pantheon a man whose pockets were filled with cartridges—a very ordinary affair in time of war. The prisoner, brought in by two men, had reached the Place du Pantheon, where there had been established an ambulance and a *salle d'arret* in which prisoners were temporarily collected together.

Some Mobiles perceiving him between his two conductors, came up, and the prisoner was transferred to their custody. Then two of the most humane among those Mobiles took each one arm of the prisoner.

The group arrived in sight of a company of Mobiles whose moral sense, blunted by intoxication from wine and fighting, had for a time lost all power to make itself heard.

Woe unto man when the brutish part has the best of him! those birds of prey which, in natural history, are classified among the *ignobiles*, and from the higher regions of the atmosphere, descry a carcass in the fields, are then surpassed in their horrible propensities by the wide distance which, under all circumstances, separates men from brutes.

"Let him go! Let him go!" cried out at the moment these amateurs of murder.

But the other two Mobiles obeying quite a contrary impulse, drew closer to the prisoner, in order to protect him with their bodies.

"Now then! let him go! we shall shoot any how!" repeated the same voices.

These miserable men, as a matter of joke, wished to shoot *à la course* in the middle of the Place, a prisoner scared out of his wits, panting, run down and threatened from all sides by the guns levelled at his breast. And now, after a final warning they brought their muskets to bear on the group. Then the two Mobiles disengaged themselves from that unfortunate man, condemned to die. At the same instant a report is heard, and the prisoner shot falls on the ground; falls and instantly gets up again as if the contact had given him new strength. He was bleeding, riddled with balls, mortally wounded, but nevertheless he strove with hurried steps, and arms extended forward, to reach the door of the ambulance, where he expected to be safe.

One Mobile breaks off from the rest, and springs upon him. The bound of a tiger could not be more swift or more sure.

Stretching out his hand, as a claw eager for blood, toward the prisoner, whose foot had by this time touched the threshold of the door, he seizes from behind a fold of his blouse, and drags the man backwards—keeping bounding onward with a sort of vampire step.

He had just released his victim, when they fired a second time. Two men fell prostrate, the prisoner and the Mobile.

The prisoner fell to the earth an inert mass. He had perhaps ceased to live before he had quite touched the ground; but the Mobile had half raised himself, just as one who wakes up from sleep. One might have thought him unhurt, as not a drop of blood stained his uniform. However, with a wild look and half-open mouth, he muttered an unintelligible groan.

They ran to him in haste, and these words were then distinctly heard: "Undress me! undress me!" which he pronounced, or rather which he threw out with the guttural, inarticulate accent, which is the language of the dying. He put his hand to his left side, and removed it, alternately, executing a cadenced and

automatic gesture, keeping time with the words, "undress me!" which fell more and more faintly from his lips.

It was then also that his comrades could mark on his tunic, just above the heart, a narrow rent, such as is made by the passage of a musket ball. The blood, nevertheless, was not spouting out. It diffused itself in the cavities of the thorax, or on the breast, between the shirt and the flesh.

When they had stripped his coat, there was but a corpse left. They had undressed the dead.

If ever Chance had put on the appearance of a providential power of sovereign intelligence, which recompenses or punishes, it was undoubtedly in this instance.

It may have been a stray ball thrown at random, or deflected from its course; it may have been a ball purposely and skilfully directed, as some other Mobile might have done it, from a spontaneous impulse, feeling indignant and shocked in his moral sense; but at all events, the executioner had been made to follow hard upon his victim, and plunged into the abyss which he had opened for another!

I continued my silent walk in the court of the barrack, too happy for the respite, and wishing I had it for a prison, when the sentinel gave me to understand that I had left an empty room not far off. I heeded him, and slowly, so slowly that a snail might have been inspired with some sentiment of jealousy at my deliberation, and that certainly the patience of my garde-républicain was put to the severest test, I returned to our common cell.

In the mean time the fight out of doors, especially in the environs of the Sorbonne, had reached such a degree of exasperation, that we looked for some immediate, decisive result.

A manœuvre of artillery was then rendered necessary, either as a movement of retreat or of reinforcement. We could not exactly make out whether, having experienced a defeat, they were compelled to fall back, or whether it was a mere change in strategical dispositions. The heavy guns rolled under our windows,

shaking the buildings in their passage; and in a few moments the rattle on the pavement was succeeded by the sonorous vibrations of the air after a volley.

Whatever it was, the manœuvre met with a full success, and a certain number of insurgents were reduced to the alternative of laying down their arms or fighting until exterminated. As favourable conditions were proffered, they surrendered. That the conditions entered into by the conquerors were not adhered to, is now a well known fact, and it is a great pity that victory so dearly bought should have been disgraced by double-dealing.

The prisoners were taken to our barrack, but they made a halt with the escort before the entrance gate. It was not considered safe to incarcerate them in the building. The success obtained was a partial one, and they could not spare men enough to guard the increased number of prisoners in the barrack. The consequence was, that they associated us with them.

The little boy, of whom I have spoken, quietly followed us. His youth ought to have suggested that he was not a prisoner, but so deeply was every one's mind engrossed with the events of the day, that nobody seemed to take notice of him. I then suggested to a lieutenant that the boy had been locked up during the night, to keep him from the dangers of the street; and I had the pleasure to see my *protégé* ordered out of the ranks.

We descended the Rue des Grés, crossed the place Saint Michel, passed along the Rues des Francs-Bourgeois and Vaugirard, and when arrived behind the Odéon, opposite to the Monumental iron gate, the National Guards, occupying this position, began to roar out at our approach, and, eagerly opening the gates, they cried:

"Bring them all here—we will shoot them presently! Ah! the brigands! Where do you take them?"

The captain of the escort, with an energy that re-assured us, commanded his gardes-républicains to close up the ranks and to shoulder arms. We passed along the grating, through the railings of

which the excited National Guards, (curious effect of the mischance, atrocious similitude!) shook their fists at us, stirring themselves and howling like so

many caged beasts. Having thus got out of this scrape, thanks to our captain, we continued our way to the barrack of Tournon, our second halting-place.

Editor's Table.

The death of Leigh Hunt has called forth many tributes to his genius and character from the literary journals of England and the United States, and we could say nothing of him, as a man or as a poet, which has not already been expressed in terms of just appreciation and discriminating eulogy. He lived to a good old age, and, perhaps, with the single exception of Samuel Rogers, had mingled with more of the eminent authors of the present century than any other man with whom the present generation was personally acquainted. His associations with Shelley, Keats, Byron and Moore, are well-known, his persecutions and failures in journalism constitute an important chapter in the history of the "Fourth Estate," while there are few readers of English literature who are not familiar with his happier efforts in prose and verse. Lockhart satirized him in *Blackwood* as the head of the "Cockney school of poetry," and Theodore Hook assailed one of the most beautiful of his poems with the ridiculous improvisation of

Oh! jimminy, jimminy,
What a niminy-piminy
"Story of Rimini."

But in spite of the reviewer and the wit, the poem has survived and will transmit the name of Leigh Hunt to future admirers. He was not indeed a great poet, his muse leads you along pleasant garden-walks murmurous with bees, and over sunny lawns carpeted with verdure, rather than up the heights of the mountain to the region of the storm. His verses have to us the smack of old wine, and are to be enjoyed in comfortable sitting rooms where

all is repose. His essays too, are the most delightful reading for a country house, they are generally meditative and overflow with tender humanity; indeed, human sympathy is the special charm of all his writings, and the sweet Eastern apologue in which he makes the angel write down the name of Abou Ben Adhem first among those who love the Lord, because he loved his fellow-men, expresses the prevailing sentiment of his philosophy. The '*Indicator*' and the '*Companion*,' the '*Book for a Corner*,' his '*Wit and Humour*' and his '*Imagination and Fancy*,' exhibit both the justness and delicacy of his taste and his power of critical analysis, while they impress us most favourably with the cheery, kindly, loving disposition of the author. Leigh Hunt was a Blue Coat boy of Christ's Hospital, and his name will be registered with the names of Coleridge and Lamb among the proud memories of that ancient and honoured establishment.

A new volume of poems by Paul H. Hayne is in the press of Ticknor & Fields, and will soon appear. It will contain, in addition to those beautiful Sonnets which he printed, rather than published, in *Charleston* a year or two ago, several elaborate poems of rare excellence, which will challenge the approval of English criticism. South Carolina has reason to regard with pride the surely rising fame of her gifted son, and it is not the least among the Messenger's claims to Southern appreciation and support, that it was the first literary authority to encourage this poet in his earliest attempts at song. It saw the strength of the pinion in the flight of the fledgeling.

Among the tricks of advertising now resorted to in our large cities, one of the most common is that of iterating the same sentence over half a dozen columns of half a dozen newspapers, so that whatever journal the reader may look over at the breakfast table, he will find the name of some novelty in literature, the drama, or the useful arts, staring him in the face. A good story is told of a wager made by a wag at the St. Nicholas Hotel, that he could commit to memory in two minutes an entire column of the *New York Herald*, and of his winning it by a simple count of the number of times a certain line had been repeated and reciting aloud, "BUY BONNER'S LEDGER!" "BUY BONNER'S LEDGER!" to the foot of the column. Even the so-called religious newspapers have not scrupled to employ this device of repetition in their advertisements, and for a week before its appearance, we saw a certain poem entitled, "At Richmond," by William Allen Butler, heralded,—yes, and *Tribuned* and *Times'd* profusely, as about to be given to the public in the *New York Independent*. We confess to having been inspired with a curiosity to see the poem. Mr. Butler's "Nothing to Weat"

and "Two Millions" had so prepossessed us in his favour, that we felt sure anything he might write in rhyme would be worth reading. Then, too, the title of the new effort was suggestive. We did not, of course, know what Richmond was to be celebrated by the poet. Our thoughts ran back through some years to a delicious twilight spent on the terrace of the "Star and Garter," looking down on the silver Thames and its emerald meadows, and we supposed it probable that the Richmond of Pope and Thomson might have found a new interpreter of its beauty in landscape. Again, it might be that the poet had escaped, on some fine summer evening, from the heat, noise and dust of the great city in which he resides, to the sweet slopes of Staten Island, and there, above that Richmond, in sight of the exquisite bay sprinkled with the sails of New York's extended commerce, had given full sway to the emotions of his poetic soul. But we never once thought of *our* Richmond being honoured by Mr. Butler's muse, and our astonishment was therefore great, when we read in the *Independent* the following remarkable composition :

AT RICHMOND.

At Richmond, in the month of May,
I climbed the city's lofty crest;
Below, the level landscape lay,
And proudly streamed, from east to west,
The glories of the dawning day.

There stand the statues Crawford gave
His Country, while with bleeding heart,
She showered upon his open grave
The laurels of victorious Art,
And wept the life she could not save.

How grandly, on that granite base,
The youthful hero sits sublime;
The Leader of the chosen Race,
The noblest of the sons of Time,
With all his future in his face.

And he who framed the matchless plan
For Freedom and his Fatherland,
Type of the just, sagacious Man,
Like Aristides, calm and grand,
With the Roman Vatican.

Nor less he wears the patriot wreath,
The foremost of the three, who stands
As when, with his prophetic breath,
And flashing eyes, and outstretched hands,
He cried for "Liberty or Death!"

Here surely it is good to be—
Where Freedom's native soil I tread,
And, on the mount, transfigured see
The Fathers, with whose fame we wed
The endless blessings of the free.

But when the summit's ample crown
Flamed with the morning's fiercer heat,
I turned and slowly passing down,
With curious gaze, from street to street,
Went wandering through the busy town.

And lingered, where I chanced to hear
The voices of a crowd which hung,
With laugh and oath and empty jeer,
Beside a door o'er which was swung
The red flag of the auctioneer.

In truth, it was a motley crew;
The brutal trader, sly and keen,
The planter with his sunburnt hue,
The idle townsman, and between,
With face unwashed, the foreign Jew.

Within, O God of grace! what sight
Was this for eyes which scarce had turned
From yonder monumental height,
For thoughts upon whose altars burned
The fires just kindled in its light!

So when the rapt disciples came
From Tabor on that blessed morn,
What chilled so soon their hearts of flame?
The fierce demoniac, wild and torn,
The cry of human guilt and shame.

For here were men, young men and old,
Seared with hot iron and the lash;
And women, crushed with griefs untold;
And little children, cheap for cash;
All waiting, waiting—to be sold!

For me, each hourly good I crave
Comes at the bidding of my will;
For them, the shadows of the grave
Have gathered, or the woes that fill
The life-long bondage of the slave.

Too long my thoughts were schooled to see
 Some pretext for such fatal thrall;
 Now Reason spurns each narrow plea,
 One thrill of manhood cancels all,
 One throb of pity sets me free.

VIRGINIA! shall the Great and Just,
 Like sentries, guard the slaver's den?
 O rise, and from your borders thrust
 This thrice-accursed trade in men,
 Or hurl your heroes to the dust!

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

We have given the poem entire, and though we do not think it will add much to Mr. Butler's fame, we must say the reading of it causes us to rate the author's talent for making verses higher than his patriotism. The man who could come away from the base of Crawford's statue of Washington to indulge in abuse of Virginia, the loving mother that raised it and crowned it with the wreaths of eloquence and song, whatever may be his dexterity in weaving rhymes, has no warm sympathy with his fellow-countrymen, and no large affection for his native land. The scene selected for poetic contrast by Mr. Butler, that of the slave sale, has been frequently made use of by anti-slavery writers to point their malicious paragraphs against the Southern States, though we feel bound to say, that in the majority of instances they have described the incidents of the auction more exactly and with less of melodramatic horror than the author of "Nothing to Wear." Some allowance must be made we suppose for poetic liberties, and the fact that

— poets succeed but in fiction,
 And truth to the tribe proves a curse,

but we happen, at this moment, to recollect two accounts of visits paid to the slave auction by Englishmen, who certainly entertain no very friendly feelings towards the Southern people of the United States, Mr. Robert Chambers and the Earl of Carlisle, in which the shocking circumstances which Mr. Butler versifies, were very differently represented. We are very far from declaring that painful scenes may not

sometimes be witnessed at the slave sale, and the internal traffic in slaves is something in the highest degree distasteful to the better feeling of our own citizens, as much so as it can be to the delicate sensibilities of Mr. Butler, but we of the South are well assured that it is an evil necessarily connected with the institution, which is more than counterbalanced by the advantages of slavery to the blacks themselves, and in no degree more abhorrent than the phases of negro-life presented in free society. Let Mr. Frederick S. Cozzens speak as to what he saw in Nova Scotia, upon this point.* Nay more, before Mr. Butler moistens the *Independent* with his melodious tears over the proximity of the negro-jail to the bronze image of the PATER PATRIÆ, let him bewail the frightful contrasts which appear around him, and reflect that society is responsible for all the lawlessness and crime and suffering and moral death that roll, in a weltering mass, against the very doors of the Bible House and the stone porches of Fifth Avenue.

The force of Mr. Butler's poem is somewhat impaired by a trifling fact which he altogether forgets to mention, that Washington, and all his illustrious compatriots, whose images are to adorn the monument "At Richmond," were themselves the owners of slaves, and were so comfortable in their possession of human beings, that the Constitution which bears the immortal signature of Washington, as President of the Convention, could never have been framed without a special recognition of the obligations arising out of the institution. But we have said enough about

* Vide "Acadia," page 41.

the poem. If the author of "Nothing to Wear" had all the lyric strength of Tyrtæus, and all the nameless grace of Beranger, he might tune his lyre against slavery to deathless measures, without depopulating a single cotton plantation, or hastening by a single hour the day when under God's providence slavery shall disappear.

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We must lodge a complaint against our friends, Messrs. Rudd & Carleton of New York, for having failed to send us a copy of "The Vagabond, By ADAM BADEAU," one of the most entertaining of their recent publications, which is not as well known in this quarter of the country as it should be. The accomplished author was vagabondizing in August at the White Sulphur Springs, where he made many pleasant acquaintances, one of whom has been kind enough to call our attention to his volume. We have found it full of good sense conveyed in paragraphs upon the topics of the town in New York, the church, the opera, the galleries of art et cetera, et cetera. The title is all to which we positively object. Mr. Badeau is no more a vagabond, in any sense of that term, than Dr. Johnson was, when they translated "The Rambler" into French as "*Le Vagabond*," and the burly old dogmatist lived shut up in London. The Doctor wandered as far as the Hebrides, and Mr. Badeau gets off as far as Washington in one direction and Boston in another, but for the most part his range of reflection is bounded by the two rivers and the Central Park. If we accept as a definition of the word, what the municipal courts rather than the lexicographers give as its meaning—"having no visible means of support"—then obviously the title is ill chosen, for such articles furnished to a weekly periodical, suggest a handsome salary, whereas "The Vagabond" suggests the life of a Bohemian in garrets and Chatham Street eating-houses. But our purpose is not to comment on the author or the contents of his book—we design only to quote from it a few pencilled passages, which will be acceptable to our readers, and give them a notion of its merits. The following tribute to Meyerbeer seems to us as just as it is happily expressed:

"Art, in other times, has been expressed in other ways. The old Greeks gave vent to their love for the beautiful in the more tangible forms of architecture and sculpture, and the temples and statues that delighted the ancients have never been surpassed. In the middle ages, it burst into flower in painting, and the gorgeous creations of the Italian masters were the result. To-day, art finds its development in music. Our painting is poor and our sculpture is cold, compared with the passion and poetry that breathe in the music of the nineteenth century; and if we must yield the palm to other ages in other arts, here we can claim a super-excellence. The ancients had no conception of the power of music; the moderns, until now, have been groping before the dawn of that day in whose meridian splendour we are basking. Compare the fugues and the cathedral music of two centuries back with the harmonic glories ushered in by Gluck, and brought to perfection by Beethoven and Mozart! Compare even the discoveries of Palestrina with the science of Meyerbeer!

And if music culminates to-day, it is because it is the truest exponent of the feeling of the present age. Emotions too subtle for other embodiment, sentiments too fleeting, passions too intense, feelings too profound even for poetry, are here told; and especially do I recognize in the music of this century the utterance of that feeling which struggles for expression in the deeper literature of the time—the wild unrest, the earnestness, the uncertainty of Tennyson, of Carlyle, of George Sand, of Margaret Fuller, are all expressed in the sublime music of modern composers, are all expressed in Meyerbeer. The pretty strains of Auber may do for some; the passion of Donizetti and the intensity of Verdi, perhaps, are the fit correlatives of the outside turbulence and revolutionary spirit of our age; the exquisite flow of Rossini and the divine calm of Mozart are soothing and religious; but only the awful terror and unearthly wildness, the supernatural grandeur and unequalled sublimity, the fierce struggles and piercing agonies of Meyerbeer, combine all the characteristics of this era.

"Robert le Diable" tells of the spirit which breathes in Goethe's "Faust," and pervades every page of the earnest literature of England, France, Germany and America—the peering into forbidden secrets, the dealing with more than earthly beings;—the scepticism, the doubt, the anxiety, the terror, and the struggle. Who that has ever heard the "*Robert, toi que j'aime*"—that piercing wail of a spirit that is bound—that cry to man to save himself—but has thrilled with an intense reality that made him forget the pageant of

the stage. For my part, I shut my eyes, and care nothing for the mimic life there represented; the great genius has spoken to an inner being. The calm of Alice, the wildness of the incantation scene, the gloom that shrouds Bertram as with a garment, and the humanity of Robert, are told as no poet ever told them. Robert is equal to Faust, Alice is greater than Gretchen. They stand out individualized as distinctly in our memories as the creations of the greatest of poets, or the figures of the greatest painters.

Another such magnificent subject could not be found as the strife of a demon for his son, with the simple, pure peasant girl of Normandy, and the struggle of that son, beset by the entreaties of love and the seduction of hell! It is the history of every man; it is the grand problem of life interpreted into sound; it is the very mystery of being, set before us.

Then in "*Le Prophète*" how vividly do we see the Ana-baptists! How wonderful a creation is Fidès! How natural the variable Jean of Leyden—now triumphant, now yielding, now lost—a type again of man! And Fidès, with all the fervor and intensity of woman—woman in her purest, truest, noblest aspect, the mother—all compressed into the "*Ah, mon fils!*" which rivals the "*Robert, toi que j'aime!*" in depth of pathos, sublimity of expression, and intensity of meaning.

These are the glories, the marvellous works of Meyerbeer. He has not the dramatic feeling of Donizetti, nor perhaps the *clan* which Italian composers infuse into the expression of earthly passion. He does not represent love as they do; but when something more than human is to be told, when something clear from every stain of human dross is to be expressed—the cry of a mother over a son, or the appeal of a woman to her lover to save himself—Meyerbeer is equal to the emergency. No guilty raptures, no Favorita, no Norma, does he portray; but the sublime purity of an Alice, or the holy fervor of a Fidès."

From music to theology the transition is not, perhaps, so violent as some others, and we cannot but think there is a great deal of force in the query here propounded:

"When will the preachers of this day learn how wide-spread is the doubt that disturbs the minds of educated men? Not only is it diffused among those who avow themselves unbelievers, but among members of Christian churches, among those who seldom acknowledge their perplexity; and stranger still, among those who appear immersed in business or pleasure, there

are many who think earnestly, seriously, faithfully; many who cannot be satisfied; who determine not to think, to drown doubts in the whirl of excitement, but to whom these thoughts return in spite of themselves, to whom they cling like the old man of the mountain to Sinbad, which they cannot shake off. And yet preachers go lazily on, telling men and women that God is love, and will damn them all if they don't believe. While many, perhaps a majority of the leading literary minds of this and other countries are tinctured with free-thinking notions, no effort is made, or none commensurate with the need, to affect the age. Missionaries are sent to Boroboolah Gha, and a wail is made over the Five Points, but the mass of the educated people of the country will be infidel before the preachers know it."

The foregoing is from a well considered criticism on E. H. Chapin; what follows is the concluding paragraph of a sketch of Henry Ward Beecher—

"His independence is that on which he prides himself most; it has done him the most harm and the most good. A certain degree of this is indispensable to a man's success; but what if it is offensive, unchristian, unministerial? What if it amounts to a disregard of another's tastes and feelings and interests? if it makes him careless even of the effects of what he says and does, and so work against himself? if it makes him abrupt and affrontful, so that he injures any cause he defends quite as much as he aids it? He stands out prominently, indeed, but so does a scarecrow."

We might go on to select other passages of judicious commentary upon public speakers, but we must be content with one more extract from "*The Vagabond*" of quite a different character. The author spends a night with Edwin Booth at an old house formerly occupied by his father, and rummages among old papers of a former generation. Let him describe their search, (after the perusal of which description the reader will probably ask at the nearest bookstore for the volume)—

"Before long, darkness overtook us; but we were prepared for all emergencies, and had brought candles from a country shop on the road. What to stick them in was the question. Mambrino's basin did service better than when it was transformed into a helmet, and the experience my comrade suggested other expedients for lighting the scene. One was "

should serve as a candlestick, after the fashion of the martyrs in Nero's time: he had seen something of the sort on the stage, I suppose. This, however, did not take my fancy as it did his, and we compromised by sticking the candle in an old shoe. Then we sat on the floor together, in a closet, and revelled over our treasures. First one would cry out at a fresh discovery; then the other exclaimed as he struck a vein or came upon a placer.

"Letters and journals, as well as books, were open to the scrutiny. Engagements offered to Junius Booth nearly half a century ago; particulars of his quarrel with Edmund Kean; invitations to the box of the elder Mathews; witty notes from Elliston were tumbled by turns out of old trunks and corners, where they had lain till they were mouldy. The piles of play-bills had a wonderful fascination for me. The first appearance of Edmund Kean and Junius Brutus Booth in the same piece was announced; the *débat* of Booth in America; the first night of the 'Apostate,' in which the son now plays the part the father once declined. It was strange to look at these bills that were first handed fifty years ago, and three thousand miles away; that told of the pleasures of people long since in their graves. Manager, and actor, and audience, all have passed away, and here were we two young men wondering and gossiping over all that remained of what was once so interesting. These little bits of paper called up the scene very vividly. I could imagine the crowded house, and the green curtain, and the applauding audience, as they must have appeared long before I was born; and as I looked up at the face of my companion, all aglow with interest, it was no difficult task to summon the handsome, expressive countenance his own is said to be so like, and to fancy the person and powers of the great actor whose manly beauty he inherits. The plays were many of them the very same in which young Booth excels. I saw the bills printed when the father was at the exact age of his son to-day: Sir Giles Overreach, Richard III., Sir Edward Mortimer were in as much demand in England in '19, as they are in America in '59. So I thought of the long career of triumphs the father had gone through, and wondered whether fate had in store for the youth at my side a corresponding history, as she had already showered on him corresponding gifts. There was a tinge of soberness in our mirth. The glee with which we gloated over these strange treasures could not but be tinged by thoughts of the utter oblivion into which much of what had once been so intensely present had forever sunk; and as we saw the parts so familiar cast to names

we never heard, though we talked not much of sentiment, I am sure we both felt it. Then, too, in the midst of these mementoes of the father, we came upon a pile of play-bills belonging to the son, and compared the casts; we thought of the time when some youngsters would be looking over these very lists, and we should have long since mouldered. The candles were getting low, you see.

"We were neither of us good at snuffing them; and more than once overturned the stand and all in our ill-judged attempts, besides blacking our fingers. The time passed away very quickly, and when Hamlet took out his watch and made me guess the hour, I said ten o'clock, though it was past two. We had made no arrangements for sleeping; there was no bedding in the house; but we were having a night of it, and concluded to adventure bravely. Armed with candles, we roamed around the rooms, and finally put two sofas together, and discovered an old mattress. But the night was cool, and we must have some covering; so Roscius got into the old wardrobe of his father, pulled out an ermine cloak that belonged to Macbeth, and some of the trappings of Shylock or Lear, and tossed them to me. I made a pillow out of the very mantle of Cæsar through which the envious dagger ran, and slumbered quietly enough, though Macbeth had murdered sleep in the robe that kept me warm. We talked away long after our candles had burned out; previous to which I induced Hamlet to read me some funny stories, and when he got tired of reading, to tell me more; so I fell into a doze, with his voice ringing in his ears; and he may tell of having put one auditor to sleep by his monotonous delivery. I warrant you, some of his fair admirers would not have slept, so long as he talked, and doubtless they envy me my snooze on his arm. But 'twas dark, and I couldn't see his eyes; besides, I had seen them all day.

"Next morning we rose late; the bed was so good, that not till eleven did I hear the tragedian arouse me with the first words that Sir Edward Mortimer speaks in the play. We went out to the pump to make our toilettes, and then opened a tin kettle containing sandwiches we had brought from the country tavern. The negroes gave us milk, but we had no confidence in their cleanliness, and washed a broken cup and an old plate that we found, for ourselves. This breakfast equipage was disposed on a garden table, and Hamlet did the honours very gracefully. The banquetting scene was not disturbed; no ghost entered with gory locks; but you should have seen Lear washing a tea-cup, and Romeo making the beds. However, he had a way of doing even these that was worth looking at; and moody, and

morose and quiet as he often is, was full of wit and geniality with me. He quoted Shakspeare constantly and felicitously; he made faces for me out of all his plays; he looked like Richard when he says: "What do they in the north?" and struck the attitude of Richelieu when he launches the curse of Rome. In this vein, we went to the wardrobe, and had another hour of sport.

"He got out old wigs—one that Kean had worn in *Lear*: the very one that was torn from his head in the mad scene, and yet the pit refused to smile; he found me his father's in *Othello*, and put it on to show the look. There was a picture of the elder Booth hard by on the wall, and the likeness was marvellous. He told me the history of this sword, and a story about that red cloak; he dressed me up in toggery, and then decorated himself for a farce, declaring he would have made a hit in *Little Tiddlekins*, only it was too much trouble to be funny."

We cheerfully comply with the request of one of the Faculty of William and Mary College, that we should give a place in the *Messenger* to the following eloquent letter from the Hon. Edward Everett, written in response to an invitation to attend the 167th anniversary of that seminary of learning. In laying it before our readers, we have infinite pleasure in stating that the new college edifice has been completed, and that the beloved old *Alma Mater* of so many distinguished men is about to enter, under the happiest auspices, on a new career of usefulness and honour.

Boston, 12 February 1859.

My Dear Sir,

I did not receive your letter of the 20th ult., kindly inviting me, on behalf of the Faculty and Alumni of William and Mary College, to attend the celebration of its 167th anniversary, till my return a day or two since from Philadelphia. It would have afforded me the greatest pleasure to be with you on this interesting and important occasion, with an opportunity of visiting, at the same time, the localities mentioned in your letter, the very names of which appeal so powerfully to the patriotic heart. The recent calamity will, I fear, prevent the celebration from taking place; but even if it should not, I find myself so much fatigued and otherwise slightly indisposed from my recent laborious excursion, as to need repose.

In addition to the high literary attractions held out in the Oration of President Tyler and the poem of Mr. Tucker, there

is no little in the history of the College itself, to interest a son of Harvard. Next to our ancient Seminary yours is the oldest in British North America. William and Mary for many years stood in the same relation to the Southern colonies, that Harvard did the Northern,—the *Alma Mater* of many of their most honored sons. William and Mary gave to the United States the Author of the declaration of Independence, Harvard its most eloquent supporter on the floor of the Continental Congress. A most respectable literary Society, of which branches now exist in many of the New England Colleges, (I wish it would take a good plain English name), was originally founded in William and Mary, and in virtue of a "Charter" from your College established in Harvard in 1781. In 1783 you elected Virginia's peerless son to the honorary office of Chancellor; twelve years before Harvard had conferred upon him the highest honorary distinction in her power to bestow. But even without these kindly associations, you are entitled to the sympathy of all seminaries of good learning, as an institution, which had the confidence of the Father of his Country, as one whose strenuous endeavor it was to place "the system of education on such a basis, as will render it most beneficial to the State and the republic of letters, as well as to the more extensive interests of humanity and religion."

Since the date of your letter you have experienced a most heavy loss in the destruction of the college, its library, and laboratory, by fire. Let me cherish the hope, that this deplorable event will, by a kind Providence, be turned into a blessing, by awakening a renewed interest in the welfare of the Institution, on the part of its Alumni, its friends, and the public at large.

With assurances of sincere sympathy with you in this day of your calamity, and with the best wishes for the restoration of your time-honored seminary to more than its former prosperity,

I remain, Dear Sir, sincerely your friend,

EDWARD EVERETT.

Professor JOYNES.

A notable discussion is going on in the newspapers of Charleston, S. C., the point at issue being whether Mr. William Gilmore Simms can write good English. We shall expect to hear soon that the good people of Boston are in doubt as to Mr. Longfellow's acquaintance with the alphabet, and that the London *Athenæum* is perplexed about Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's familiarity with the auxiliary verbs. When will the people of the South learn to know and honour their worthiest literary men? ✓

Notices of New Works.

HENRY ST. JOHN, GENTLEMAN, of "Flower of Hundreds" in the County of Prince George, Virginia. *A Tale of 1774-75*. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

All Mr. Cooke's excellencies and all his faults appear in this volume. The chief merit of it is to be found in the faithful and minute reproduction of the social habits of a past age which is associated with the brightest renown of Virginia and in which moved the most illustrious of her sons. The pictures of life and manners which it presents, highly coloured as they are, have been drawn from materials carefully collected and conscientiously employed, and Mr. Cooke has shown the skill of the true artist in filling up the cold historic outlines and causing the canvass to glow with the freshened tints of a by-gone, almost forgotten period. His selections from the poet's corner of the old Gazette are not only most happy, but they have been ingeniously introduced, while the stirring scenes of the first act of the Revolutionary drama at Williamsburg are interwoven with the story with a fine dramatic effect. When we say in addition to this that the richness and animation of Mr. Cooke's style mark almost every page of "Henry St. John," the reader will feel assured that in our judgment it is a work both meritorious and entertaining.

We must qualify this sincere praise, however, by remarking upon some minor blemishes which belong to this work in particular, and some graver faults which it displays in common with all the novels we have seen from Mr. Cooke's pen.

The book is not altogether truthful or squared to probability in respect of its descriptions and incidents. For example, we have a donkey cart in the streets of Williamsburg in 1774—an impossible thing, since the asinine quadruped was first introduced in America by General Washington after the Revolution; again we have the rattlesnake lifting high its crest when lying at full length on the ground, which is opposed to natural history, and we have a sea breeze in Prince George county which is opposed to geographical truth. Lord Dunmore is represented as conferring the lieutenantancy of his guards upon a Roman Catholic, which so good a churchman as he would never have done, even had it been in his power

so to do, and this Roman Catholic is made to espouse the side of the Crown, which is improbable, since the Catholics of the colonies were mostly patriots and followed the lead of the brave rebels of Maryland. A greater liberty yet is taken with history in the creation of a certain Mr. Waters, created anew, though appearing in the "Virginia Comedians," and fashioned into a dark conspirator of most unsocial manners and wonderful power over men, inasmuch that though he lives moodily enough to himself and only skulks through the streets of Williamsburg in the dark, he moved the great men of the Burgesses about like so many puppets. If Patrick Henry was the *tongue* of the Revolution, this tongue spoke only Mr. Waters' sentiments. If Thomas Jefferson was the *pen* of the Revolution, this pen was dipped only in Mr. Waters' inkstand. If George Washington was the *sword* of the Revolution, Mr. Waters it was who drew that sword from the scabbard. It is scarcely necessary for us to say that such a gloomy, mysterious, fate-compelling man as this never could have existed—it is enough for us to say that he never did exist.

But to pass to Mr. Cooke's defects as a novelist, apparent in this as in the stories he has previously published.

A novel is excellent in exact proportion to its fidelity to nature. It may be true, indeed, that those writers of history are most popular who are most imaginative and least trustworthy, among whom some are disposed to class Lord Macaulay, but it is also true that only those novelists can obtain a hold upon the public mind who conform their narrations strictly to the ordinary course of things and make their ideal personages resemble the common people around us. And to maintain the illusion which successful fiction must exert, it is necessary not only that the scenery, costume, and manners of the place and period should be accurately presented, but that all the personages who figure in the story should be rounded into individuality. We should justly condemn a historical painting in which, however faithfully the accessories might have been executed, the artist had bestowed his whole attention upon the two principal figures, leaving the others but hastily sketched, and with no more of life in them than the lay figures of his studio. And yet this is just what Mr. Cooke seems to us to do. Not without a considerable power of delineation, he makes his hero and heroine probable

beings enough, though with more than the ordinary silliness of lovers; they act from human motives, are moved by human joys and sorrows, are touched with a feeling of earthly infirmity, and do now and then cheat us into a belief in their actual existence. But he goes no farther. The rest of the *dramatis personæ* are not men and women at all, they are but automata, the lifeless representatives of certain follies or peculiarities, dressed up in knee-breeches, tie-wigs, hoops, brocades and velvets, and beautified with moustachios, love-locks, patches and hair powder. In the volume before us, the "good fellow" is an absurd caricature of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, who never appears without a French expletive and the expression of his desire to fight a duel with a stupid secretary of Lord Dunmore, in order that he may learn a certain thrust of the small sword. Mr. Cooke is evidently fond of this amateur in fence, but he should have known that something more than *morbleus's* and *ventrebleu's* was necessary to impart reality to an individual whose only business in the novel is to amuse us by the exhibition of a most improbable folly. Take Lord Dunmore himself in the pages of "Henry St. John," and observe how Mr. Cooke has attired some bad passions in the Governor's fine clothes to represent the Governor himself. We see Lord Dunmore always in the sulks, as in the signs which used to hang before the country taverns of England, Wilkes was only to be recognized by his squint. Lord Dunmore doubtless was a tyrant and a coward, but so was King James, yet Sir Walter has drawn a portrait of this monarch in which his pitiable qualities are brought into greater prominence by the contrast in which they stand to the other side of his character. Mr. Cooke's Lord Dunmore has but one side, and therefore does not stand out at all. Indeed there is so much flatness of characterization in Mr. Cooke's novels, that they remind us of those stereoscopic views in which two figures are vividly represented against a painted background where all the effect of perspective is lost.

The plots of Mr. Cooke's novels are singularly ill-contrived. He is not wanting in invention, and understands effect as well as any one, in proof of which we may cite the scene in the "Virginia Comedians," where the door is suddenly thrown open and the servant announces "Mr. Effingham and Miss Hallam," and the very clever incident in "Henry St. John," where the hero's negro-servant dresses himself in his master's cast-off uniform, and unconsciously brings Capt. Lindon into ridicule at the ball, but the reader is kept in no state of pleasing and excited doubt, alternating between satisfaction and

despair, as to the fate of the heroine, and the incidents which conduce to the catastrophe are mostly forced and unnatural. Mr. Cooke would seem to have gone on writing chapter after chapter of a particular story, without the least notion himself of how it was all to end, until the immense piles of MS. before him, warned him of the necessity of a conclusion, and then to have resorted to abductions, thunder-storms, pistols, house-burnings and all the other properties of the melodrama. We attribute this rather to want of study than to want of invention. Mr. Cooke writes too fast and publishes without proper revision.

In dismissing "Henry St. John," we cannot but pay the high tribute of our admiration to the purity of sentiment which distinguishes the highly poetic and animated style of our author. It is easy to see that the atmosphere of his fancy is a healthful atmosphere. He has the heartiest sympathy with what is honest and pure and of good report. And though an occasional extravagance may be found in his descriptive passages, the style is uniformly as chaste as the sentiment. Let this pretty picture of the heroine of "Henry St. John" bear us out in the assertion.

"Bonnybel Vane is a sparkling, mischievous little maiden of about seventeen. She has a slender, but elegantly rounded figure, a clear white complexion, with two fresh roses blooming in her cheeks; red, pouting lips, large bright eyes of a deep violet, which seem ready to melt or fire under the long dusky lashes, and a profusion of light brown hair, as soft as silk. The face is oval—of that pure-blooded Norman type which fascinated the kings and princes of the middle ages, and led to so many bitter feuds and bloody wars. The beautiful, mischievous-looking head is placed upon a swan-like neck, and inclined toward one of the snowy shoulders. As to the expression of the girl's features, we cannot describe it. The brilliant violet eyes are ready to dance with merriment and mischief, or swim in the dews of feeling; the lips are mobile, prepared to contract, like crumpled rose-leaves, with demure amusement at some jest, or, half-parted, to express a world of pity and pathos. Bonnybel is a striking type of the women of the South, as opposed to the pale, calm, statuesque beauty of more northern countries; she is brimful of feeling, of impulse, mischief, coquettish wildness; indeed, but for the impropriety of the illustration, we should say that she resembles a "thorough-bred" young race-horse of the most elegant proportions and the purest "blood." She is clad in a pink dress, looped back with bows of ribbon, a close-fitting, square-cut bodice, and a frill

of rich lace runs around the neck, and appears beneath the short sleeves, which leave the arms of the girl bare almost to the shoulders. She wears red coral bracelets clasped with gold, and her arms are of dazzling whiteness."

Surely this is a striking portraiture, which speaks to the eye not less eloquently than the following bit of musical pathos to the ear. In quoting it, we bid Mr. Cooke, for a time, farewell.

"Of the songs sung by Bonnybel, our worthy author says—They are the sweetest, I think, of all the Scottish minstrelsy. But all are sweet, far more so than the ditties of to-day. They sound for us now with a dim memorial music, those madrigals which were carolled by our grandmothers to the murmur of old ghostly harpsichords, while, standing by the little beauties, our respected grandfathers were captivated, and for ever dreamed of those old tunes, and loved them as the echoes of past happiness and youthful joys, and all that carnival which glitters and darts onward in the rosy dawn of youth. I knew an old gentleman who would often take his book of ancient Scottish songs, and murmur them to himself for hours; and I've frequently seen my dear and honoured father sit, with wistful smiles, and pensive eyes, recalling, as he listened to his favourite "Flowers of the Forest," youthful hours, and the little maiden who sang for him, the same song, in the days of silk stockings and hair powder, early in the century. Kind-hearted and true Virginia gentleman, whose hand has so often rested on my head in childhood, may you sleep in peace! O, noble father, gone from us to heaven! thinking of you now, here in the sunshine, and of what was a rarer, purer sunshine—your sweet smile—the idle words I write swim as I gaze on them. I lay down my pen and muse, and am thankful for the blood that flows in my veins, for the noble sire bestowed upon me by a gracious and kind Heaven!"

A POETICAL ORATION; *With Introductory Remarks*, delivered before the Literary Societies of Semple Broadus College, or University of De Soto, Centre Hill, De Soto County, Miss., June 22nd, 1859. By CHARLES WILLIAMS, M. D. Richmond: H. K. Ellyson, Printer, 147 Main Street. 1859.

"THE RULE OF LIFE." *An Address*, delivered before the two Literary Societies of Wake Forest College, June 8, 1859. By EDWARD WARREN, M. D., of Edenton, N. C. Published by the Euzelian Society. Fayetteville: Printed by Edward J. Hale & Son. 1859.

ADDRESS, delivered before the *Demosthenean and Phi Kappa Societies of the University of Georgia*, in the College Chapel, at Athens, August 4th, 1859. By JOSEPH B. CUMMING, Esq. Augusta, Ga.: Steam Power Press of the Chronicle & Sentinel. 1859.

ORATION; delivered before the *South Carolina Historical Society*, Thursday, May 19, 1859. By W. H. TRESCOT, Esq. (From the Collections of the Historical Society of South Carolina, Vol. III.) Charleston, S. C.: James & Williams, Printers, 16 State Street. 1859.

For what purpose such "Poetical Orations" as the one now under our eye, are written, we may hazard an inference from the title-page—to wit, to afford a half hour's gratification to Literary Societies like those of Semple Broadus College; but why they should ever be published, to the injury of the institution and the discredit of the author, passeth our knowledge. Dr. Williams, we make no doubt, is an eminent and worthy physician who has fallen into the melancholy delusion that he is a poet, but though Apollo was distinguished for his knowledge of the healing art, medical talent and poetic sensibility are not always united in the same individual, of which the effort before us affords abundant proof. The "Poetical Oration" consists of about 230 lines, the larger portion of them being "Episodes," an "Episode on Genius," an "Episode on the dark period in our country's history," an "Episode on Time," and an "Episode on Woman," lovely woman. The main argument is therefore so much interrupted that the reader is somewhat perplexed to know what the poet is seeking to establish. Yet this immethodical arrangement of his thoughts would be pardonable enough if the thoughts themselves were expressed in graceful poetic forms and were originally worth expressing. But Dr. Williams has such imperfect ideas of the requisitions of verse that he makes *divine* rhyme to *sublime* twice on the same page, and what he says in couplets if reduced to prosaic sentences would be the merest commonplace. Genius has an important part to play in this world, according to our poetical orator—

"Oh, lofty genius! 'tis to thee we owe
The purest joys to us frail mortals given;
Changing to light all that is dark below,
And raising the immortal mind from Earth
to Heaven."

This passage, thanks to the alexandrine perhaps, will not remind the reader of

Gray's Elegy, but it will, probably, suggest to him that Dr. Williams has confounded the office of Genius with that of Religion. But he does not let Genius off quite so easily, as the single stanza we have quoted would imply, this personification has a good deal yet to perform—

"Genius! thou noblest gift bestowed to man,
How glorious the effulgence of thy sway;
'Tis thou canst light with hope life's fleeting span,
And fill the soul with an ethereal ray—

"Bid every mind its noblest thoughts expand;
Spend through the world a vivifying flame;
Cull all the sweets from ocean, air and land,
And light the path that leads to endless fame."

Expanding minds, setting the world on fire, collecting the sweets of sea and shore and sky, and lighting the path that leads to endless fame as well as life's fleeting span, Genius ought to be endowed with wonderful personal qualities, and so Genius has been by Dr. Williams. Thus—

"Deep as the fountains 'neath the surging wave,
High as the brilliant arch of Heaven above,
Firm as the rocks which the blue oceans lave,
The fearless champion still of truth and love."

Cela suffit.

The "Rule of Life" is the production of another Doctor of Medicine who is content to embody his reflections in prose, for the most part excellent prose, containing much profitable admonition. The chief object of the discourse is to point out the distinction between self-love and selfishness, and this it does with clearness and emphasis.

The duties of the Citizen is the theme on which Mr. Cumming speaks chiefly to the young gentlemen of the university of Georgia. His views are not new, but they are forcibly, at times eloquently set forth, and cannot be too earnestly pondered by undergraduates at college.

Mr. Trescott's Oration is a noble one. There are few more honest or more earnest thinkers in the Southern States, and not one who has the command of a more elegant style. Wherever Mr. Trescott employs a word in excess of what is absolutely necessary to the conveyance of his thought, that word is felicitous, and just so far as he goes beyond the strictest severity

of expression he becomes eloquent. And this eloquence is natural because spontaneous, arising out of no weak desire for applause, but rather out of an imagination warmed by the contemplation of lofty subjects, yet kept in wholesome restraint by the exercise of a correct and cultivated taste. We have no room to follow Mr. Trescott's argument, or borrow from his pages the many stirring passages which have impressed us in the reading of it. The local history of South Carolina furnishes him with a theme, and in the treatment of it he discusses the interesting question, on which some of the ablest of our historical writers have divided in Virginia, as to the influence of the Cavalier element in the social and political organization of the State. One passage, however, we must find room to insert, a handsome and well deserved tribute paid by the historian to the writer of fiction. Referring to the revolutionary era in South Carolina, Mr. Trescott says:

"And I cannot refer to this glorious portion of our history without acknowledging the debt which, I think, the State owes to one of her most distinguished sons, for the fidelity with which he has preserved its memory, the vigour and beauty with which he has painted its most stirring scenes, and kept alive in fiction the portraits of its most famous heroes. I consider Mr. Simms' Partisan Novels as an invaluable contribution to Carolina history."

"I am young enough to speak from experience, and I am sure that many a boy who is eagerly following his heroes through the swamps of the Santee, or along the banks of the Ashley, will find his local attachment strengthened and widened into affection for his State, and in the time to come will do her ready and unselfish service, stimulated by the heroic traditions to which the imagination of the novelist has imparted a dramatic and living reality."

The South Carolina Historical Society has reason to be proud of her orator as the State has reason to be proud of her novelist.

THE HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, CALLED METHODISM, &c., &c. By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. Volume II. New York: Published by Carlton & Porter. [From Geo. L. Bidgood, Agent of the Methodist Depository.]

The period embraced in this portion of the continuation of Dr. Steven's "History

of Methodism" is that between the death of Whitefield and the death of Wesley. The author has abated in no degree the diligence and enthusiasm manifested in his first volume, nor has he departed from the catholicity of spirit which distinguished that part of his labours. The work recognizes a large body of readers outside of the strictly Wesleyan communion, and has to deal with a variety of topics and persons only incidentally connected with the main subject, and these Dr. Stevens has discussed in a manner at once liberal and pleasing. He manages the side lights which are thrown upon his canvass in this way with great skill and effect. In the present volume, we find much that is striking in contemporaneous history. The account of the young Methodists who fought at Louisbourg and Quebec, the reference to the good men of Clapham, the introduction of the poet Cowper, the passing reference to George Crabbe, the interview with Dr. Johnson, the sweet story of the "Dairyman's Daughter," and the beautiful picture of Grace Murray, who would seem almost to have been the original of Dinah Morris in "Adam Bede," all these lend an interest to the record apart from that which attaches to the progress of Methodism. The great charm of the volume, however, is to be found in the full and vivid account it gives us of the old age of Wesley—

an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night—

which led him gently to his peaceful and honoured grave. What a spectacle, indeed, is presented by the declining years of this revered apostle! Where in the whole range of the biographies of celebrated men shall we look for a more attractive portraiture? With faculties unimpaired at three score and ten, and his gray hairs alone indicating his approach to the end of life, his brow yet smooth and his complexion ruddy, his voice still retaining the power and the pathos which belonged to it in his earlier ministrations, we see him traversing the country, preaching in the streets of crowded capitals and on the bleak hillsides of remote mountain districts, receiving with equal humility and composure the affectionate homage of his friends and the taunts and blows of his enemies, serving God with all his strength and soul and mind, and looking forward meekly, when his light afflictions should be over, to his eternal weight of glory in the heavens. There is a dignity, there is a majesty in the last years of this patriarch which challenges our admiration. What a manliness there was in his reli-

gion, what a roundness, a completeness of character! The taste for the beautiful in nature, in art, in the poetry of Tasso and even of Anacreon, in old ruins and crimson sunsets was exhibited by him to the last, and long after the period when men ordinarily lose their impressibility to such sights and sounds, he writes from foreign countries with zest and animation of the music he heard and the gardens and public buildings he saw. A gentle courtesy marked his intercourse with the humblest and the most distinguished of his fellow beings, and we may not wonder that in the reading of the burial service at his grave, the change of a single word suggested itself to the officiating clergyman, who read "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our deceased *father*"—amid the loud weeping of the attending multitude.

If anything were wanting to enhance the interest of such a life, it is supplied in the tender episode of his love for Grace Murray and the cruel disappointment to which it was doomed. The story has been told before, but never so fully as by Dr. Stevens, whose patient and faithful labours entitle him no less to the thanks of the votaries of literature than of the members of his own large and powerful denomination of Christians.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume VII. *Edwards—Furos.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1859. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

This work increases in interest and value with each volume. It has abundantly redeemed the promise of its title, and proved to be a "popular dictionary of general knowledge." It is not perhaps as exhaustive of some subjects as other publications of a similar character, but it gives a larger amount of valuable information within convenient limits and in a style to be readily understood by the whole reading public. The articles on England and France in this volume are especially worthy of mention as presenting at once clearly and compactly the leading facts connected with the history, commerce, literature and resources of the two countries. We can only repeat here what we have said before of the ability and patient industry which the Editors have brought into the conduct of this work, and we are glad to believe that its high merits have been acknowledged already in a large body of subscribers throughout the country.

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Is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and above all, by the venereal infection.—Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says: "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

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Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER, *Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.*

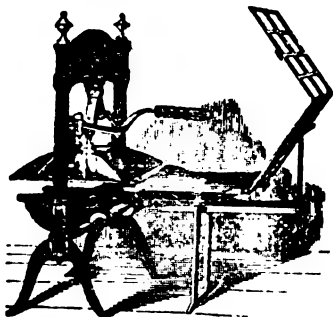
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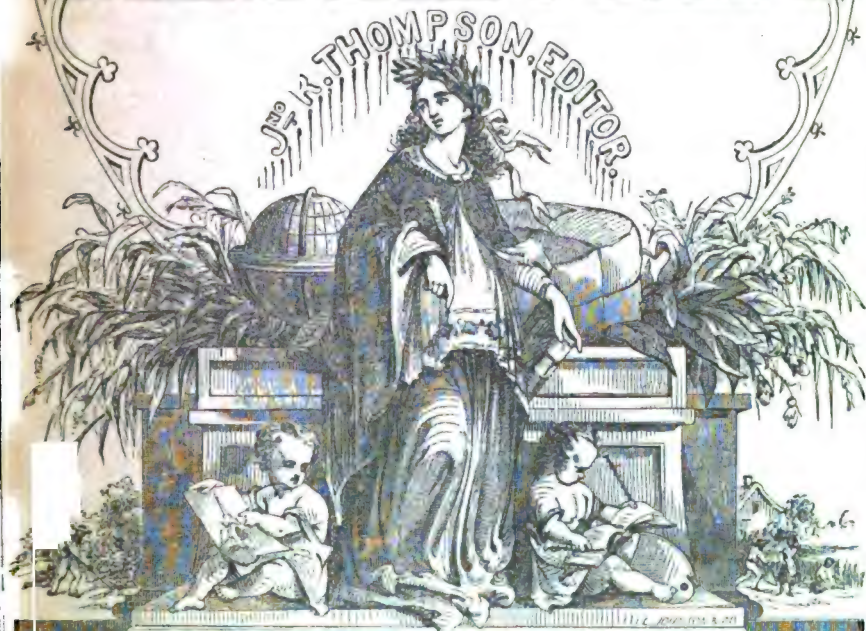
Vol. 28.
29

No. 5.

NOVEMBER.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER

J. K. THOMPSON, EDITOR.



MACFARLANE, FERGUSON & Co.
PROPRIETORS,

1859.

RICHMOND, Va.

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A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, NOVEMBER, 1859.

LETTERS OF A SPINSTER.

Concerning the Inauguration of the 50th President of the United States, and the Public Affairs of the 21st Century.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM MISS JANE DELAWARE PEYTON,
Presently at Washington.

TO MISS MARY TIBERIN BOONE,
Rasselas, Oregon.

WASHINGTON, *Quarter of the Senate,* }
March 2029.

MY DEAR MARY:

I was compelled to laugh outright at your literal acceptance of my two apes, in the description of Mrs. Delaroute's masque. Why, you silly one, do you not know that all the different classes of domestics have long since had places assigned them in the Zoological Gardens of the great world. A gentleman's servant is now his ape, (and there is reason in the term): his lackey, footman or waiter, is his tiger, and his porter his bear. In like manner my lady's maid is her mole, while the nurse is either opossum or doe. You know that all animals have a slight resemblance (what the chemists call a trace) of the human face divine, in their beastly lineaments, so that when Goethe and Retzsch together, made an Ass clerk and librarian of the herald's college: gave him a neck-cloth and spectacles, and put a pen behind his ear, there was no denying but that we had seen faces upon the shoulders of "men and brethren" of a very analogous and not quite so intelligent an expression. It is true, that some of the more ancient of our aristocracy prefer another mode of designating their domestics.

With them a man's valet is always named Thomas, his footman or waiter George, and his porter Peter; and of the other sex the maid is always Prudence or Nancy, the nurse Lucy, and the housekeeper or laundress Wilkins. This latter system of naming had been followed to such an extent in times past, that its more common appellatives were held to be servile and ungenteel—and James, John, Paul, and Peter, became among the upper classes plebeian and vulgar. They suffered as Mrs. Doll Tearsheet's word "occupy" had done, "which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted."

This precision of taste produced about this time a change in the Christian names of both sexes. For instance, the names of maid servants and working women being kept according to the nomenclature of holy church, at Anna, Jane, Eliza, or Margaret; the better orders, by way both of distinction and novelty, had their girls christened Nannie, Jennie, Lizzie, Fannie, Maggie, making them all diminutives. This practice continued till the census of the year 1880, when physiological statistics were for the first time considered, and in which it had been directed that the stature and weight of all full grown persons should be taken among their other personal qualifications. It was found from these returns and from those that followed, that the bulk and height of our sex had

materially diminished in the interval, and a celebrated physiologist and physician of the time having intimated that this contraction might, in some measure, be traced to the belittling of the names; a fashionable panic forthwith arose in the community, and from that time to this the practice of be-ninnying the feminine gender has been discontinued. By the way what a practice and what a taste it was? To substitute for the queenly Jane, the pert and flirting Jenny—for Margaret, whose every consonant intimates a royal procession, the diminutive Maggie, which consorts only with mites and worms. About the same time our sex (a fair consequence of the immense production of flimsy fictions which was a characteristic of the age) began to introduce polyvocal (excuse the new word, I mean many-voweled,) names from the realms of poetry and romance—hence Desdemonas, Ophelias, Clorindas, Medoras, Zuleikas, and Cunepondas. Nor were the other sex at all behind us in the two peculiarities we have mentioned—with them Henry was christened into Harry, William into Willie, John into Jack or (Scottice) into Jock, Laurence was diddled into Larry, or duplicated into Lorenzo; and Louis became Ludovico. Instead of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, we got Matthias, and Marcus Tullius, Lucius, and Don Juan. About this time an ambassador of the Republic, to one of the proudest nations of the world, bore the grand pagan prefix of Julius Cæsar, with an English termination reminding us very much of that once celebrated person Anacharsis Clootz. It is true, that our correlatives of the other sex, or rather their god-fathers and god-mothers, may have been influenced in this respect by higher motives. It has long been noticed that many of the great men who come among us—men destined to be felt in their own age and remembered long after it—have made their first appearance in the world with very strange announcements. The name of Napoleon Buonaparte bothered and amazed the old Abbé who examined him at Brienne: and he himself, in the first access of his great fortune, left the ‘u’ out of his last name

in order to make it more consonant and endurable to the great nation. When, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, the nationalities of Poland and Hungary began to show signs of vitality: to gather armies and banners, and leaders and allies, the name of their first captain, Shrtzntski, a name never heard of before, and unpronounceable by any known rule or analogy whatever, was held by skilful politicians to be, on that very account, a good omen for the success of the cause which he had undertaken—and against England, France, Spain, or Italy, or any of the more facile tongues of Christendom, it might have done wonders and been a spell to raise the devil with. But the Austrians and Russians brought against it still more demoniacal conglomerates, terminations in *etski* and *ouski*—sounds begotten between their own coarse-mouthed gutturals and the smooth and slavish *ows* and *wows* of modern Greek. And, alas for the brave but down-trodden Poles and Maygars! their liberty was for the time annihilated and almost for ever! But if it had been the object of our sponsors in baptism to give us extraordinary names, on the ground, or for the sake either of present or future distinction, they should have remembered that to be effective they must have some consonance and agreement. A man who should be called Fingal Hodge, would have probably small chance of becoming a great general, or one named Ossian Grimes a successful poet. At any rate, you see I am a great believer in names, and think a modern Tristram Shandy, purged of the indecencies which disfigure Sterne’s book and make it almost unmentionable among ladies, would be of much greater use, both in education and morals, than many of the treatises ending in ology which we wot of.

In regard to names, whether of persons or places, I have long regarded them as moral agencies of great importance, and have even ventured to suppose that names and national songs must both be under some special providence, their birth, growth and mutation are often so strangely significant. Of this we have a pertinent example in the names of two of the

suburbs of this great city. You know that its principal street, the *Via Sacra*, is Pennsylvania Avenue, and like the main thoroughfare of all great towns which are not walled or fortified, it loses itself at each end in straggling houses or widely built villas, like the two ends of Mirza's bridge, which disappeared in clouds instead of abutments, and were broken into holes, cracks and disconnected pieces. Now, in the centre of this grand street, where are the public edifices, hotels and official residences, there needed no sign-board, placard or advertisement, to inform even strangers where they were: but at the extremities of the street, where the buildings grew diminutive and unequal, it was necessary to put the name of the street in conspicuous letters for the assurance of passengers. On these sign-boards the name of Pennwoods Street was abbreviated into *Pa. Avenue*, and hence those inhabiting the suburb at the Eastern end, which was at first the most irregular and broken, came to be called *Parvenues*, and the suburb itself took in time that designation. At the other end of the Avenue, which contained for the most part residences of older citizens—those who had passed through the great mill, and returned from it with their skins whole and something to spare—the inhabitants were, in contradistinction, called *Convenues*, and that suburb took the corresponding soubriquet.

But to return to Mrs. Delaroute's apes, from which I have been too long digressing, they were no other than two especially large and ugly valets, who took for the time literally the shapes and properties which they had nominally borne long time before in the lady's household. They were much aided by dress, and their gibberish and gesticulation, which had been well taught and practised, was well played. They were in fact a part of the masquerade. That two such approximations to the baboon race should be found in the same family is due principally to the taste, not yet extinct, of choosing one's servants from the ugliest or most deformed specimens of humanity. For the custom still prevails which in earlier

times selected guards, warders and confidential servants from dwarfs, crook-backs and the deformed or mal-organized of the species; and a man of fortune now may be as much distinguished by the ugliness as the number of his servants. It is to my mind decidedly a wicked, unfeeling and unchristian practice, and is for the most part, if not altogether, confined to the male sex. As for ourselves, we prefer always to have our maids and menials nearly of our own kind and semblance.

There has been, to-day, a grand review and inspection of the city guards, or military police of the city. The exercise and drill were of the most imposing character, and displayed not only the perfection of the troops, but drew into the field many of the notabilities now present at the capital, both of the other sex and ours. Many ladies, chiefly from the interior, were in the field on horseback, well dressed and mounted, some of them exhibiting all the skill, grace and confidence of the most perfect menage. How much would our sex gain in health, in intellect, and in virtue, if a portion of the time lost upon cushions and in coaches, or of that which is worse than lost in overheated rooms and in the cruel harness of fashionable life, were spent in the blessed air, in communion with nature, among fair sights and sweet sounds? Every sense quickened with exercise, and the consciousness of commanding forces other than our own. I may, perhaps, at some other time, venture on a description of the feats of arms, and other concomitants of the gala, but at present let me give you some idea of the constitution and functions of these household troops, which may be considered as the Prætorian bands of the city government. They compose, at present, the militia as well as police of the city, and number about eight hundred men. They are divided into companies; their barracks being on the western side of the Mall, between the Government house and the Capitol. They are under the command of the Mayor of the City, their chief having the rank of Colonel. Their pay is the same as that of cadets: sufficient for their support, and this enables their

officers to recruit them from the most healthy and robust of the citizens, their term of service being five years. The rules of the body are exceeding strict, and like the laws of Draco, have but one punishment, which is dismissal. From this regiment are detailed all the guards necessary for the public buildings and public grounds, as well as the watchmen, police and firemen of the city. They have a gymnasium, and are constantly drilled, not only in military exercises and in the use of all arms, but in feats of strength and agility, so that they make a very formidable body for the suppression of riots or popular commotions. Their uniform is white, with dark, green facings. The hat being a morion, with a metallic visor, crest and rim, and sides of a light, green cloth, making a head-piece capable of resisting everything but shot. This is their official dress when acting as soldiers or guards: but as watchmen they have at their command all sorts of costume and disguise. Upon the present occasion they composed a troop of light cavalry, a company of artillery, a battalion of infantry, and a train of pompiers or firemen, having with them one of the steam fire engines used now for extinguishing fires. When on duty as warders they carry a short wooden staff or truncheon, the symbol of their authority, also a brace of pistols for cases of emergency. The colour of the uniform was selected in reference to cleanliness and the greater ease and certainty of inspection. The discipline is as strict as that of scholars, and to have served among them is a recommendation to higher military or civil duty. Their ranks being filled from the country at large, they are nearly independent of the interests, excitements and factions which may, from time to time, grow up among the citizens of the capital, and are therefore a more secure reliance in cases of mobs and tumults: for in other large towns, whenever it has been found necessary to support the magistracy by an armed force taken from the citizen soldiery, these last are always more or less infected with the rebellious feeling which is to be repressed, and of course more unreliable in time of ex-

tremity. In slight commotions of this kind the fire engine has been used with decided effect, as on short notice it can be made to throw hot water instead of cold.

The establishment of this corps was the first attempt made in our country to improve the character of the police or municipal justice of large cities, setting it on a different and firmer basis than the systems of the old world, which we had at first been compelled to copy. These older constitutions had grown up gradually with the increased knowledge and wickedness of the age, and under the more or less despotic authority of European princes, (which last curb is almost a necessary condition to their existence), until their principal strength came to consist in a most perfect and omnipresent espionage. In London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, at the time we speak of, about two per cent. of the whole population were in the pay of the municipal authorities, as spies upon the concerns and conduct of their fellow-citizens. In the older and weaker governments, where the clergy had been for a long time demoralized, the office of political informer had been mostly performed by them, but in the fresher and more liberal governments, the secret police had become an agent of a very different character, and consisted of a personnel picked, trained, and of unlimited powers. When applied to free institutions like our own, a system like this soon developed its insufficiency and its evil results. One of the worst effects of such an authority anywhere, is to assimilate and confound the ministers of justice with its subjects, to put the constable and the thief in the same class of society, and thus annihilate one of the most important relations among men. Even in London, at this time, a very considerable number of the detective police were also denizens of the hells and stews of the metropolis, and in the continental cities the number was much larger. This plan of intermingling and working up vice with the leaven of authority, had already shewn evil consequences, even in the European cities where it had been first practised, and where its abuse could be more sternly and absolutely controlled.

But in our cities, where population increased in a ratio till then unexampled, and where the popular will is always really paramount to the law, this amalgamation and alliance between wrong and right soon gave predominance to the evil principle, and the administration of justice became horribly venal and inefficient. Men were throttled for their purses in the open streets—women were snared into pit-falls for the Moloch lust of merthant princes, and the most sordid and horrid lust approached even the high places of the country and stained its hands with blood within sight of the Capitol. It soon became evident that something was wrong here, and the wise and good set themselves about a remedy. Men saw that the old saying of setting a thief to catch a thief, is not a true one, or will only serve where less than half the community are thieves themselves, or consider the crime venal. Besides, such a procedure is in no respect natural. The huntsman does not bait the she wolf with her own cubs, nor track the fox with dogs of his own scent and kindred, but trains for this purpose hounds of greater strength, and nobler and adverse instincts.

Another certain effect of this code and practice was to lessen and lower not only the morals, but the intelligence of the Justice and of his officers. In the whole range of English written fiction there is not found a single justice of the peace who has not, like Mr. Justice Shallow and Dogberry, and Verges, been "written down an ass"—showing very conclusively the public appreciation of this most important officer. So true is this, that it would be, even now, worth while for some novel or play writer to put into his piece a magistrate of this class, endowed with at least the ordinary measure of honesty, intelligence and virtue. This would certainly be giving to the drama a new, and yet I doubt not a real character, and might save the piece containing it from neglect or disfavour. At any rate, such was the main and principal support of Cumberland's Benevolent Jew, a play now nearly forgotten, the chief purpose of which was to set up a good-

hearted and charitable Israelite against the Shylock of Shakespeare. I need not say that for many years all the Jewry of London went to the representation of it. It will also be very evident, that in the association between thief and thief-taker, which such a police makes necessary, the authority of law loses power in proportion as the practice becomes known. When a felon is made aware that he may expect an informer in every accomplice, the effect is merely to sharpen his invention, and to add more impious weight to the adjurations by which he is bound to his associates. He was a villian at first, but is now a sworn one.

Before the introduction of the new military police, things came to such a pass that country people, visiting the larger cities, were obliged to put themselves in charge of a sort of semi-official persons, called routiers, who were licensed and registered, and hired themselves, as the cadies in Edinburgh used to do, to accompany and direct strangers through the mazes of the great towns, and were responsible for their safety. The practice was both expensive and annoying, and travellers who could not or would not afford it, were subjected both to inconvenience and danger, and it was common in such cases to have one's life insured for the period of residence in town.

The new plan of a military police was first tried in this city, the men are all picked, and between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five years. They are enlisted for a term of years to make the appointment independent of the magistracy, and also to give them a purer and more honourable *esprit du corps*, than could possibly be induced upon a regiment of bailiffs and beadles, paid by perquisites, and with no hope before them of any future advancement. It was at first feared that a body thus constituted would become mercenary and corrupt, but this is sufficiently guarded against by the age of the men, who can never be enlisted for a second term, and by the character of the service, which is not only a school of military tactics, but of all kinds of useful knowledge. The review of to-day was in the nature of an inspection

liminary to their duties in the approaching pageant. The uniform, which you would at first think cold and ghost-like, is nevertheless very appropriate, and serves always to distinguish them from other officials, whether acting in a body or singly. In the principal streets, and at all times, you meet one of them marching slowly, on the outer side of the pavement, at about every three hundred yards. And they have, in certain quarters, always horses ready saddled for particular service. These animals were not the least important part of to-day's exhibition. They seemed all, both in shape, in condition, and in instinct, fine specimens of the horse kind, and made Centaurs of all who bestrode them. They had been so well and truly broken, that even the artillery horses made every movement one of strength and grace, and yet the menage of these fine animals had evidently not been that of the circus or amphitheatre, nor had their strength and docility ever been used for any unnatural or useless purpose.

To-morrow these troops make an important part of the procession who are to escort the elected President to the Town Hall, where he remains the guest of the city until his inauguration. It is now high time that I should leave off moralizing and talking to myself, and get, as fast as possible, into a loving and quiet humour, so that the sights I am to see may be quietly observed and plainly narrated. This enviable condition I hope to achieve, not by going up a hill as Dante, or "lighting upon a place where there was a cave," like John Bunyan. And by the way, is it not singular that there should be so much resemblance between the introduction of the stately Italian to his *Divina Comedia*, and that of the poor itinerant preacher to his *Pilgrim's Progress*, as to make one almost always think of one in reading the other. There is not only a savage wood in the one, and a wilderness in the other, but there is the same stately and true march of language in both, giving reality to the descriptions. I shall endeavour, in my case, to help

myself by rapid motion—Saint Mercury be my speed.

For the present, adieu.

J. D. P.

LETTER XIX.

WASHINGTON, *Quarter of the Senate,* }
March —d, A. D., 2029. }

MY DEAR MARY.

We had a glorious day yesterday—for in this climate, in the debateable months between winter and spring, when

"Yet the trembling year is unconfirmed:"

there come now and then genial days, which partake of the character of both parts of the year: giving us at midday the soft South wind, with its sweet breath, redolent of promised flowers and warm with golden sunshine, and at morn and eve clear skies puffed out with clouds of pink and white, from which come lithe and cool breezes, that shake new life and verdure among the branches of the yet leafless trees. The nights, too, are starry. The air seems musical and the whole earth is like Prospero's island

"full of noises—
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

The Mayor and municipal authorities met the new President at the boundary of the city, but the ceremony of reception really commenced at the Electoral Bridge, which affords an official entrance to the city proper, as Temple Bar used to afford in the old time to the state processions and pageants in the city of London. This Bridge—a fine structure with a broad road-way and high massive parapets, which I will some time or other describe to you—had been cleared and was occupied by detachments of the White guards of whom I wrote to you in my last letter. Close up to the troops which held the Eastern head of the bridge, were formed in two ranks on each side of the street, a body of the elder and most influential of

the citizens, men of good, of all professions, ranks and callings, who, by the ennobling influence of a good life, well spent, irrespective of the right conferred either by birth, wealth or talent, had placed themselves indisputably in the position of city fathers. The youngest of this band bore the standard of the city, the field being striped with blue and white like the flag of the nation, but having in place of the constellation of stars, an effigy or representation of the old capitol, with its low dome surmounted by an eagle in the pride of flight, and the motto, *Urbs Domusque et alta mœnia Capitolii*. To this point, the eastern end of the bridge, I repaired at 10 o'clock, or about an hour before the arrival of the new President, intending to peruse separately the several divisions of the grand procession, after they had been marshalled, and before they were put in motion. This portion of it, the Fathers of the City, in their holiday clothes, without any distinction of dress, device or insignia, except the plain banner, of which I have already spoken, was, to me, the most interesting group of the whole pageant. If you have ever had occasion to see the elders even of a small town or village drawn together upon any occasion of importance, you have doubtless witnessed, even though there might be somewhat of awkwardness, inexperience or rusticity, that there always supervened enough of wisdom and worth to command esteem and deference, and that the consciousness of their position and duty had endured them, for the time, with a presence and behaviour superior to their fellows. In a large city, this element of strength, and the transmutation effected in it by circumstances, is much more notable than in lesser communities. In this group there seemed no personality that could be thought entirely common, but all was amplified and developed for the occasion. If here and there peered out a diminutive figure and a thin face, we could see that they were the nimble lightning of the community, and that their function was developed, in the news-department, or in that of money, or merchandize: while their lighter proportions were ad-

mirably contrasted against the full and strong frame, broad breasted and well poised; the grave and mild face, and the large, well opened and speaking eye of some brother artisan, some worker in air or in fire—some knight of the mine, the furnace or the mill. Office may be obtained, for the time, by intrigue, by purchase, or by good fortune, but it is to the quiet middle class, like these, men of substance, acquired by toil and reputation gained by virtue, that we must look, under heaven, for the power which is to help in seasons of emergency. This band numbered about five hundred, and judging from their appearance, there would be no need in their case and for the safety of the city for even the first prayer of the ancient patriarch, "Peradventure if there be found fifty righteous." Following this body, and ranged in like manner, came the different trades, crafts and professions, according to their seniority or acknowledged importance.

And first were seen the worshipful company of Smiths, including inventors, artificers, and generally all workers in metals and machinery. This fraternity claims precedence, as the oldest recorded mechanical occupation, and the fabricator of implements for all other employments, having Tubal Cain as their ancestor and prototype and Vulcan for their patron God in the Synod of Olympus. At their head or at the station occupied by them in the procession, had been placed a cast of the celebrated Statue of Steam, one of the new allegorical representations of which I gave you some intimation in a former letter. This is a group of three figures: the principal one being an herculean charioteer standing braced as if in powerful and swift motion of which he is both author and governor. His head is crowned with a high hexagonal cap, like the paper helmets usually worn by artificers when at work in their mystery, from about which escapes thick curled hair. The figure is entirely naked, except a light tunic, belted and buckled at the waist, and extending half way down the knee. The right hand and right foot are advanced as if in the act of urging the speed

of his invisible team, while his left hand rests upon the governing crank of a steam engine; the end of the cylinder of which is just seen before him. The fore-part of the chariot is a prow or rostrum, and the hinder part like a Roman chariot—in agreement with this, the fore wheels are those of a steamer, and the hinder ones those of a steam-car or locomotive. A female figure on the right and a little in advance, offers him a sheaf of wheat, while in the rear a river-god, as if falling from the car is beckoning for aid. The three figures are well and naturally grouped, and the amphibious chariot, which would seem at first too cumbrous and complex an idea for artistic expression is not the least successful part of the representation. At the base of this group were arranged the master workmen of the several orders of the craft, and at their head stood a gigantic Smith, the representative man of his order, in his working dress and apron, who might have served the sculptor as a model for the charioteer above him, while standing on either side of him, were seen two young but powerful apprentices, bearing on their shoulders, after the fashion of mace-bearers, two heavy fore hammers of the Smithy.

Next in order came the brotherhood of Masons or builders. Not the fraternity who in times long past set forth that their order had uninterrupted succession from the time of Solomon or perhaps of Noah—who held their meetings in secret, and were bound together by mysterious and it is said fearful oaths: who boasted also of being the sole possessors of secrets unknown to the rest of mankind: who were seen in public processions, dressed in little white aprons, like pocket-handkerchiefs or childrens' bibs, with stars, and jewels, and ribbons, and drawn swords, and other such tom-fooleries—a brotherhood of male witches, who excluded our sex from any of their gatherings and festivities, and were only known as the sagacious and successful keepers of certain wise-saws and proverbs, coming from far distant climes and ages, and of course worthless in these times of our own. The Masons here were no such carpet-knights

as this: but real builders and men of might, who knew matter and its laws, and could mould and bend it to their purpose. Genii of the hammer and drill, the chisel and lever, who were skilled to turn and stay in mid air the ponderous arch, and to heave up toward heaven its great pattern, the light and airy dome. Following the example of the Smiths, the members of this trade also had placed at the head of their company, a group of statuary, emblematic of their occupation, a cast from the work of a living sculptor of some renown. It is composed of four figures, and represents the placing of the last stone of the cornice of a pediment. The principal figure is standing with the tackle loose in his hand, by which the stone has been raised. Of two of the other figures, one is lifting with a lever the side of the stone, and the other withdrawing a wedge or block, so that it may fall into its place, while with one foot on the upper edge of the piece thus in the act of final adjustment, is represented the ancient Orpheus, with his lyre, in the act of leaving a work in which music can no longer be of service. The modern builders are in the costume of the day, but so arranged as to develop the action of the principal muscles, and to leave bare the head, arms and breast: while the figure of the Demi-God is nearly that of an Apollo just dismounted from his Pegasus. The object of the Artist in this piece was plainly to show the true world, in contrast with that of mythology and fiction: and to make it appear that all fable had originally a valuable kernel of truth. For I have always thought, though having neither Latin nor Greek, nor critic, nor commentator to show for it, that the fable of Orpheus was meant simply to record the power of music in combining the forces of many men, in moving large masses of matter—

"Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves as he did sing."

Thus among the Egyptians, and elder nations, in raising their obelisks, music must have played the part of wheel and

axle, lever and pulley, and all those combinations of power with which the moderns have been so long familiar: for it is known that the materials of these structures were carried from the quarries, and heaved into their places by the efforts of multitudes of men, ignorant of modern mechanical contrivances, and whose powers could only be combined and directed by musical cadences. About this group were gathered the masters of the trade, the oldest of the number holding in his hand a bright trowel, while the brotherhood around him carried each some implement of their business.

Following, there came the company of Wrights and joiners, including all kinds of workers in wood. At the head of this band a strong wooden bridge, like a triumphal arch, had been erected during the previous night. It was decorated with flags and trophies—and in the middle of the arch, on the western side, was seen the name of the incoming President, surrounded by a garland of springing flowers, while on the eastern side appeared the name of him who retires, inset among wreaths of laurel and oak. This company, the Wrights, was more numerous than either of the preceding societies, including as it did all the orders of workers in wood, from the maker of a toy to the builder of a ship. The occupation of each set might be divined almost from the appearance of the artisans. The cabinet maker and carvers, and those whose business lay among small joints and fastenings, were in general pale and thin, though of a healthy and active presence, while the house and ship-wrights, those who deal with the tree, rather than the board, were broad-breasted people, long armed and "tall men of their hands," fine specimens of robust, active and happy labour.

Following the Wrights, came the family of Husbandmen—Farmers—Planters and Gardeners. These in a more rural district, would have outnumbered the others, and the gardeners might have claimed precedence of all the rest, as Adam was undoubtedly of their trade. But priority of association has always something to do with precedence, and, in

large towns, horticulture is generally the last luxury thought of. Besides it is to be considered that the plough as well as the barn must come before the crop, and hence the Smiths, Masons and Wrights have derived and maintained their precedence. This company carried bouquets and branches of evergreen, and at their head, instead of arch or statue was seen an antique and primitive wain, made of osier and wicker work, and laden with all the staple products of all the different regions of the Republic; the yellow wheat; the golden maize; the sugar reed; the bursting cotton; overlaid with boughs of fresh orange trees and stalks of banana; mingled with evergreens of fir and laurel, and garlanded with flowers. To this light carriage were harnessed horses, that might be called horses of the sun—of dark chestnut colour, with yellow manes, high curved necks, white fetlocks, and spotted here and there on haunch and shoulder with flecks, as if of foam. They were held by a youthful Colin, scarce seen among the rich lading of his wagon, and who seemed a fit teamster for such mettled cattle.

Next in order to these came the society of Victuallers, including Graziers, Grocers and Purveyors of all kinds. At the head of this band, decked with wreaths and led by Nubians of the darkest colour, were two milk white kine, with either of which Europa, if she had been a milkmaid and an honest woman, might have fallen in love and staid at home. The place of this order of citizens in the procession, was not exactly in accordance with the antiquity of their caste, for in the march of civilization the herdsman always precedes the husbandman—but in this troop, on the present occasion, there was a more diverse collection than could be found under any other head in the pageant, comprehending all the dealers in flesh and vivers, from the drover with his huge whip and heavy boots, to

"The bonnie butcher lad that wears the sleeves of blue."

Following this stalwart regiment came the company of cordwainers and follow-

ers of Saint Crispin. The history of Saint Crispin I have forgotten, or never knew, but he is, I believe, the only one of the very large army of canonized holy men, who has deigned to take a mechanical occupation under his special protection. We may therefore suppose him to have been some poor brother of the order of Saint Benedict, or St. Francis, who stitched sandals and plaited cords for the lazier or more studious portion of the community to which he belonged; accumulating by such commendable charities an odour of sanctity, by which his name has been perpetuated to our own times. His followers had on the present occasion erected among them a most original and curious ensign of their profession. This was no other than a triumphal arch made entirely of cordage. The columns which supported this trophy, were made of coiled rope, and from their tops and spanning nearly the whole street, there extended a low elliptical arch, made of rope about the size of a ship's cable; he fastenings at the end of each shaft making by their combinations of loops and knots a leafy capital for the hempen pillars beneath—while from the centre of the span, there hung also in cordage, the potent initials U. S.

Following these came the association of Clothiers, including Mercers, Drapers, and all their allies. These would have been sufficiently designated by the accuracy and finish of their habiliments, without any other show. They had nevertheless, in deference to the chivalric custom of other trades, borne before them a very broad blue banner with a heavily embroidered edge, on which was represented a very well clad trader offering to an Indian a blanket in exchange for a skin, and the motto, "*Homines non valent nisi in modis.*" An old aphorism of the philosophy of words, which had here a very satisfactory and comfortable explanation, and might be thus translated, "Men are not good unless they be in fashion." I could not help laughing at this homely application of Aristotelian wisdom, at the same time giving to the drapers due credit, for having converted to some use a very old and worthless saying.

Indeed I have always entertained a great regard for this class of artists, and they deserve it at our hands, for if they have appropriated to themselves some implements of housewifery which belonged at first exclusively to our sex, we should recollect that it was done in an age, when all female occupations were accounted servile, and this act of theirs must have tended greatly to raise us from the degradation which our sex always suffers among a barbarous and warlike people. That nation has made no inconsiderable step towards civilization where the trade of the armourer has given place to that of the tailor, or become associated with it: for the workmen only differ in the material used by them; the one working in metal and the other in cloth.

The double rank of the procession, marshalled as we have described it, had now extended almost to the Treasury, where were gathered the society of Merchants, Bankers, Commercial-men and Capitalists. The houses in this neighbourhood which are high, and in general occupied for the offices of factors, notaries, agents and brokers, were richly ornamented with drapery, and the windows filled with a jubilant concourse of all classes. This important class of the community—the merchants—were without insignia or banner of any kind,—nor needed they any. Good wine needs no bush, and a moneyed man may dispense with a fourrier. The elders of this party were men of serious and thoughtful deportment, and would be noted generally for plainness of apparel and unobtrusive manners; while among the younger of the order it was evident that the gains of their business with whatever of avidity they may have been sought and seized, were not destined to be hoarded or to rust. There is, I think, no occupation which gives so distinct yet so various a character to its followers as that of a merchant. Here, among the same company, and bearing always the same generic character, were to be seen the founders of hospitals and colleges; the patrons of science and of art; and also those whose overflow of wealth had found the more private channels of beneficence and charity, contrast-

ed with individuals of the same calling, whose natural endowments, amid the risks and stimulants of an exciting traffic, had become stern, grasping, sordid and mean.

After these, and preceded by about a dozen corpulent personages, carrying long black staves, tipped with white, came the Counsellors, and Attorneys—the Lawyers of the Capitol. The heads of this body were Doctors of Law, and wore the red-hood of that numerous order. The rest of the brotherhood were arrayed in loose black gowns, which has been the ordinary legal dress among all nations. In this country, for a good many years, lawyers had dispensed with this integument, even when in court and in the exercise of their proper function; but it soon became evident, that to all official persons a certain uniform or outward mark is necessary, both to ensure a greater equality of personal appearance, to avoid or cover slovenliness and soiled linen, or in this case to prevent a good cause from being spoiled by a dirty pleader. A peculiar habit also tends to foster an attachment to our profession whatever it may be, by giving it a material shape and presence. A farmer may love an old plough, and an author an old pen. The first Napoleon was warmly attached to the gray redingote of Marengo. He was buried in it. And Wellington died on the little iron bed, with its single blanket, which had been his couch through the vicissitudes of so many campaigns. When Calvin and Knox banished mitres, stoles, copes and cassocks from the churches and reduced their clergy to cap and band merely, it was not long before the decencies of religious worship began to be less attended to, and the piety which they should nourish as well as represent, suffered proportional decay; and after awhile all these banished insignia began to reappear. It was thus with the lawyers also; after a short trial of argumentation in *cuerpo*, they reassumed their gowns, and with them came an increase both in dignity and learning. In attendance in this party, I found the young gentleman whom I met the other night at the masquerade. On my asking what bauner or device he would recommend for this part of the

procession, he said he could not just then think of an appropriate device, but that for a motto a better could not be selected than this, "*Societas est mater discordiarum.*"

Immediately after the lawyers, came a detachment of boys between 7 and 15 years of age—dressed in gray coats and trowsers, with slouched hats, and each carrying, rolled up in manner of a truncheon, with the title displayed on the outside, one of the many hundred newspapers now published. These were the news-boys who acted upon this occasion as heralds and harbingers to the editors, printers and literati in general, who were formed close behind them. This set deserved to be studied closely, but all that I had time to remark concerning them, was that their ranks were not so regularly marshalled as some of the other associations, thus indicating that they were a nervous, irritable and somewhat quarrelsome generation. When I had arrived thus far in my inspection; a burst of music from all the bands and a grand salvo of cannon broke in upon my speculations, announcing that the distinguished person for whom all these honors were designed, had reached the Electoral-bridge and was now entering the city. Looking down the long line of citizens which I had not time to visit more particularly, I could only see that it terminated at the entrance of the City Hall, where were gathered, with the Clergy, Doctors and Magistrates, all the Corinthians and other elite of the Metropolis who had no other appropriate position in the exhibition. All that was left for me to do now, was to tree, as we say in the west, as speedily as possible: that is, to attain some window or elevated place from which I could see the approaching pageant. This was soon effected by help of my acquaintance the Palmer, who seemed to know every body he met, and gave me his hearty assistance.

In a short time we could hear the shouts of the people, like the roar of many waters, swelling louder and louder as it approached where we were—that mighty sound, to hear which, though but for a moment, men toil and plan and labour,

through long, long years, and barter for it health and life, and oftentimes love, and truth, and honour. Onward it came, nearer and nearer, and soon we could discern the white uniform of the guards who headed the procession, filling up the whole interval between the double ranks on either side of the street. About thirty paces behind them, and mounted on a superb horse, came the President elect, uncovered and bending to his saddle low in acknowledgment of the acclamations which rent the air on every side. On his left hand, and a few paces in the rear, came two Senators and three Representatives, also well mounted, who had been deputed by the Legislature to receive him. And on his right hand rode the Mayor of the City, with the Colonel of the White-guards as his supporter and adjutant. As they passed the head of each division of the long procession, brief gratulations

and welcomings were exchanged—after which each company wheeled into line and followed in the march, which closed by another strong company of the guards. In this order they approached and passed us, the loud acclaim growing fainter and fainter, as the distance between us increased, until at length an unusual shout gave notice that the great man had alighted, and that the pageant was over. The hum of the retiring multitudes, was heard through the city for a considerable length of time after I had returned to my lodgings.

There is a grand spectacle to-night at the Theatre—and to-morrow, Sunday, the great Apostle of the West is to preach in the church of Peace. The next day, we have the inauguration.

For the present, Adieu.

J. D. P.

SONNET.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BY AMIE.

Draining some bitter chalice might we gain
 A golden heritage—a pomp which sets
 On uncrowned brows the flash of coronets,
 What eager lips would court the transient pain,
 Though dark the draught as deathly mandragore.
 Yet daily at our side God's seraph stands,
 Holding a shining cup with pleading hands,
 Chanting this silvery promise evermore:—
 "For every drop a pearl of countless price—
 For every draught, threads of celestial light
 Wrought in the soul's immortal vestments white,
 When turn the opal gates of Paradise
 On Time's brief darkness." Blind souls and unwise—
 Spurning the cup, unwon the eternal treasure lies!

VIRGINIA.

AN ODE.

Inscribed to one of her noblest daughters.

BY MARIA GERTRUDE BUCHANAN.

VIRGINIA! in the diadem

Which circles young COLUMBIA's brow,
Thou shin'st the most resplendent gem;
And ever hast thou shone as now!

Ah! when thy pure and beauteous name,—
The loveliest that Earth can claim—
Was borne to ALBION's distant land
By him, the Knight, whose honoured hand
First drew thy maiden veil aside,
And shewed thee in thy virgin pride.
Ah! how the softly thrilling word
The heart's pulsations strangely stirred!

And when, allured by thy bright charms,
Man braved the ocean's dire alarms,—
His breast with hope and ardour glowing—
With magic power, thy beauty's spell
Upon his wayward spirit fell!

He looked upon thy Rivers flowing
Amid such scenes of loveliness,
Before them paled the sunny gleams
Which light the youthful Poet's dreams,
When Love clothes *Nature* with the dress
Of his own warm imaginings.

Thy Mountains rose before thine eye
In wild and grand sublimity,
Yet wanting not the lovely line
That tells of Beauty's hand divine.

He breathed thy air of such pure balm,
It seemed as from the hidden springs
Of some new fount of Life it came,
For 'neath its power the *Soul's* hid flame
Soared brightly heavenward, and a calm
Of deep and holy rapture filled
His throbbing heart—"Oh! here, he cried,
"Here, in these untrod lands,
Shall Passion's fiery storm be stilled;
No more shall roll Sin's whelming tide
Over Life's ebbing sands;

But on their mystic slope—
Bending where Heaven's gold portals ope—
VIRTUE shall write with spotless hands
Her own enduring name;

Until, while on the car of Time
 Shall roll age after age,
 The children of this beauteous clime
 Shall be the favoured ones of Fame!"

Virginia! this proud prophecy
 Has nobly been fulfilled in thee!

As History gazes on the page
 That bears thy lovely name,
 As noonday is the tablet fair,
 She sees no blackened records there
 To dye her cheek with shame.

Lo! by her glides the solemn *Past*
 Back to thy early prime,
 And answering to her witching call,
 Gathering as to a Festival,
 Oh! what a glorious Train is seen
 Winding thy hills and vales between;
 The good, the great, the fair, the brave,
 Each rising from an honoured grave
 To swell the march sublime.

Sudden rings out *Fame's* clarion blast,—
 Wide as the world its echo's cast—

Whose is the Shade now passing on?
 He treads the mountain heights *alone!*
 Beneath his dizzy pathway twine
All other paths to *Virtue's Shrine!*

Virginia! 'tis thy matchless Son,
 The Man, the Christian, Warrior, Sage;
 And when he rose upon the world,
 Freedom, o'erjoyed, her flag unfurled,
 Cheered by his voice she proudly hurled
 Oppression from his throne!

Virginia! 'tis thy *WASHINGTON!*
 The offspring of thy far-famed clime,
 But, oh! not thine *alone;*
He is the wide world's Heritage,
COLUMBIA'S GIFT TO TIME!

VIRGINIA! linked with thy pure name
 Are records of bright deeds;
 The soul with answering thoughts of flame
 Glows while the scroll she reads;
 Along the line her vision runs,
 Dazzling with triumphs of thy Sons,
 Who, brave as lions in the field,
 Are like the dove in lady's bower;
 They never know what 'tis to *yield,*
 Save to *Love's* sov'reign power;

And then, the eye which in the storm
 Of battle, kindled like the sun,
 Now falls as soft on beauty's form,
 As his, when his proud pathway run,
 With softest light its glance is turned
 Upon the scenes which with'ring burned,
 Beneath his mid-day glow.

Ah! yes, the bright Spirit of Chivalry,
 Which poured its light on the *ages dark*
 Which rode o'er their billows triumphantly,
 (Enshrined in its wondrous bark,
 Along the dark waters it fearlessly bore
 The golden freight of its priceless store,
 Virtue's undying spark,
 It had rescued from 'mid the ashes cold
 Of ignorance, error and ills untold)
 No sooner had heard of thy new-found land
 Than he steered for the sun-bright shore,
 And moored his bark on the Virgin strand,
 And gave thee that golden store!

And linked, Virginia, with they name
 Are thoughts of festal glee;
 How clearly the heart-warming flame
 Of HOSPITALITY,
 In thy old Manor houses shone,
 —'Twas like a beacon star—
 The weary traveller wand'ring lone
 Glad hailed it from afar:
 And still upon thy hearths it burns
 With lustre as of old;
 Still to its light the traveller turns,
 Amid the night-winds cold,
 And never finds its guiding ray
 Has shone to wilder or betray!

Virginia! Yes! thou art indeed
 A Gem of clearest light,
 How well-earned is thy glorious meed
 Brightest where all are bright!
 Rich fruitage of the deathless seed
 Which Virtue, Genius, Valour cast
 Forth 'mid thy vales and mountains vast,
 With freely generous hand,
 And, *now*, when centuries have past
 Over thy honoured land,
 When heard is thy unsullied name,
 Leaps up the spirit's warmest flame!

Oh! thou, to whom this Lay's inscribed,
 VIRGINIA'S *pure and noble daughter*,

Love sits fond *Memory's* fount beside,
And gazes on the mystic water :

A brighter gift he never gave
To her, than now her fount discloses,
For imaged in thy lucid wave,
Thy form in softest light reposes :

Ah ! see how bright the fadeless hues
Of Friendship's flowers are round thee growing ;
Their pristine freshness fed by dews
From Gratitude's pure urn o'erflowing ;

Those flowers that bloomed amid the waste
Where cold misfortune's bleak rocks tower,
And where is felt the bitter blast
That comes from sorrow's thorny bower.

VIRGINIA's true and lovely child !
Thine was no *summer friendship*, fading
When by me swept Grief's tempest wild,
Each hue of hope and joy o'ershading ;

As wilder grew its ruthless flight
Thy noble heart but drew me nearer,
To shield me from its whelming might,
—Its warfare made me seem but dearer—

Thy voice, so sweet, was ever near,
(Thy soft eyes in pure beauty shining,)
So gently whispering words of cheer,
Hope in my heart thou wert enshrining.

As wife, as mother, sister, friend,
Virtue with brightest gems has crowned thee ;
In purest light their colours blend,
Its lustre ever shines around thee ;

And as the stars illumine the night,
Shining until the sun is risen,
Death's shadowy vale those gems will light,
When leaves thy soul its earthly prison :

Mayst thou but change that circlet bright
For one that never *can* know *shading*,
In the fair Realms of love and light,
Illumed by God's own smile unfading !

ST. LOUIS, MO., 19th June, 1859.

PRAED'S POEMS.*

Among the brilliant metrical writers who flourished in England, about the end of the first quarter of the present century, none possessed a finer genius for *vers de société* than WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. We say "metrical writers" because Praed does not rank with the great brotherhood of born-poets—a class of human beings who are always few in number, and easily recognizable. The author of "Lillian" and other brilliant epigrammatic rhymed stories, was not entitled to the crown of the *vates*, but he was one of the most excellent and accomplished artists in the lower walks of his calling—as accomplished, indeed, we say without hesitation, as any who have preceded or followed him.

The few words we design saying of these characteristics of his mind, may be appropriately introduced by a brief sketch of his life, which need not take up much space. He was the son of a distinguished barrister of London, whose family ranked among the gentry of the kingdom, and was born 1802. Sent at an early age to Eton, he acquired a comprehensive and critical knowledge of the classics; and assembled around him, in the editorial sanctum of the "Etonian" magazine, some of the most promising young men of the time. This periodical soon secured public favour—ran through four editions—and is now very rare, and very highly prized by biographers. Praed was assisted in his editorial duties by Walter Blunt, Edmund Beale, William Chrichton, Henry Nelson Coleridge, Francis Curzon, Richard Durnford, Charles Fursdon, John Moultrie, Henry Neech, William Henry Ord, Thomas Powys Outram, John Louis Petit, Walter Trower, and Willim Sydney Walker, several of whom afterwards redeemed the promise of their youth by great celebrity in letters and statesmanship. Praed was the master-spirit of the

publication, and was more than once spoken of in terms of high praise by no less a critic than the famous Christopher North. From Eton, Praed passed to Cambridge, where he took numerous medals for poems in Greek and English—in 1829, after a regular study of the law, he was called to the bar in London. His sympathies were however distinctly literary, and when Knight's Quarterly Magazine was commenced, he aided it largely with his pen. In the "Annals" which were then highly popular, his poems appeared with those of Moir (the Delta of Blackwood;) Tennyson: Letitia Landon: and both Scott and Byron, then in the zenith of their fame. He wrote much for the New Monthly, and the London Magazine, and with a grace and brilliancy which seemed never to fail him. In 1830 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of St. Germain in Cornwall, took a prominent position among the youthful conservatives of that day—and was noticed by Blackwood's Magazine as a rising man. He continued to sit in Parliament with one or two interruptions until 1839, when he was forced to retire on account of ill-health. He died of consumption in July of that year.

Praed is represented to have been tall and thin, with long sallow features, thick brown hair carefully curled, and small grey eyes. His demeanour was grave and even melancholy: but he was always ready to place his poetical faculties at the disposal of the gay circle in which he moved, and to produce at a moment's notice those sparkling and epigrammatic "copies of verses" which have made him so popular.

These poems are of very various merit, some of them very brilliant, others extremely flat. But the better pieces in the present collection are admirable. We shall make a number of extracts from the

* The Poetical Works of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. New and enlarged edition in two vols. Redfield, New York, 1860.

volumes, and have no fear of their proving too long. They are eminently adapted to cursory reading, and will repay a perusal. From the first and one of the

largest poems in the collection, "Lillian," we take this description of the great dragon who is the hero.

There was a dragon in Arthur's time,
When dragons and griffins were voted "prime,"
Of monstrous reputation:
Up and down, and far and wide,
He roamed about in his scaly pride;
And ever, at morn and even-tide,
He made such rivers of blood to run
As shocked the sight of the blushing sun,
And deluged half the nation.
It was a pretty monster, too,
With a crimson head, and a body blue,
And wings of a warm and delicate hue,
Like the glow of a deep carnation:
And the terrible tail that lay behind,
Reached out so far as it twist'd and twined,
That a couple of dwarfs, of wondrous strength,
Bore, when he travelled, the horrible length,
Like a Duke's at the coronation.

His mouth had lost one ivory tooth,
Or the dragon had been, in very sooth,
No insignificant charmer;
And that—alas! he had ruined it,
When on new-year's day, in a hungry fit,
He swallowed a tough and terrible bit—
Sir Lob, in his brazen armor.
Swift and light were his steps on the ground,
Strong and smooth was his hide around,
For the weapons which the peasants flung
Ever unfelt or unheeded rung,
Arrow, and stone, and spear,
As snow o'er Cynthia's window flits,
Or raillery of twenty wits
On a fool's unshrinking ear.

In many a battle the beast had been,
Many a blow he had felt and given:
Sir Digore came with a menacing mien,
But he sent Sir Digore straight to Heaven;
Stiff and stout were the arms he wore,
Huge the sword he was wont to clasp;
But the sword was little, the armor brittle,
Locked in the coil of the dragon's grasp.

He came on Sir Florice of Sesseney Land,
Pretty Sir Florice from over the sea,
And smashed him all as he stepped on the sand,
Cracking his head like a nut from the tree.

No one till now, had found, I trow,
 Any thing good in the scented youth,
 Who had taken much pains to be rid of his brains,
 Before they were sought by the dragon's tooth.

He came on the Sheriff of Hereford,
 As he sat him down to his Sunday dinner;
 And the Sheriff he spoke but this brief word:
 "St. Francis, be good to a corpulent sinner!"
 Fat was he, as a Sheriff might be,
 From the crown of his head to the tip of his toe;
 But the Sheriff was small, or nothing at all,
 When put in the jaws of the dragon foe.

He came on the Abbot of Arnondale,
 As he kneeled him down to his morning devotion;
 But the dragon he shuddered, and turned his tail
 About, "with a short uneasy motion."
 Iron and steel, for an early meal,
 He stomached with ease, or the Muse is a liar;
 But out of all question, he failed in digestion,
 If ever he ventured to swallow a friar!

The adventures of the monster are sufficiently amusing to make it worth the reader's while to procure the volumes, and discover them for himself. The poem, we are informed by the author, was written to solve the puzzle presented in the lines:

"A dragon's tail is flayed to warm
 A headless maiden's heart"—

and the explanation presents a very fa-

vourable example of Præd's ingenuity in disentangling riddles—a marked trait in his mental character. The great bulk of the pieces are of this description—the light, gay, sportive verse of a man of fine acquirements, and delicate musical ear, writing for his own amusement and that of the social circle around him. "The Belle of the Ball" is a characteristic sketch which we present.

YEARS—years ago—ere yet my dreams
 Had been of being wise and witty;
 Ere I had done with writing themes,
 Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty;
 Years, years ago, while all my joys
 Were in my fowling-piece and filly;
 In short, while I was yet a boy,
 I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a country ball;
 There when the sound of flute and fiddle
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
 Of hands across and down the middle,
 Hers was the subtlest spell by far
 Of all that sets young hearts romancing;
 She was our queen, our rose, our star;
 And when she danced—oh, heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
 Her voice was exquisitely tender,

Her eyes were full of liquid light ;
 I never saw a waist so slender ;
 Her every look, her every smile,
 Shot right and left a score of arrows ;
 I thought, 'twas Venus from her isle,
 I wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd of politics or prayers ;
 Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets ;
 Of daggers or of dancing bears,
 Of battles, or the last new bonnets ;
 By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
 To me it matter'd not a tittle,
 If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
 I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
 I loved her with a love eternal ;
 I spoke her praises to the moon,
 I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
 My mother laughed ; I soon found out
 That ancient ladies have no feeling ;
 My father frown'd ; but how should gout
 Find any happiness in kneeling ?

She was the daughter of a dean,
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic ;
 She had one brother just thirteen,
 Whose colour was extremely hectic ;
 Her grandmother, for many a year,
 Had fed the parish with her bounty ;
 Her second cousin was a peer,
 And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three per cents,
 And mortgages, and great relations,
 And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
 Oh ! what are they to love's sensations ?
 Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
 Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses,
 He cares as little for the stocks,
 As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

* * * * *

She smil'd on many just for fun—
 I knew that there was nothing in it ;
 I was the first, the only one
 Her heart had thought of for a minute ;
 I knew it, for she told me so,
 In phrase which was divinely moulded ;
 She wrote a charming hand, and oh !
 How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was like most other loves—
 A little glow, a little shiver ;

A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
 And "Fly Not Yet," upon the river;
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,
 Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
 A miniature, a lock of hair,
 The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted—months and years roll'd by :
 We met again four summers after;
 Our parting was all sob and sigh—
 Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
 For in my heart's most secret cell,
 There had been many other lodgers;
 And she was not the ball-room belle,
 But only Mrs.—Something—Rogers.

A similar sketch is that headed simply "To a Lady," which is evidently a portrait.

WHAT are you, lady?—naught is here
 To tell us of your name or story;
 To claim the gazer's smile or tear,
 To dub you whig, or daub you tory.
 It is beyond a poet's skill,
 To form the slightest notion, whether
 We e'er shall walk through one quadrille,
 Or look upon one moon together.

You're very pretty!—all the world
 Are talking of your bright brow's splendour,
 And of your locks, so softly curled,
 And of your hands, so white and slender :
 Some think you're blooming in Bengal ;
 Some say you're blowing in the city;
 Some know you're nobody at all ;
 I only feel, you're very pretty.

But bless my heart ! it's very wrong :
 You're making all our belles ferocious ;
 Anne "never saw a chin so long;"
 And Laura thinks your dress "atrocious;"
 And Lady Jane, who now and then
 Is taken for the village steeple,
 Is sure you can't be four feet ten,
 And "wonders at the taste of people."

Soon pass the praises of a face ;
 Swift fades the very best vermilion ;
 Fame rides a most prodigious pace ;
 Oblivion follows on the pillion ;
 And all, who, in these sultry rooms,
 To-day have stared, and pushed, and fainted,
 Will soon forget your pearls and plumes,
 As if they never had been painted.

You'll be forgotten—as old debts
By persons who are used to borrow;
Forgotten—as the sun that sets,
When shines a new one on the morrow;
Forgotten—like the luscious peach,
That blessed the school-boy last September;
Forgotten—like a maiden speech,
Which all men praise, but none remember.

Yet, ere you sink into the stream,
That whelms alike, sage, saint, and martyr,
And soldier's sword, and minstrel's theme,
And Canning's wit, and Gatton's charter,
Here of the fortunes of your youth
My fancy weaves her dim conjectures,
Which have, perhaps, as much of truth
As Passion's vows, or Cobbett's lectures.

Was't in the north or in the south,
That summer-breezes rocked your cradle?
And had you in your baby mouth
A wooden or a silver ladle?
And was your first, unconscious sleep,
By Brownie banned, or blessed by fairy?
And did you wake to laugh or weep?
And were you christened Maud or Mary?

And was your father called "your grace?"
And did he bet at Ascot races?
And did he chatter common-place?
And did he fill a score of places?
And did your lady-mother's charms
Consist in picklings, broilings, bastings?
Or did she prate about the arms
Her brave forefather won at Hastings?

Where were you "finished?" tell me where!
Was it at Chelsea, or at Chiswick?
Had you the ordinary share
Of books and backboard, harp and physio?
And did they bid you banish pride,
And mind your oriental tinting?
And did you learn how Dido died,
And who found out the art of printing?

And are you fond of lanes and brooks,
A votary of the sylvan muses?
Or do you con the little books
Which Baron Brougham and Vaux diffuses?
Or do you love to knit and sew,
The fashionable world's Arachne?
Or do you canter down the Row,
Upon a very long-tailed hackney?

And do you love your brother James?
 And do you pet his mares and setters?
 And have your friends romantic names?
 And do you write them long, long letters?
 And are you—since the world began
 All women are—a little spiteful?
 And don't you dote on Malibran?
 And don't you think Tom Moore delightful?

* * * * *

Whate'er you are, at last, adieu!
 I think it is your bounden duty
 To let the rhymes I coin for you,
 Be prized by all who prize your beauty.
 From you I seek nor gold nor fame;
 From you I fear no cruel strictures;
 I wish some girls that I could name
 Were half as silent as their pictures!

"My Partner" is another of these amusing outlines of real people. Praed has evidently encountered the young lady who cries out, when she hears of Lord de B. and Mrs. L. crossing the sea:

How *could* they in such weather!"

This is Mr. Praed's account of his "Partner," who has some counterparts we are disposed to think in our great and glorious republic.

"Oh Ciel!

At Cheltenham, where one drinks one's fill
 Of folly and cold water,
 I danced, last year, my first quadrille,
 With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.
 Her cheek with summer's rose might vie,
 When summer's rose is newest;
 Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,
 When autumn's sky is bluest;
 And well my heart might deem her one
 Of life's most precious flowers,
 For half her thoughts were of its sun,
 And half were of its showers.

I spoke of novels:—"Vivian Grey"
 Was positively charming,
 And "Almack's" infinitely gay,
 And "Frankenstein" alarming;
 I said "De Vere" was chastely told,
 Thought well of "Herbert Lacy,"
 Called Mr. Banim's sketches "bold,"
 And Lady Morgan's "racy;"
 I vowed the last new thing of Hook's
 Was vastly entertaining;
 And Laura said—"I dote on books,
 Because it's always raining!"

I talked of music's gorgeous fane,
 I raved about Rossini,

Hoped Ronzo would come back again,
 And criticised Pacini;
 I wished the chorus singers dumb,
 The trumpets more pacific,
 And eulogised Brocard's *a plomb*,
 And voted Paul "terrific,"
 What cared she for Medea's pride
 Or Desdemona's sorrow?
 "Alas!" my beauteous listener sighed,
 "We must have storms to-morrow!"

I told her tales of other lands;
 Of ever-boiling fountains,
 Of poisonous lakes, and barren sands,
 Vast forests, trackless mountains:
 I painted bright Italian skies,
 I lauded Persian Roses,
 Coined similes for Spanish eyes,
 And jests for Indian noses;
 I laughed at Lisbon's love of mass,
 And Vienna's dread of treason;
 And Laura asked me where the glass
 Stood at Madrid last season.

I broached whate'er had gone its rounds,
 The week before, of scandal;
 What made Sir Luke lay down his hounds,
 And Jane take up her Handel;
 Why Julia walked upon the heath,
 With the pale moon above her:
 Where Flora lost her false front teeth,
 And Anne her false lover;
 How Lord de B. and Mrs. L.
 Had crossed the sea together;
 My shuddering partner cried—"Oh, Ciel?
 How *could* they in such weather?"

* * * * *

Flat flattery was my only chance,
 I acted deep devotion,
 Found magic in her every glance,
 Grace in her every motion;
 I wasted all a stripling's lore,
 Prayer, passion, folly, feeling,
 And wildly looked upon the floor,
 And wildly on the ceiling:
 I envied gloves upon her arm.
 And shawls upon her shoulder;
 And when my worship was most warm,
 She "never found it colder."

I don't object to wealth or land;
 And she will have the giving
 Of an extremely pretty hand,

Some thousands, and a living.
 She makes silk purses, broiders stools,
 Sings sweetly, dances finely,
 Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday schools,
 And sits a horse divinely.
 But to be linked for life to her!
 The desperate man who tried it,
 Might marry a barometer,
 And hang himself beside it!

In the piece styled "Twenty-Eight and Twenty-Nine," the poet hits off some sharp point of his critical rapier, more than one celebrity of that period. of the follies of the day, and spits on the

I heard a sick man's dying sigh,
 And an infant's idle laughter,
 The Old Year went with mourning by—
 The New came dancing after!
 Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
 Let Revelry hold her ladle;
 Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
 Fling roses on the cradle;
 Mutes to wait on the funeral state;
 Pages to pour the wine;
 A requiem for Twenty-Eight,
 And a health to Twenty-Nine!

Alas for human happiness!
 Alas for human sorrow!
 Our yesterday is nothingness,
 What else will be our morrow?
 Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
 And Knavery stealing purses;
 Still cooks must live by making tarts,
 And wits by making verses;
 While sages prate and courts debate,
 The same stars set and shine;
 And the world as it rolled through Twenty-Eight,
 Must roll through Twenty-Nine.

Some King will come, in Heaven's good time,
 To the tomb his father came to;
 Some Thief will wade through blood and crime
 To a crown he has no claim to;
 Some suffering land will rend in twain
 The manacles that bound her;
 And gather the links of the broken chain
 To fasten them proudly round her;
 The grand and great will love and hate,
 And combat and combine;
 And much where we were in Twenty-Eight,
 We shall be in Twenty-Nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the Rent,
 And Kenyon to sink the Nation;

And Sheil will abuse the Parliament,
 And Peel the Association ;
 And thought of bayonets and swords
 Will make ex-Chancellors merry ;
 And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords,
 And throats in the County of Kerry ;
 And writers of weight will speculate
 On the Cabinet's design ;
 And just what it did in Twenty-Eight,
 It will do in Twenty-Nine.

We commend to those young gentlemen who have discovered the dangers which environ the intimate association with handsome damsels near of kin to them, the two following extracts which

present very fair specimens of Præd's lighter manner, and run tripping off the tongue. The first is headed "*My Little Cousins.*"

Laugh on, fair cousins, for to you
 All life is joyous yet ;
 Your hearts have all things to pursue,
 And nothing to regret ;
 And every flower to you is fair,
 And every month is May ;
 You've not been introduced to Care,—
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
 Upon those sunny eyes ;
 The voice whose every word is song,
 Will set itself to sighs ;
 Your quiet slumbers—hopes and fears
 Will chase their rest away ;
 To-morrow, you'll be shedding tears,—
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

Oh yes ; if any truth is found
 In the dull schoolman's theme,—
 If friendship is an empty sound,
 And love an idle dream,—
 If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
 Too soon on life's long way,
 At least he'll run with you a league,—
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

* * * * *

O'er me have many winters crept,
 With less of grief than joy ;
 But I have learned, and toiled, and wept,—
 I am no more a boy !
 I've never had the gout, 'tis true,
 My hair is hardly gray ;
 But now I cannot laugh like you ;
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

I used to have as glad a face,
 As shadowless a brow :
 I once could run as blithe a race
 As you are running now ;
 But never mind how I behave,
 Don't interrupt your play,
 And though I look so very grave,
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day.

The second is styled simply "Cousins," as if the friend of Tom was too much oppressed by his mighty theme, to bestow upon his poem any less comprehensive designation.

Had you ever a Cousin, Tom ?
 Did your Cousin happen to sing ?
 Sisters we've all by the dozen, Tom,
 But a Cousin's a different thing ;
 And you'd find, if you ever had kissed her, Tom,
 (But let this be a secret between us.)
 That your lips would have been in a blister, Tom,
 For they're not of the Sister genus.

There is something, Tom, in a Sister's lip,
 When you give her a good-night kiss,
 That savours so much of relationship,
 That nothing occurs amiss ;
 But a Cousin's lip, if you once unite
 With yours, in the quietest way,
 Instead of sleeping a wink that night,
 You'll be dreaming the following day.

And people think it no harm, Tom,
 With a Cousin to hear you talk ;
 And no one feels any alarm, Tom,
 At a quiet, cousinly walk, —
 But, Tom, you'll soon find what I happen to know,
 That such walks often go into straying,
 And the voices of Cousins are sometimes so low,
 Heaven only knows what you'll be saying !

And then there happened so often, Tom,
 Soft pressures of hands and fingers,
 And looks that were moulded to soften, Tom,
 And tones on which memory lingers ;
 That long ere the walk is half over, those strings
 Of your heart are all put in play,
 By the voice of those fair, demi-sisterly things,
 In not quite the most brotherly way.

And the song of a Sister may bring to you, Tom,
 Such tones as the angels woo,
 But I fear if your Cousin should sing to you, Tom,
 You'll take her for an angel, too ;

For so curious a note is that note of theirs,
 That you'll fancy the voice that gave it
 Has been all the while singing the National Airs,
 Instead of the Psalms of David.

I once had a Cousin who sung, Tom,
 And her name may be nameless now,
 But the sound of those songs is still young, Tom,
 Though we are no longer so:
 'Tis folly to dream of a bower of green
 When there is not a leaf on the tree;—
 But 'twixt walking and singing, that Cousin has been,
 God forgive her! the ruin of me.

And now I care nought for society, Tom,
 And lead a most anchorite life,
 For I've loved myself into sobriety, Tom,
 And out of the wish for a wife;
 But oh! if I said but half what I might say,
 So sad were the lesson 'twould give,
 That 'twould keep you from loving for many a day,
 And from Cousins—as long as you live.

We shall terminate our extracts with two additional pieces of another description—of the first of which, however, we can quote a portion only. Let the reader compare it with Mr. Thackeray's Ode on the death of George IV.

Beneath the marble, mud, or moss,
 Whiche'er his subjects shall determine,
 Entombed in eulogies and dross,
 The Island King is food for vermin;
 Prisoned by scribblers and by salt,
 From Lethe and sepulchral vapours,
 His body fills his father's vault,
 His character the daily papers.

Well was he framed for royal seat;
 Kind to the *meanest* of his creatures,
 With tender heart and tender feet,
 And open purse and open features;
 The ladies say who laid him out,
 And earned thereby the usual pensions,
 They never wreathed a shroud about
 A corpse of more genteel dimensions.

He warred with half a score of foes,
 And shone—by proxy—in the quarrel;
 Enjoyed hard fights and soft repose,
 And deathless debt, and deathless laurel;
 His enemies were scalped and flayed,
 Whene'er his soldiers were victorious;
 And widows wept, and paupers paid,
 To make their Sovereign Ruler glorious.

And days were set apart for thanks,
 And prayers were said by pious readers;

And laurel lavished on the ranks,
 And land was lavished on their leaders;
 Events are writ by History's pen:
 Though causes are too much to care for:—
 Fame talks about the where and when,
 While folly asks the why and wherefore.

In peace he was intensely gay,
 And indefatigably busy;
 Preparing gew-gaws every day,
 And shows to make his subjects dizzy:
 And hearing the report of guns,
 And signing the report of jailors,
 And making up receipts for buns,
 And patterns for the army tailors;

And building carriages and boats,
 And streets, and chapels, and pavilions,
 And regulating all the coats,
 And all the principles of millions;
 And drinking homilies and gin,
 And chewing pork and adulation,
 And looking backwards upon sin,
 And looking forwards to salvation.

The people, in his happy reign,
 Were blest beyond all other nations;
 Unharmed by foreign axe or chain,
 Unhealed by civil innovations;
 They served the usual logs and stones,
 With all the usual rites and terrors;
 And swallowed all their father's bones,
 And swallowed all their father's errors.*

* * * * *

His funeral was very grand,
 Followed by many robes and maces,
 And all the great ones of the land,
 Struggling, as heretofore, for places;
 And every loyal Minister
 Was there with signs of purse-felt sorrow,
 Save Pozzy, his lord Chancellor,
 Who promised to attend to-morrow.

Peace to his dust! his fostering care
 By grateful hearts shall long be cherished,
 And all his subjects shall declare
 They lost a grinder when he perished †

* In the Sandwich Islands, no greater mark of respect can be paid to the parent, by the son, than the swallowing of part of his mortal remains. More civilized nations are content with the prejudices.

† When the Sovereign of the Sandwich Islands dies, each of his subjects shows his respect for the deceased Prince, by extracting a valuable tooth from his head.

They who shall look upon the lead,
 In which a people's love hath shrined him,
 Shall say, when all the worst is said,
 Perhaps he leaves a worse behind him!

The last extract we shall make is the poem, which we give entire. It is called following very beautiful and musical "School and School-fellows."

Twelve years ago I made a mock
 Of filthy trades and traffics :
 I wondered what they meant by stock ;
 I wrote delightful sapphics :
 I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
 I suppd with fates and furies ;
 Twelve years ago I was a boy,
 A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
 Of faded paints and pleasures
 Those whispered syllables have brought
 From memory's hoarded treasures !
 The fields, the forms, the beasts, the brooks,
 The glories and disgraces,
 The voices of dear friends, the looks
 Of old familiar faces.

Kind Mater smiles again to me,
 As bright as when we parted ;
 I seem again the frank, the free,
 Stout-limbed, and simple-hearted ;
 Pursuing every idle dream,
 And shunning every warning ;
 With no hard work but Bovney Stream,
 No chill except Long Morning :

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball,
 That rattled like a rocket ;
 Now hearing Wentworth's "fourteen all,"
 And striking for the pocket :
 Now feasting on a cheese and fitch,
 Now drinking from the pewter ;
 Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,
 Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends ?—I am alone,
 No playmate shares my beaker—
 Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
 And some before the Speaker ;
 And some compose a tragedy,
 And some compose a rondo ;
 And some draw swords for liberty,
 And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,
 Without the fear of sessions ;

Charles Medler loath'd false quantities,
As much as false professions.
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic ;
And Medler's feet repose, unscann'd,
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
Does Dr. Martext's duty ;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a beauty ;
And Darrel studies, week by week,
His Mant, and not his Manton ;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now—
The world's cold chain has bound me ;
And darker shades are on my brow,
And sadder scenes around me :
In Parliament I fill my seat,
With many other noodles ;
And lay my head in Jermyn-street,
And sip my hock at Doodle's.

But often, when the cares of life
Have set my temples aching,
When visions haunt me of a wife,
And duns await my waking,
When Lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hobby in a hurry.
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry :

For hours and hours I think and talk
Of each remembered hobby ;
I long to lounge in Poet's Walk—
To shiver in the lobby ;
I wish that I could run away
From house, and court, and levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day,
Just Eton boys, grown heavy ;

That I could bask in childhood's sun,
And dance o'er childhood's roses ;
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses ;
And pray Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milk-maids houris ;
That I could be a boy again—
A happy boy at Drury's.

Does not this poem possess no little of the tenderness, point, and delightful serio-comic brilliancy of Mr. Thackeray's exquisite "Ballad of Bouillié Baisse?" We cannot go very far wrong in declaring that this alone establishes Præd's title to a very high rank among the lesser lights of poetry—by which we mean that class who achieve high excellence as masters of music, but cannot mount to the great heights on which the kings of song have their abode. There is in many of these pieces a delicacy of thought, a rhythmic elegance and an epigrammatic point, which rival the same qualities in Moore, and other celebrated composers of "occasional verse." A striking part in Præd's poetry is the choice of his personages, so to speak, from the "best society" as the new-fangled phrase hath it. His *dramatis personæ* are Lady Clares, Lord Henrys, and the frequenters of Almacks. He rarely descends to homely life—and his muse moves serenely in the boudoirs of the upper circles of the nobility. We by no means notice this as a blemish. We are sick and tired of the hackneyed criticism which objects to the introduction of Lords and Honourables in novels and poems. Why not? These gentlemen are "men and brethren"—and if they are not as amusing or entertaining as the rougher and more impulsive types of humanity which are encountered in

the every-day battle of life, that is scarcely good ground for their total exclusion from books of prose or poetry which profess to paint pictures of human life. Præd wrote of the society which he was accustomed to move in:—he probably knew a great deal more about the "manners and customs," the habits, usages, failings and merits, of the aristocratic class, than of other portions of his fellows. It is to his praise that he has surrounded his duchesses and noble youth with a great deal of human interest. We laugh at their follies, sympathize with their aspirations; and thank the poet for outlining the figures so clearly and wittily.

We sum up our brief notice of the peculiarities of Præd's mind, by saying that he was the poet of good society—the temperate Anacreon, and respectable Aristophanes of the period in which he lived. The poems in these two handsome volumes, were productive of a large amount of pleasure and amusement when they first appeared in England; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the lovers of this species of writing, in our own country, will be glad to obtain them. We repeat that in our own opinion they are among the most witty, brilliant and musical verses of this department of poetry, to be found in English literature.



GREENWAY COURT; OR, THE BLOODY GROUND.

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LV.

CONCLUSION OF THE EARL'S NARRATIVE.

"The rest of my narrative," continued the Earl, "may be related briefly. But, first, I shall tell you what you have no doubt understood ere this, that the young man who passes here under the name of Falconbridge is my son. Let me go on.

"After his terrible, and successful plot, Sir William Powys, proceeded quietly to adopt and rear the child, of whom he had deprived me. But events soon occurred which overthrew all his calculations. A creditor who had a claim upon every foot of land which the baronet possessed, forced the payment of the debt, and thus Powys' Court passed from its owner's hands, as Denton had escaped from mine. The baronet was thus thrown upon the world, and had it not been for his son, Arthur, would have had no where to lay his head. The young man had married some time before, and now received his father and the child under his roof.

"But Sir William was haunted eternally by a single thought. He dreaded the discovery by myself of the infant's identity, and the thought of being compelled by law to part with him, aroused all the old hatred and jealousy in his heart. The boy already began to display unmistakable indications of his origin. He was the image of his mother, and no one who had ever seen Edith failed to note, and refer to this remembrance. People began to inquire why the haughty and aristocratic Sir William Powys had adopted and received as his own child, the son of a servant in his household. The gossips of the neighbourhood duly seized upon the matter—and began to shake their heads,—and ask if that poor young Mr. Fairfax had really lost his child. It was a vague and undefined idea in all minds; but the question was not permitted to rest.

"This state of things became at last so troublesome, that Sir William cast about him for some means of quieting the gos-

sips, and at the same time securing the infant from ever falling into my hands. The means all at once presented themselves. A Mr. Falconbridge of the region was about emigrating to the Virginia Colony—and his wife, who was childless, had taken a great fancy to the boy. Sir William was not long in making up his mind. He sounded the parties, and discovered that they would willingly adopt the child as their own, and take charge of his future. The bargain was soon agreed upon, and when Mr. Falconbridge sailed for Virginia, he took my son with him, as his own child, and bearing his name.

"Thus had crime reached its punishment. This man who had inflicted upon me such a cruel vengeance, was as cruelly wounded himself. He loved the boy dearly, and was compelled to part with him. He continued in England, dependent upon the bounty of his son—but after some years even this was denied him. Arthur died, and his wife followed him. The family had subsisted upon the salary of a county office which the young man held; and thus Sir William found himself without means of support, with a further cause of disquiet and apprehension. Arthur had left a little daughter. You know her, under the name of Cannie Powell. This daughter the poor man came to love with a doting affection; and to rear her in a manner suitable to her origin and rank now became the most cherished desire of her grandfather. Without means of doing so in the old world, Sir William came to the new. He crossed the ocean, and settled upon a small tract of land on the shores of the Chesapeake; and thence came here to the mountains, for the health of his granddaughter. Soon after his arrival, he discovered a mine of silver and gold, and in working this mine, impelled by the desire of amassing money for his child, he secured that reputation for witchcraft, which ended in his arrest and trial. He had frequently seen his grandson, young Falconbridge, in the Lowland, but shame had prevented him from revealing their connection, and even from me-

king his acquaintance, as a stranger. Assured of the fact that the elder Falconbridge loved him, and regarded him as his son, he yielded to the hard fate which kept them asunder, and dedicated his life to little Cannie. When I came to Greenway, a year or two since, Sir William was residing in the mountain. Why I emigrated to America, you doubtless know. Stripped of Denton, and longing for new scenes, I came hither, and took possession of my property, like Leeds Castle, derived from Lord Culpepper through my mother. I never met Sir William, though I often hunted in the Fort Mountain—and a strange Providence threw us, for the first time, face to face, in the attitude of criminal and judge. By the side of the old man I saw my son, and my son's cousin; his grand children, both; and all strikingly alike. The strange resemblance which Falconbridge, as I shall call him still, bore to Arthur and Edith, impressed me powerfully on our first meeting, and one night, when he slept here, I stole at midnight to his chamber, led thither by an impulse which I could not resist. You know all, now, Captain Wagner. I have related my whole life. You are acquainted with the events which have occurred since the young man's visit to this region; I scarce dare to refer to them. An inscrutable Providence decreed that father and son should be rivals, in a mad infatuation for a woman; that they should oppose each other sword in hand; that they should shed each other's blood, though God be thanked, not to the death! The man whose net placed us in this unnatural attitude, revealed all before it was too late. In our interview on the mountain, he confessed his crime, and prayed me in a trembling voice to forgive him. He had delivered some time before, a package to the youth for me, containing the whole explanation, which was strangely lost. But at least it came in time. No power can now arm us again. I shall never look more upon the woman whom my boy loves; I will warn him against her, for I feel that she is false and dangerous.

"That is all, Captain," said the Earl raising his head, and sighing deeply, but

no longer with the old painful expression, "I have related a strange history—'tis such, is it not?—and you have listened as friend listens to friend. The narrative has been a singular relief to me; I feel light-hearted almost. I end by a serious and earnest petition. I impose upon you a duty which I know you will gladly perform. In the scenes of danger which my boy is about to enter, watch over his life, and bring him back safe to me. On the day of his return I will tell him that his name is not Falconbridge; that his blood is *my* blood; that I thank the Supreme Lord of this world, and all worlds that Edmund Lord Fairfax, the *seventh* of the name, and Baron of Cameron in the kingdom of Scotland, for such will be my boy,—is better than a mere nobleman, better than the greatest lord—a true hearted, noble souled gentleman!"

The face of the glad father glowed as he spoke, and his form rose erect, with a pride and happiness which is indescribable.

"Yes, Captain!" said the Earl, with flushed cheeks, and brilliant eyes, "yes, Falconbridge is a gentleman every inch of him! a nobleman by God's patent, as by the king's! In his presence, as I gazed at him, and listened to his voice; I have said, 'This is a chevalier of old days!' In his persuasive tones, in his clear, frank eyes, in his lips, in his whole bearing; in his rage, as when he smiled; I have seen the great soul of the boy, the pure gold of his nature! I have thrilled with a nameless delight, when he spoke; I have gazed with longing into his deep, true eyes; I have said 'What pride must this youth's father feel!' and you may understand now the emotion which I experience when I can add 'This man is my son.'"

The Earl was silent, and Captain Wagner did not immediately reply. Leaning his head upon his huge hand, he reflected with absorbing interest upon the remarkable history which he had just heard. He remained thus absent and buried in thought, for a long time after the Earl ceased speaking. Then he raised his head, and uttered the characteristic words:

"Yes, a trump, or the devil take it!"

The Earl smiled at the sonorous voice of the worthy soldier, and said:

"You mean, my son?"

"Yes, my Lord. And I beg you to observe one fact—that when I say a man's a trump, I mean the trump of *hearts*, that being the finest card, to my thinking, in the pack. I have always regarded your Lordship as a man of discrimination; I think so now more than ever, or I'm a dandy! Yes, this Falconbridge is truly a gentleman, and that's better, as you say, than being 'noble' so called. I am not myself a gentleman—don't be waving your hand, my dear friend—I *would* have been, with training, if that satisfies you. I think in fact that a real marquis was spoiled when Captain Julius Wagner took to the border. Nevertheless in spite of this unfortunate state of things, I am acquainted with the article, and recognize it. I say Falconbridge is made of real gold! Let me hear anybody deny it! I'll slice 'em! Zounds! my Lord! I loved him at first sight! I couldn't keep my eyes off that proud-looking face of his—and when he dangled after that woman, I nearly cried! From the first, this young fellow bossed Wagner, or I'm a dandy! I am fond of your Lordship, but I honestly declare, that yonder on the Fort Mountain, I hoped he'd make a hole in your coat—that is to say—hum!—rather than be drilled himself! Friendly, that, eh, my Lord? But it's true. It will show you how that boy has wrapped himself around my old heart: I growl like a miserable old bear, when he groans—he's as much my son as your Lordship's!"

The Captain accompanied the words by a blow upon the table with his fist.

"There, there," he said more calmly, "I've made a fool of myself—if I haven't done a disgraceful piece of courting. The fact is, my Lord, I want a manor on the Opequon, and it occurred to me that this was the way to get around you. I have no sort of liking for this lofty headed youngster, but I praise him, you see, to arrive at my own ends. Is the 'Redbud Manor' still unoccupied, my Lord?"

And the Captain gazed with a look of

earnest inquiry into the countenance of Lord Fairfax.

The Earl smiled. It was a happy smile—no longer grim and melancholy, as on former occasions.

"You are a bungling courtier, Captain Wagner," he said, "and I predict will never become a very distinguished diplomatist. But I'll make a contract with you. Bring my boy back safely, and I'll make you a deed to twice as many acres as the 'Redbud' tract. Is it a bargain?"

"No, my Lord," returned the Captain, "it is nothing of the sort. The fact is, the 'Redbud' land is miserably barren—not half equal to my wife's property which joins it. No, your Lordship, and at present Captain Wagner is talking seriously, by the book—I'll receive no pay, for looking after that youngster, any more than I would for guarding Julius, Lord Wagner, the second of the name and Baron of Winchester in the Kingdom of Virginia! I'll be by him, and keep the balls off him—if I don't I'm a dandy! And so that's all. Let me now go and carry out my other promise—that of bringing Lord Fairfax, the younger, to Greenway. The sun is getting low, and it is time to be on the road. Your Lordship wishes him to come sleep here?"

"Yes Captain. You will pardon the weakness of a father whose son is going on a perilous expedition to-morrow; I would see him once more."

"Right, right! I've had boys myself, and I know what that means; you want to have the youngster here close to you."

The Earl smiled and inclined.

"It is one of my chief happinesses in this lonely region to have by my side a friend like yourself, sir, who understands me. Go then—'tis another obligation still."

"Stop that talking, my Lord. Julius Wagner's a good fellow, but no such great things after all. I'll go bring him—whether he wants to come or not—or I'm a dandy!"

With which words, the Borderer issued forth, and mounting Injunbater, hastened to the Ordinary. Two hours afterwards, Falconbridge, as we shall continue to call him, was seated in the great apartment at

Greenway, conversing with George, the Earl and the Captain.

LVI.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

We might pause here to note the strange and moving attitudes which some of the personages of our narrative sustained toward each other. We might exhibit the good Earl in the presence of his son, listening with smiles as the young man talks:—or returning to the day when Falconbridge visited the Fort Mountain, we might dwell on the secret attraction which he felt toward his little cousin, and the sympathetic affection of the child in return.

We might dedicate some pages to this series of reflections, but it is not necessary. It is well that such is the fact. Our narrative is not ended. It must depict more than one additional scene of passion before it concludes. The hours are even now descending upon the actors in the valley and the mountain, at the Ordinary, and Greenway.

For a long time the occupants of the old border mansion continued to converse upon a variety of topics. Falconbridge was gloomy and the victim evidently of an incurable sadness—but he no longer cherishes any ill-will toward the Earl. It is true, he still wondered at the scene in the Fort, and vainly racked his brain to account for the action of Lord Fairfax: but a more absorbing thought filled his agitated mind; the terrible secret which had been revealed to him by Mr. Argal.

He looked older. His countenance, which before had been the model of youthful beauty, began to shrink away, and present the traits of age. His cheeks were hollow, his eyes dim—his lips were filled with inexpressible sorrow; or wore a smile of such sadness that the Earl was moved almost to tears as he gazed.

As the hours drew on, however, something of this gloom disappeared from the fine face. Captain Wagner directed the conversation toward the events of

the morrow—the march on the Indians—the fated struggle. Then Falconbridge aroused himself. His eyes glanced, his cheek flushed, when the soldier drew a picture of the murdered women and children, the face of the young man became menacing and dark—the war fever began to replace the sombre brooding. George never removed his eyes for a moment from Falconbridge. The youth seemed to be drawn to him by an irresistible attraction—the manly eyes of the boy uttered plainly the emotions of his heart—the deep affection which he felt toward the other. Indeed, this feeling amounted to a passion almost—and if, amid the advancing scenes of our narrative, we have not paused to dwell upon this beautiful friendship, it was not because it did not possess all the elements of an exquisite picture. From the first day of their meeting, these two natures had embraced so to speak. The two youths had recognized in each other many similar traits, and heart spoke to heart, with the frankness and sincerity which spring from nobility of soul. With the elder it was a sentiment of affection, almost tenderness—with George not only that: he looked up to his friend as to one who should be taken as a model—as to his superior, and bright exemplar in all things.

Long afterwards when a new world had risen from the ruins of the old—when a long stormy life had thrown the youth into contact with all varieties of excellence and nobility and moral grandeur—when, a gray-haired man, George returned to this region,—he gazed on the scenes which his friend had once moved in; and said with a sigh, which sounded strangely from him, "There never was anybody else like him!"

So the long hours fled away into the darkness of the past—and at night the occupants at Greenway retired. It was the last time they ever met, all, together in the old apartment.

In an hour they were slumbering quietly—but they were destined to be awakened.

Falconbridge was sleeping as tranquilly as an infant, when suddenly he felt a

violent grasp on his arm, and the voice of Captain Wagner thundered :

"Wake, comrade! They're on us at last!"

The young man sprang from his couch and rapidly dressed himself without speaking. George, who slept in the same room, did the same.

"They're on us, or the devil fly away with it!" cried the Captain, "come, hurry! His Lordship's waiting by this time. I sent the messenger to his room!"

"The messenger?" asked Falconbridge coolly.

"Yes! Just look out and you'll see what news he brought!"

As he spoke the Captain raised the curtain of the window and pointed to the west. Above the belt of forest soared a tongue of flame, and the country was illuminated for miles by a great conflagration.

"The Ordinary!" said George.

"Yes, the Ordinary! By the horns of the devil! You are right! Come friends! There's not a moment to lose!"

And the Captain hurried down to the large apartment where, while sleeping as his wont was in one of the couches, the messenger from the tavern had aroused him.

Lord Fairfax was already dressed, and speaking rapidly to the man who had brought the intelligence: George and Falconbridge entered, as he was doing so.

The news was quickly communicated to all. The band of Indians who had made a feint of directing their march toward the Potomac, did so only to mask their real plan. They had turned back suddenly and descended upon Winchester, and the Greenway Court manor, burning and murdering as they went. They had come thus, duly to the neighbourhood of the Ordinary, and at once proceeded to attack that mansion. The occupants could make little or no resistance—the savages had taken the place and set it on fire an hour before. The fat landlord, Van Doring, had been killed on his threshold—every servant but the one who related these events had fallen

victim to the assailants: and the savages had finally hastened away, in a southern direction, carrying with them as prisoners, Mrs. Butterton, Monsieur Jambot and Major Hastyluck who had slept at the tavern—as beasts of burden to bear the plunder on their shoulders.

The Captain bounded again as he heard this, and growled rather than said:

"To horse! to horse!"

With which words he rushed from the apartment. In ten minutes every one was mounted, and a learned consultation was held as to the propriety of leaving Greenway undefended.

"They're gone southwest! I know 'em," said the soldier bravely, "the attack on us here would have been made before this if they had not been afraid that the house was regularly garrisoned!"

The servant who had brought the intelligence corroborated this view, and stated that he had heard the Indians discuss in broken English, the question of attacking Greenway. They had given up the idea, upon the identical grounds mentioned by the Captain—and had hastened toward the South, leaving him tied in the burning house, from which he had managed however to escape.

This settled all doubt: and in a moment the four men were spurring rapidly to the scene of the catastrophe.

A horrible spectacle awaited them. The mansion was wrapt in devouring flames, and on the portico were lying no less than six dead bodies, among which was seen the portly form of Mynheer Van Doring, scalped and bleeding from many mortal wounds. A sight if anything more terrible was presented in front of the Ordinary. Several infant children, belonging to the dead servants of the establishment were hanging in trees, transfixed with arrows. The Indians had evidently perpetrated this shocking tragedy in sport—and while the Earl and his companions were gazing at the contorted forms, another barbarity still was revealed. The stable of the Ordinary was burning like the mansion, and the cries of some cattle and sheep

which were shut in made the night hideous to the listeners.*

The first act of the party was to drag the dead bodies out of the flames, and liberate the cattle which went bellowing with terror into the forest. Then the Captain leaped into the saddle and cast a rapid glance around him. A number of settlers, for the most part wild hunters, had assembled, attracted from their homes by the soaring flames of the burning mansion. To these the Borderer, who seemed on fire with rage, addressed himself in quick, brief words. His directions were succinct and simple. They were to disperse in all quarters and arouse the inhabitants—the men would meet at the "Three Oaks" near the house of Mr. Argal's—a point in the prairie which every settler was acquainted with. He himself would spend the night in scouring the country. The various parties would assemble at daybreak, or sunrise at the latest.

These directions were rapidly obeyed. The hunters dispersed and hurried away, disappearing with long strides in the gathering darkness.

"Now friends!" said Captain Wagner to the Earl and his companions, "let every man imitate me. There's no time for ceremony! I would bite off my head for this hoggish stupidity of mine! I trusted that fellow who brought me the news that the band had gone back, and would slay him where he stood if he were here! To work! I will go and bring the boys from Winchester, where

they were to assemble to-day—for day's coming. Go arm, gentlemen! arm; this is only the beginning of the sight you're going to see!"

And saluting, the Borderer put spur to his huge animal, and took the road to Winchester at a thundering gallop.

"I will return to Greenway Court, gentlemen," said the Earl, with his old grim expression, "I will send all my servants in every direction—and then join you at the 'Three Oaks' at daybreak."

With these words he left the room and soon disappeared like the Captain, at a rapid gallop.

George and Falconbridge looked at each other. The same thought had occurred to them at the same instant. The Indians had gone southward—in the direction of Mr. Argal's: in the direction of the Fort Mountain!

No word was uttered: a simultaneous movement of the head—the spur in the sides of their horses—and they separated and were lost in the darkness.

LVII.

THE SEARCH.

Falconbridge pushed his spirited animal until the courser rather bounded than ran.

The great trees flitted by like spectres; the prairie glimmered, and fled behind him; darting onward like some phantom of the German poets, he resembled rather

* Such pictures as are here given must not be credited to the imagination of the present writer. The historian of the valley, Samuel Kercheval says: "The Indians dragged the dead body back to the house, threw it in, plundered the house of what they chose, and then set fire to it. While the house was in flames, consuming the body of Mr. Painter, they forced from the arms of their mothers, four infant children, hung them up in trees, shot them in savage sport and left them hanging. They then set fire to a stable in which were enclosed a parcel of sheep and calves, thus cruelly and wantonly torturing to death the dumb animals. After these atrocities they moved off with forty-eight prisoners, among whom were Mrs. Painter, five of her daughters and one of her sons: a Mrs. Smith and several of her children, among them a lad of twelve or thirteen years old, a fine, well grown boy, and remarkably fleshy. This little fellow, it will presently be seen, was destined to be the victim of savage cruelty. . . . One of the Painters, with Myers, ran over that night to Powell's fort," etc.

the wild image of a feverish dream than a real man of flesh and blood.

A terrible dread had seized upon him. The Indians had gone directly toward Mr. Argal's. She was slain perhaps—even now she might be weltering in her blood! That tender and beautiful face might be gashed by the tomakawk—the scalping knife might have encircled the white temples,—and the mass of raven curls which he had often twined around his fingers might be hanging at the belt of a savage!

The thought maddened him almost, and he felt with something like a dreadful shudder that he loved this woman still.

All the nobility and pity of his high nature was aroused. She had trifled with him perhaps—she had played with his deep love—but after all, she was a woman, a weak woman! She was even more than that! She was a poor feeble girl, smitten by the hand of the Almighty, and irresponsible! Could he think of her lying in her blood on the threshold, and turn away coldly with the thought, "She has deceived me—I care nothing?"

No, that was not possible. She was sacred to him still—if all was ended between them. His life was a bauble; of no value; he cared naught for it: he would fulfill that promise which he had made to her father. He would still guard her from harm, and if necessary, die for her.

He fled on more rapidly. Sir John panted, and the foam flew from his jaws. Then suddenly the house rose in the darkness.

All was silent. The young man leaped to the ground and rushed in.

As he entered he stumbled and almost fell over a dead body. An awful shudder convulsed him. He scarcely dared to look down. Leaning for an instant against the framework of the door, a sort of mist passed before him, and he shook from head to foot. Then he summoned all his strength, and knelt down, passing his trembling hand over the figure. It was a woman, but not the form of her he sought. A deep breath filled the bosom of the young man as he rose erect. Stepping over the corpse of the servant, he hastened in, and going to the fire-place, struck a light. The apartment was all at once illuminated. An awful spectacle presented itself.

All around lay the corpses of the servants of the establishment, in attitudes of indescribable agony, as they had died. The room was rifled, the furniture broken. On more than one object was a bloody stain which indicated a desperate struggle. This, however, was the least of the spectacle. There was another element—an object, or rather five objects which sent the blood to his breast, and made him turn sick with horror.

To the four corners of the room were affixed by knives driven through them into the wall, the quartered body of Mr. Argal. On the summit of a stake which leaned against the mantel-piece, the bleeding head of the unhappy man looked, with a ghastly grin upon the features, at the intruder.*

The young man recoiled before the terrible sight, step by step, until he touched the opposite wall. He seemed endeavouring to fly from the grinning mouth, the lacklustre eyes.

Then suddenly he remembered the ob-

* Again we must warn the reader against attributing these details to ourselves. Korcheval says:

"The remaining two" Indians "resolved not to give up their prey, found it necessary to proceed more cautiously; and going to the least exposed side of the house, one was raised upon the shoulders of the other to an opening in the logs, some distance above the level of Mr. Williams, who did not consequently observe the manœuvre, from which he fired and shot Mr. Williams dead. The body was instantly quartered and hung to the four corners of the building, and the head stuck upon a fence stake in front of the door. This brave man was the father of the venerable Edward Williams, the clerk of Hardy County Court."

ject of his visit, which had disappeared from his mind for an instant. *Her* figure was not among the corpses on the floor—was it elsewhere?

With the flaring light raised above his head, he rushed though the house from top to bottom—with clenched teeth—breathing heavily—searching for what he dared not to think of.

It was not visible. Then she too had been carried away prisoner—every moment that he tarried, increased the distance between them. Hurrying back to the main room, he passed through it with averted head and shuddering limbs. Stepping over the dead body of the woman at the threshold, he ground the light beneath his heel, and leaving the mansion with its horrors to darkness and silence, leaped into the saddle and darted off in the direction of the "Three Oaks."

LVIII.

AT THE HOUSE IN THE MOUNTAIN.

George had meanwhile directed his course as rapidly as Falconbridge toward the Fort Mountain.

The same terrible fear made his heart turn cold, and his temples throb with fever. His imagination also made a picture for itself—the form of a young girl stretched dead upon the ground, all mangled, and bloody from the blows of the savages.

They spared no age or sex—hence they could not have passed over *Cannie*, if they had gone, as they probably had done, to the Fort Mountain. The child whom he loved more than he loved his life, was dead—she would smile for him no more—all his future was to be darkness and despair.

With a quivering lip, and eyes moist yet fiery, George fled across the prairie at a desperate pace, driving the spur, cruelly, into the sides of his little animal.

More than once the horse stumbled and nearly fell in the tall grass—but a powerful lift of the bridle held him up:—again he fled onward, like the shadow of

a darting bird across the weird expanse, toward the river.

The stream was reached, and soon crossed. Into the frowning gorge, up the winding road, over rocks and fallen trees which the animal cleared bound after bound, the boy rushed on.

His horse reared and almost fell at the door of the mountain dwelling—the ascent had been cruelly exhausting.

George entered. An old servant was holding Mr. Powell in his arms, and staunching a deep wound in his temple. The old man was insensible—the servant was groaning and uttering exclamations.

It was some time before George could extort anything from the servant, who only cried, "Such a country! such a country! Oh! for England again!"

At last he was mastered by the stern tone and resolute command in George's voice—he related what had happened.

An hour before, the Indians, in large numbers, had surprised the dwelling, and carried off *Cannie*. His master had fought desperately, but was soon overpowered—a blow from a tomahawk had struck him down. Then the house had been rifled, and the band hurried away, right over the summit of the mountain.

"And where were you?" thundered the youth in a tone which made the servant quake, "cowardly wretch! Why are you alive, to speak to me—when your mistress is a prisoner of the Indians?"

The truth soon came out. The servant had fled into the woods, and returned only when, from his hiding place, he saw the band depart.

As he finished his reluctant explanation, the old man opened his eyes, and looked vaguely around.

"George," he murmured, "where is *Cannie*?"

And with a violent movement he strove to rise to his feet.

"Sit still, Sir William! there, sit still!" said the servant, holding him.

"What have you done with my child?" cried the old man, flushing to the temples, and speaking in a tone of such terrible anguish that it made the hearers tremble, "where is my child? Bring her hither!"

He resembled a lion at bay, as he thus spoke, with glaring eyes; but his strength suddenly failed him. The blood gushed from the deep wound; and stretching his arms out wildly he exclaimed, as he fell fainting:

"My child! my child!"

George's face had turned so pale that it frightened the servant and made him recoil almost. His teeth were clenched like iron, and his eyes burned with a steady and menacing flame, which indicated the depth to which his nature was aroused. No one would have recognized in the man of resolute coldness, who stood gazing at the inanimate form, the gay and smiling boy which he had always appeared to be.

George was passing through that ordeal which tempers the metal, and makes the soul steel for the real struggles of life.

"Take care of your master, and bind up his wound," he said hoarsely, "I leave him in your charge. If he asks for his daughter, or for me, when he revives, say I told you I had gone to bring her back or to die with her! Remember!"

And leaving the room, he mounted his panting animal and pushed down the steep declivity as he had ascended.

The gorge was passed—the river crossed—through the prairie, which began to glimmer in the first light of daybreak, he rapidly advanced toward the "Three Oaks."

Many settlers had assembled, and others were approaching from every quarter. Above the crowd, motionless as a statue, on his white horse, the form of Falconbridge rose clearly against the sky.

From the North Captain Wagner, followed by a number of hunters, approached at a tremendous gallop.

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LIX.

THE DEVIL'S GARDEN.

It is the evening succeeding the scenes which have just been related.

The sun is near its setting.

A stream of crimson light, as red as blood, bathes the valleys and mountains, colouring tree trunks, and mossy rocks and flowing streams, with its ruddy splendor.

As the day declines, the deep flush ascends the trees, and creeps up the precipices—with a stealthy crawl, like some variegated wild animal, disappearing in the depths of the gorges.

Finally it raises the golden crown from the top of the Blue Ridge—fades from the pines of the wave-like Massinutton, and lingers for an instant on the Great North Mountain, and those serried ranges which extend, like the huge ribs of some prostrate giant, through the region which is watered by Lost River.

One pinnacle only at last remains illuminated. It raises its mighty head abruptly from the valley, at a point not many miles south of the spot where Lost River sinks and disappears at the base of the mountain, which vainly seeks to bar its advance.

There is something no less curious than majestic about this vast pile, which is appropriately styled, by one who has described it, a "truly wonderful work of Nature."

Between two ranges of the bristling mountain, a strip of ground, about half a mile wide, commences ascending from the head of "Trout Run," and continues to mount gradually for the distance of three miles. Then it suddenly terminates in a dizzy precipice—a vast Titanic pile of dark granite, such as the giants who warred against the gods might have heaped up as a memorial of one of their slain brethren. The immense mass is entirely separate from the surrounding mountains—yawning chasms upon each hand present an impassable gulf—in front the precipice descends as straight as an arrow to the depth of five hundred feet.

The details of this singular natural wonder, are no less striking than the object itself.

A portion of the summit is covered with flat rocks, forming a natural pavement—interrupted here and there by

fissures,—and on the eastern edge stands a gigantic bust in granite—the head, neck and shoulders, clearly defined:—the whole presenting to the eye “a frowning and terrific appearance.” Near this figure, which gives its name to the peak, formerly stood a granite pillar, ten or twelve feet high—two or more feet in diameter, and four-square. This pillar has been broken from its base by some convulsion of the earth or the elements, and reclines in the form of an arch across one of the fissures of which we have spoken.

This is the summit. But the strange details of the peak are not exhausted. About a hundred feet below the base of the statue a door leads into deep caverns in the rock. After leaving the entrance, the explorer finds himself in an apartment with level floor and ceiling—from which a flight of stone steps ascend to another still larger. In like manner twelve flights of steps give access to twelve apartments—the last of which is just beneath the pavement of the summit, and is lighted by one of the fissures already described.*

Such is “The Devil’s Garden.” And to this wild scene we now beg the reader to accompany us.

For a time no living thing is seen, except some huge eagle, sailing by on broad wings, above Lost River, a flying fallow deer, or a bear, slowly shaking his black head, and vanishing in the tangled thickets of the mountain side.

The sun slowly sinks, and his last beams linger on the weird-looking statue, and the vast mass of piled up granite which soars above.

The wild scene, with its billowy ranges, and glimmering torrents grows wilder—the denizens of the night begin to awake in their lairs and prowl abroad to seek their prey—over the immense horizon, all bristling with jagged peaks and precipices, the solemn grandeur, and rude magnificence slowly yield to a brooding gloom,—the scene is an overturned world,

convulsed and shattered—the very genius of desolation descends and reigns, on his blood-red throne of mountains.

The blazing shield at last sinks beneath the horizon, and night stretches its broad pall, prepared to throw it over the whole.

At this moment a slight rustling might have been heard at the entrance to the caverns, on the declivity of the peak, and a swarthy face appeared at the opening followed ere long by a strange and repulsive-looking figure, which remained for a time motionless in the gathering gloom.

LX.

THE HALF-BREED.

The figure which thus obtruded itself upon the wild scene, belonged apparently to no nation or class, if, indeed, to the race of human beings. It was nevertheless possessed of a revolting interest, so to speak, and a lover of the horrible and picturesque united would have feasted his eyes upon the animal.

He was a half-breed, about five feet high, with a deep yellow, or sallow complexion, a gigantic breadth of chest, long monkey-like arms, and legs which resembled the crooked and gnarled boughs of a distorted oak. His forehead was scarcely an inch in height—his small eyes, as cunning and cruel as a serpent’s, rolled beneath bushy brows; his nose was crooked like a hawk’s bill, and the hideous mouth, stretching almost from ear to ear, was disfigured with protruding tusks like those of a wild boar. The half-breed was clad as an Indian, with doeskin leggings and breeches, but his rugged chest and shoulders were bare. His enormous flat feet were cased in huge moccasins; and in his belt he carried a knife, a horseman’s pistol, and a tomahawk, to the unwiped edge of

* The description of this singular place is taken, almost word for word, from Kercheval’s “History of the Valley.”—APPENDIX, page 465:—heading “*The Devil’s Garden.*”

which still clung a quantity of bloody human hair.

Such was the figure which now cautiously emerged from the cavern, and cast a keen and searching glance upon the panorama of forest, mountain and river. This look seemed to plunge into the obscurest depths of the gorges—beneath the heaviest foliage, and to descry every object within the range of human vision.

"All's safe so far!" muttered the half-breed in a guttural and discordant voice, with a slight French accent; "they have either not followed us, or the trick has deceived them. We may lay low here a day or two safely, until the alarm has blown over—then to work again!"

As he spoke, with a sneering and horrible smile, a light hand was laid upon his shoulder. He started and turned suddenly, half drawing his long knife. Then at sight of the intruder on his reverie, he returned the weapon slowly, as if against his will, to its place, and said sullenly, with an unconscious scowl full of hatred and menace:

"What does the son of War Eagle want with me?"

"I would speak to the Yellow Serpent," said a grave, collected voice in the Indian tongue; "the day is done, and the hour has come for talking."

With these words the young Indian, Lightfoot, who was the intruder, leaned back against the rock, and fixed his eyes upon the threatening countenance of his companion.

Lightfoot was clad as we have seen him on a former occasion. His slender but nervous limbs, with their rounded but clearly defined muscles, were cased in pliant doeskin; his narrow feet with the lofty, deer-like instep, based themselves firmly on the crag; above his forehead waved the variegated plume which indicated his chiefship. There was the same calm air of grave, almost melancholy dignity—the same clear yet mild expression in the eyes—as before, his figure, and attitude, and whole bearing were characterized by the simple and exquisite grace of a nobleman of the great forests.

"And what does Lightfoot come to say—talk it out!" said the discordant voice, which attempted to assume an accent of friendly interest; "the time is passing, and much must be done."

"Will the Serpent return to the war-path again?" said Lightfoot as before in the Indian tongue—then with a sudden change in his expression, from gravity to scorn, he added, "but there is no war trail! The braves are on the path to the cabins of women and children. The white warriors are away, and the Catawbas creep over the fences in the night—they are rabbits, not panthers!"

And the lip of the Indian curled. His words produced a strong effect on the half-breed. The snake-like eye flashed fire, and with a guttural sound like the growl of a wild animal, he laid his hand on his knife, and seemed about to throw himself upon the speaker.

The young Indian did not move a muscle, or remove his scornful eyes from the face of his companion. With a movement wholly simple and unostentatious, he rested his hand on the hilt of a long poinard in his belt, and continued to gaze at the other.

"Does Lightfoot know what he is saying?" said the half-breed, growling and letting his hand fall.

"Yes, the truth," was the reply.

"I am one of these Catawbas."

"I know that you are."

"And you tell me to my face I am a rabbit: you dare!"

"I dare!" said Lightfoot with superb scorn, "it is little to dare!"

Again the hand of the Yellow Serpent wandered to his weapon: but he seemed to want courage to attack his adversary. A glance at the precipice near which they were standing—a glance as rapid as lightning, and full of horrible menace, betrayed the thought which passed through his mind. But it was not carried into act. The young man seemed to exert a singular influence over him—he evidently hated him bitterly, but he cowered almost before his eye, and yielded in the contest. The threatening scowl disappeared: the hand fell again: with a grin which was even

more repulsive than the frown, he said in a wheedling and insinuating voice :

"Lightfoot is bold and outspoken as he has always been—as his great father was before him, for whom twelve tribes mourned when the blood ran out of his brave bosom. But let the Yellow Serpent give Lightfoot a piece of advice. These words are dangerous, and the warriors would want to kill him. They are nothing to the Serpent. He is a half-breed, and knows more than the red-faces. He is Lightfoot's friend and would serve him."

"Yellow Serpent," said the young Indian, returning to his calm expression, "do you believe in the Great Spirit?"

The half-breed grinned and replied.

"I believe in the Great Evil Spirit—what the palefaces call the Devil—for he talks to me, and tells me what to do."

"I believe that, Serpent. But there is a good Spirit, too, and he is the bad Spirit's master."

The half-breed shook his head.

"Are you certain of that, Lightfoot?"

"I am certain. It is Manitou—the great and good. The Dove of the Mountain told me this long ago."

"Ah! ah! the Dove of the Mountain!" was the grinning and sneering reply, "you are a friend of the Dove!"

"I am. She has made me better. I am evil, but not so much as I was."

"It is a pity that the tribe took her prisoner. But what about the Great Spirit?"

"I would ask if you think you do right, Yellow Serpent, when you put to death women and children?"

"They are whites," said the half-breed with very great surprise; "you see we strangle the brood when they are young to get rid of them."

"You are cowards! Yes, *lâches!* *lâches!*" said the young Indian with sudden vehemence, and using a term which he had derived from the French allies of the savages, "*lâches!* You are a dog, Yellow Serpent! But, no, not even dogs would be so cowardly!"

And the young Indian's eyes were terrible for their depth of indignation. The half-breed cowered before him, and dared

not speak. He seemed to want nerve. With a dark scowl, which had in it something tragic and dangerous from its subtlety and veiled menace, he muttered :

"Lightfoot is a great sagamore. The Serpent is not as noble as he is. Let Lightfoot speak."

"Listen, then, Yellow Serpent," said the Indian stretching out his hand, and speaking in a voice of such nobility and solemn earnestness that the furious and shuddering half-breed was subdued by its very tones: "listen, Serpent, and pay attention to what I am about to say. In this world are two tribes of men—they are the evil and the good. There is but one master over all, the Great Spirit. The Evil One is his slave, but is not chained. It is his business to make the tribes commit evil; and even now he is in your heart, though you do not see him. But the Good Spirit is not idle, or indifferent to the happiness of his creatures. He is yonder in the clouds looking down, and watching. He speaks in the thunder of the mountains—the lightning is the flash of his eye; his finger marks the track of the rivers; he is the Father of this world and its people. Not a tribe roams the forest, from the sand hills of the mighty lakes, to the Big Water of the South—from the Minnehaha to the land of Shawandasee—which is not beneath his eye. He sends to all, the bright seasons, the moon of strawberries, and the moon of cohonks;—mondamin grows for all, and plenty crowns the feasts of all the mighty tribes of the beautiful world. But in these tribes there are some whom the Master of Life looks on with smiles—there are others upon whom he frowns. He frowns on the bad, on the cruel, on the oppressors of the weak, on the slayers of women and children! Once these evil people made him angry, and the sea swept over them—but the land was repeopled; then they grew on evil as before. The Master sent his son to heal the sick ones, and to make men pure again. They nailed him on a cross, and killed him! But before he died he told them many things, and among the rest he said 'Let the children come to me—the Master loves

them, and his land is full of them.' He loved them because they were weak and helpless—and he told the tribes, not the redfaces only but all, to love each other, and forgive even their enemies. The Master said that! And now what are you doing, Yellow Serpent? You are killing the women and the children who never wronged you; you are not even acting like a warrior, and meeting the palefaced braves in battle,—you are *lâche! lâche!* You have said rightly! The Evil Spirit whispers in your ear, and sets you to do his work! You are his slave, Yellow Serpent!"

And the young Indian with a cold and collected air, leaned back against the rock from which he had half risen in the ardour of his address.

His words seemed to affect the half-breed strangely. A sullen and gloomy expression came to his hideous features, and he cowered almost as before. The young chief plainly exercised a singular dominion over the monster. Then this sullen air disappeared—a flash of concealed hatred darted from his eyes—lastly, the former crafty and insinuating grin succeeded.

"Lightfoot is a great brave," he said, "the Serpent cannot talk with the son of War Eagle. I think I will tell the tribe what he says, and in future they shall spare the women and children of the palefaces, whom Lightfoot loves better than his own tribe. Oh, yes! we will not kill any more!"

The Indian shook his head.

"Yellow Serpent," he said, "I know you very well, and I do not trust you. The word of a brave is his word—yours is the word of a half-breed. I know you. You hate me and are envious of me, because when we rise at the same moment to speak to the tribe, the warriors say, 'Let us hear the son of War Eagle.' You would destroy me—but I fear you not. Beware! You have said that I love the palefaces. That is true. They are the children of the Great Spirit, like the redfaces. They have been kind to me, and I will speak for them as I have spoken in council. Enough. They are

on the war path even now, and the bullet for your heart may be moulded. Yellow Serpent, you are evil; the Devil of the whites, truly, is your friend. Beware of him—he will tear you limb from limb, and devour you. I have spoken!"

And turning away, the young Indian swept the landscape with a comprehensive glance, and reëntered the cavern, in the depths of which he disappeared.

The half-breed who seemed to be agitated strangely, as though under a magnetic influence, remained motionless. This influence was slowly dissipated: his crafty grin returned, and with a menacing flash of the glittering eyes, he followed Lightfoot into the cave.

For five minutes he had been covered by a dozen rifles, from the depths of the opposite mountain, where Captain Wagner and his party lay concealed.

LXI.

THE TRAIL.

The party had set out from the "Three Oaks" in twenty minutes after the arrival of Captain Wagner. That worthy who, now that the contest had approached, grew as cold and deliberate as an automaton, would not wait for Lord Fairfax and his troop. In brief, quick words, he delivered his orders—explained that he was officially commanding for the Earl, the Lieutenant of the county—and reviewed the arms and equipments of the party. They were hunters for the most part, and carried rifles and powder horns. Nearly every one had his provision of jerked beef for the expedition.

The rapid examination having proved satisfactory, the Captain took the head of the party, and directed his march straight toward the Cedar Creek Mountain to the west, in which direction his knowledge of the country and of the habits of the Indians told him that the band had gone.

They marched rapidly and silently until noon without finding any traces—but all at once they came upon a cabin, rifled of its contents and half-burned.

The fire had evidently gone out, and a miserable looking woman who had escaped on the appearance of the savages, and only returned when they went off, was crouching by the chimney corner. Captain Wagner learned from her that his views were correct in relation to the direction taken by the band—and all set forward with new ardour.

They soon entered the wild range of the Cedar Creek Mountain, and here in the soft earth along the stream, struck on an unmistakable trail. At points also distant only a few yards from each other, the boughs were bent down and broken—and the prints of feet were easily traced in the earth.

Captain Wagner pointed these out to Falconbridge.

"Miss Argal" he said briefly, indicating a deep narrow footprint, "and there's my friend's—broader and heavier."

They pushed forward with new ardour and followed the footprints for several miles. Then the Captain suddenly drew rein and exclaimed: "Stop! what's this? The marks are no longer to be seen."

And the Borderer dismounted and examined the ground in every direction. The female footprints had disappeared—but in place of them were unmistakable indications of blood. An ominous frown passed over the face of the Captain, and he looked at Falconbridge. He was trembling. As to George he was as pale as death.

"It's nothing," said the Borderer, assuming a stolid look—"see here are the broken boughs still."

In fact, these indications of the route which the band had taken, as well as heavy moccasin footprints, were still visible. As the prisoners had undoubtedly resorted to this device to divert the search of their friends, those prisoners were yet alive.

"May the devil take me if I understand that!" said the Captain, frowning, "but we'll push on."

The path now lay toward the North. They had followed it for five miles, when it suddenly entered a stream a hundred yards wide. Captain Wagner plunged in and forded. On the opposite shore there

was no sort of indication of the passage of the band. The broken bushes had continued regularly to the stream—there they suddenly stopped.

Could they have taken to canoes? No, the band was evidently too numerous, and the savages could have brought none with them. What was the explanation? Why had those marks disappeared? The Borderer knit his brows and reflected—then suddenly he pushed back through the water and went straight to one of the limbs which had been bent down and broken. He examined it attentively for an instant, and then leaped into the saddle again.

"About face, friends," he said, "we are on the wrong trail. Follow!"

And he set forward quickly, returning over the ground which they had just traversed.

"What is the meaning of this retreat, Captain?" said Falconbridge, who seemed possessed by a sort of reckless excitement, "we lose time."

"We *have* lost much," was the brief reply.

"Those broken boughs"—

"Are devices; these you see! Look at 'em, Falconbridge! Don't you perceive that they are thicker than any woman could break—and more than one higher than any but a man could reach. Then observe how plain they are! As much as to say 'come on! don't mistake!'" Prisoners never could have broken 'em without being noticed—it's a blind, and soon you'll see!"

Without further words the Borderer pushed forward, followed by the party who knew him well, and did not think it at all necessary to question him. They soon reached the spot where the blood was visible, and the footprints of the females disappeared.

"Friends," said the Borderer, after nosing the ground for some moments, like a dog, and examining the dry grass and twigs in every direction, "we are on the trail again." At this spot the bloody rascals discovered the trick of the women to direct us, and one of 'em was struck with a tomakaw! No blazing eyes Falconbridge, or George!—maybe it was a

friend of mine! If so, I'll hew down the devils to the last man or die! But come! The device is plain! The women were taken up, or their shoes removed here—and the fellows sneaked off with 'em, leaving no tracks, while a part of the band went off north, breaking limbs and stamping into the ground, to mislead us. When they came to the river they waded in the shallows for a mile and then doubled back to join the main body."

"Why there are no tracks here," said Falconbridge eagerly.

"That's so—to your eyes it may be, comrade. But I can see 'em. Look at that sprig of grass broken by a mocassin, and see this stick? Follow friends! I'm on the track—I can smell 'em!"

And the Borderer set forward rapidly. His predictions were soon verified. At the distance of a quarter of a mile from the bloody spot, the traces of feet again became visible, and the narrow marks of high-heeled shoes. The pursuit was now more rapid and sure. On the banks of Trout Run they all at once found other footprints approaching from the north—and Captain Wagner called the attention of Falconbridge to the circumstance, with a significant look.

At the head of the stream which the party reached, as the sun began to sink, all the footprints disappeared again—but a scornful curl of the lip betrayed the feelings of the Borderer.

"They are a bungling set of rascals after all," he said, "and don't know their trade, or I'm a dandy! Come friends, back!"

"Back, Captain!" exclaimed Falconbridge, with surprise.

"Yes, comrade—you are too curious for a hunter or a war party. Come by my side and I'll explain as I go."

The hunters had exhibited none of Falconbridge's surprise. They obeyed implicitly the directions of the Borderer, and followed silently in the footsteps of his horse. Turning a huge shoulder of the mountain, he said to Falconbridge as they proceeded:

"This is the whole thing, companion. The red snakes have crawled into the caves on the Devil's Garden, three miles from the place we stopped at. If we had gone on they would have seen us, and perhaps laid an ambush for us. At any rate, we could have done nothing."

"Yes, I see, but may I ask your plan?"

"Certainly. You are my second in command, and it is simple. I am going to skirt this big shoulder, and mount the peak yonder. From the top of it you will see the precipice of the Devil's Garden, in which the enemy are concealed, not two hundred yards in front of you. A gulf separates it. But I know a way of passing over—there is a path which is covered with pine bushes, winding down into the gorge. As soon as night comes on, if we see good we'll make the onset. I think the cards are pretty well shuffled, and the game is about to begin, comrade!"

As he spoke the Captain dismounted, and advised all who were mounted to imitate him. He took the saddle from the back of his horse, and hobbling his legs, turned him loose into a little glen, where there was grass and water. The rest did likewise—and then headed by the Borderer, they cautiously wound up the precipitous mountain, the summit of which they reached as the sun sank from sight.

"Look! Falconbridge," said Wagner, putting stealthily aside the heavy pine boughs beneath which they were concealed, "there are two of the red devils at the mouth of the Devil's Cave!"

As we have seen, these were Lightfoot and the Half-Breed.

— LXII.

LIGHTFOOT AND CANNIE.

The interior of the cavern presented a singular appearance.

A bright fire was burning, and on all sides were piled up articles which the

savages had carried off with them from the plundered dwellings. These objects were indicative of the mingled barbarism and childish simplicity of the Indians. There was much gaily-coloured crockery—many bright linsey and other fabrics were seen scattered about—and a few strings of beads, and brass rings, taken from the dead bodies of the women whom they had slain, and brought not without unwillingness to the general mass, were the objects of longing and covetous glances.

The Indians were forty or fifty in number, and were scattered about the large cavern in various attitudes, picturesque and graceful, or odd and grotesque. Here a great warrior was broiling a piece of venison at the blazing fire in the centre of the cave, the savory odour diffusing itself throughout the cave:—there an Indian boy was striving to put together the broken pieces of a red crockery dish, which he had guarded on the march with a jealous care which indicated the high value which he placed upon it. In a corner a number of the braves were sleeping tranquilly in the red light—the blood of the slain still staining their tomahawks, and more than one gory scalp hanging from their girdles—but slumbering, nevertheless, like infants, under the stupefying effects of a long march, a heavy meal, and some rum they had taken from the Ordinary.

In an obscure corner to which the light of the fire scarcely penetrated, a number of captives, male and female, with their hands securely tied, were huddled together upon the floor of the cavern, under an Indian guard, who watched them with grave intentness. Neither Monsieur Jambot nor Major Hastyluck was visible, however:—and we may as well say here that these worthies had been “pricked onward” under heavy loads, by another portion of the band, who had hurried westward, and were never more heard of in that region. Hastyluck, doubtless, drank punch among the Sioux and

Catawbas—when he could get it—for the remainder of his life: and Monsieur Jambot taught the minuet and reel to youthful savage maidens.

Lightfoot passed through the group, who made way for the young chief with evident respect, and slowly ascended the rugged stairway into the next cave above.

In this were confined, under the guard of a single Indian, who stood outside, Mrs. Butterton, Miss Argal, and Cannie.

The two former were sleeping, wrapped in shawls, near a blazing fire, on piles of dry grass which had been arranged for them—their feet swollen and frayed by the long journey,—their skirts cut off below the knees—a necessity to facilitate their movements.*

Mrs. Butterton was slumbering fitfully. her dress was stained with blood, and a wound was visible upon one of her large fat arms; from which wound, indeed, had flowed the blood which the pursuing party discovered at the point of divergence of the two routes. The dame had been discovered bending down and breaking the branches, and one of the chiefs had struck her with his tomahawk. The wound was not dangerous however. She slept uneasily, but evidently without much physical pain. But, from time to time, her features would become distorted by an expression of fear, and she would raise her hands wildly and murmur some broken and indistinct words, which the young Indian sentinel would listen to with grave interest, but unbending muscles. Miss Argal slept as quietly and sweetly as a child.

Cannie was awake, and when the light trend of the young Indian attracted her attention, the little face became brighter—and she held out her hand to Lightfoot with the air of a child who sees a protector approach. The smile with which she greeted him was inexpressibly sad; but his presence was evidently a comfort to her.

“Oh! I am so glad to see you, Lightfoot,” she said, wiping away two tears

* See Kercheval in many places. This was a systematic practice among the Indians, with their female captives.

which hung like dew-drops upon her eyelashes, "this place frightens me, and it is like home to see you."

The word *home* seemed to direct the girl's thoughts to her grandfather, and with a sudden rush of blood to her cheeks, she placed both hands upon her face and sobbed:

"Oh, me! they have killed him! they have killed him!"

Lightfoot stood for a moment, silently regarding the girl as she half reclined upon the couch of dry grass, her frame shaken by sobs, her breast heaving, her long chestnut curls falling wildly about her shoulders. An expression of unspeakable love, and tenderness, and pity came to his eyes; and he seemed unable for the moment to command his voice.

He controlled this emotion, however, with the wonderful art of his race, and made a movement of his hand toward the young Indian who stood on guard.

"Go," he said in the Catawba tongue, "I would speak with the captive."

The sentinel obeyed with an alacrity which indicated perfect willingness to join his companions below, and disappeared. The cavern was left thus untenanted except by the two persons, and the sleepers, whose heavy breathing invaded the silence.

Lightfoot took the hand of the girl in his own, with an air of the deepest respect, and said mildly:

"No, they have not killed your grandfather, Mountain Dove. You know that I came from the forest as the Catawbas made their attack—And I arrived sooner," added the young Indian, raising his head proudly, "it would never have happened, for they obey the son of War Eagle. I came in time to stop the knife which would have scalped the old man:—he is scarcely injured, and will soon walk the mountain again."

"Oh, are you sure, Lightfoot?" cried Cannie, removing her hands quickly and raising her wet face, "are you sure? Dear Lightfoot! you love Cannie—do you not? Do not deceive me! I am only a child," she added, weeping silently, "and very weak, but I can bear it—I

won't cry! Are you certain that grandpa was not killed?"

"He was only wounded and not badly. I struck down the arm of the warrior who would have scalped him; and you know the tribe directly commenced their march."

There was an air of such simplicity and sincerity about the young Indian as he spoke thus, that his words carried conviction to his hearer. Her eyes sparkled with sudden delight, her breast was filled with a long deep breath, which seemed to afford her inexpressible relief, and seizing the Indian's hand, she exclaimed with touching earnestness and affection:

"How can I ever love you enough, dear Lightfoot, for protecting grandpa? I will love you until I die!"

And carried away by glad emotion, before he was conscious of her intention, Cannie raised the hand which she held, to her lips, and imprinted upon it a long, lingering kiss.

A shudder of delight almost, ran through the frame of the young Indian. His face flushed, and the eyes which were generally so calm and clear, suddenly filled with impetuous emotion. A thrill of happiness agitated his pulses, at the contact of the soft, warm lips, and he drew away the hand, with a look of such unspeakable love and tenderness that Cannie coloured to the roots of her hair.

That look had revealed to her in an instant, with the rapidity of lightning as it were, the secret of the young Indian. For years she had known that he had a deep affection for her—from her childhood he had visited the mountain cottage regularly, and always exhibited his fondness—but now she saw plainly that there was a deeper feeling in his heart. The instinct of womanhood explained all this to her—she saw for the first time, with agitated eyes, that the young Indian loved her as a youth loves a maiden.

And Lightfoot was not backward in discerning the new relations which must exist from that moment between himself and Cannie. He saw that his glance had betrayed him—that she had witnessed his tremour of delight—that she had understood at last his real feelings. They

had grown up together as youth and child—they were no longer such. It was a man who was sitting beside the woman whom he loved with a devotion and ardent tenderness which absorbed his very being.

For some moments deep silence reigned in the cavern. Both were too much overcome to speak. A vague pain and pity, not unmingled with tenderness, filled the bosom of the young girl; and from time to time, she stole a furtive glance at the Indian, her cheeks burning with blushes, her lips trembling. Never had she looked so beautiful as at that instant. The curls of her chestnut hair fell in glossy masses around the pure young face with its innocent and grave sweetness,—the slender figure inclined sidewise, in an attitude of exquisite grace—the head was bent over the left shoulder, and nearly rested upon it:—in outline and carriage, in the entire character and expression, so to speak, of the girl, there was no longer anything of the child: it was a woman, and a woman of surpassing loveliness, who had burst into bloom, if the figure may be used—passed suddenly from the bud to the perfect flower. Had sorrow caused this rapid development? It may have been so. But often a similar phenomenon takes place without any visible reason.

And the Indian: what of him? Did he act as a young man of the white race would have acted? Did he pour out his love in burning words, and urge his suit with all the eloquence of ardent profestation and romantic excitement? No. Instead of taking her hand, he drew his own away. Instead of gazing into the blushing and agitated face, to discern if his feelings were returned, he lowered his eyes. For some moments his gaze remained fixed upon the floor of the cavern, and the heaving muscles of his chest alone indicated the terrible war of emotion in his bosom.

When he raised his head he had become calm again. There was no longer any light in his eyes, any flush in his cheeks; and the lips were firm again. A grave sweetness and serenity, just tinged with melancholy, had replaced the sud-

den rush of ardent emotion. It was the face full of serious and noble dignity to which she was accustomed: and Cannie blushed again, as she looked into the clear eyes, as the woman's thought came to her—He is, so noble, and he loves me!

For some moments they sat gazing thus in silence at each other. Then the young Indian gravely took her little hand in his own and pressed it to his lips, with the expression of a devotee at the shrine of his saint.

"Lightfoot is a poor weak boy," he said in a low voice, which had not recovered its calmness wholly, "he has done wrong. But the little Mountain Dove will forgive him—will she not?"

"Forgive you, Lightfoot?" murmured Cannie, almost inaudibly, "why what have you done?"

"What was wrong," said the young man, shaking his head sadly, "I cannot conceal anything—my father made me always act honestly—I have tried to be the son of War Eagle in truth, and this puts the words in my mouth. I have done wrong, because I have spoken with my eyes to the Dove, as a young pale face may speak—and said 'I love you.' I am not a pale face, I am a poor Indian, and inferior to the tribe beyond the Big Water. It is not right that my father's son should do this—that he should come to the little white Dove when she has no friend near her—when she is a captive in the hands of Lightfoot's tribe,—and say 'I love you, and would have you love me as your chosen warrior.' No, no," said the young Indian, his cheeks filling in spite of every effort, and his voice trembling, "that is wrong, and my father's spirit frowns upon me from the sky!"

And turning away his head, the speaker uttered a deep sigh, which but for his immense self-control, would have turned into a groan.

The girl blushed and avoided his gaze as he spoke; but now recovering her voice, said in low, broken accents:

"You pain me, Lightfoot! You hurt Cannie. Do not talk thus. I am only a child, and you must love me as before—

for—for—I love you dearly,—dear, dear Lightfoot!”

She had not intended it. She never would have uttered the words had she reflected for a single instant upon the meaning which he must attach to them. It was an impulse of irresistible pity and kindness which carried her away—of woman’s tenderness for one who loved her and suffered—of admiration and old affection, and lonely weakness. She burst into a flood of tears as she spoke—and then suddenly drew her hand away.

The young Indian had seized it with passionate tenderness, and covered it with kisses.

“No—no—” she sobbed, “do not!—do not, Lightfoot! I did not mean—how unhappy—how miserable, I am!”

And the voice died away in an inarticulate murmur. The Indian drew back, and folded his arms. He saw his terrible error in an instant, and in its whole extent. His heart turned cold, and with close-set teeth he remained as silent and rigid as a statue, his dark eyes burning with a fixed and immovable despair. The girl spoke first: her voice was broken and agitated. Sobs interrupted it, at every instant.

“I was—wrong: it was cruel to—mislead you. I will not affect—any ignorance of your meaning! Will you—pardon me? I am not strong and calm like you, Lightfoot,” she continued, wiping her eyes, and going on more calmly, “I am only a child, and I could not help saying how much I—loved you, as my dear, dear friend and playmate, at our dear little home! I did not think—but I will not speak of that any more! Indeed, you are very dear to me, for you have been kind and good to me always, and to grand-papa, and I admire, and look up to you, Lightfoot. I am only a child yet, and not a woman. You will love me, will you not? as a child—as you always loved me—and I will love you. You’ll be my brother and friend, will you not, Lightfoot?”

And Cannie, with all the simplicity and innocence of a child, looked into the young Indian’s agitated face, smiling

through her tears, and appealing to him as it were for care and protection.

A last contraction of the Indian’s features betrayed the depth of the despair which he controlled with a will of iron. He had conquered himself. His face grew calm and grave again—he returned the confiding look of the girl with one of fatherly kindness and affection.

“I thank the Great Spirit, who has blessed the poor son of War Eagle with these moments,” he said, raising his noble head and eyes toward heaven, “I thank the Master of Life more than all for placing me where I may show the young Dove of the mountain that I am her friend. Let her cease to remember the wild words which Lightfoot has uttered—they came from his lips without asking him to let them. But the blood shall flow out of his heart as readily for the Dove who has spoken to him so kindly. Yes, yes, I will be your friend, Mountain Dove—the hour is near when I will prove it. Forget now the words I have spoken, and sleep. But pray for the poor son of War Eagle first.”

“Oh, yes,” said Cannie, wiping away her tears, “let us pray together as we have often done at home, Lightfoot!”

And taking the Indian’s hand, the young girl knelt at his side, and murmured a prayer for him, for her grandfather, and for all whom she loved.

It was a touching spectacle, to see the young man and the girl thus kneeling beside each other in the gloomy cavern, only half revealed by the stray gleams of the dying fire. They were of different and hostile races—they were in deadly peril—the hours that came rapidly would decide life or death for them—but they prayed. They prayed as tranquilly and hopefully, their humble prayer, as though they knelt at home in the little mountain dwelling. And mortals may do as much everywhere.

When Lightfoot slowly retired, his face was quite calm. His great soul was untroubled. He had yielded his heart and future to the “Master of Life,” and was tranquil.

Fifteen minutes after he had disappeared down the staircase, the Half Breed,

who had been concealed in a dark nook at the entrance, glided out and entered the cavern from which he had just emerged.

— LXIII.

THE SLAVE AND HIS MISTRESS.

Exhausted by the painful conflict of emotion, in the scene with Lightfoot, Cannie had quickly followed his injunctions, and fallen asleep.

When the Half-Breed stole, with the stealthy step of a creeping tiger, into the apartment, the girl was lying upon her couch of dry grass, and breathing regularly as she slumbered. The hideous being paused for a moment upon the threshold; and then, with a cowed and humble air, approached the group, his eyes fixed on the form of Miss Argal.

This man, if he may be called such, was one of those strange and anomalous beings who appear from time to time on the earth, to falsify, it would seem, every rule and maxim in relation to human character. Deformed in body and mind—a revolting monster to the eye, and no less a repulsive object for the mental vision—he yet possessed a strange sensitiveness to beauty and nobility, and cowered before it, as a slave before the whip of the master whom he recognizes. We have seen that in the interview with Lightfoot, the Half-Breed, in spite of his hatred and jealousy, was unable to meet the eye of the young chief. The presence of the son of War Eagle defeated all his calculations—his influence in the tribe was seriously lessened—the youth had called him a slave, and what was more terrible still, had used the word which made his blood boil within him—the word "*laóhe!*" Yet in spite of all this, in spite of his most powerful efforts, he had been compelled, so to speak, by some irresistible power, to crouch before the youth, and bend his back to the lash, and submit his own will to the nobler nature of his insulter.

This singular submission of the lower nature to the higher, now influenced him

in his feeling for Miss Argal. His training and previous life had all tended to degrade the female sex in his mind. Among the Indians they were scarcely more than beasts of burden, and to say that he resembled a woman was the most terrible insult that could be inflicted on a brave. Nevertheless, the young lady ruled him despotically from the first moment of their meeting. Her strange and extraordinary beauty, the brilliant fascination of her eyes, her exquisite grace of attitude, and undulating movements, all impressed him deeply, and made his pulses throb. He had killed her father with his own hand, and quartered the body. It was the Half-Breed who stuck the bleeding head upon the stake, and inflicted a last gash, as he danced gaily around it, like a goblin of darkness. It was his iron clutch which had dragged Miss Argal from her chamber into the light—and his tomahawk had been lifted above her head, to dash her brains out.

The tomahawk had not fallen. The torches had no sooner poured their bloody light upon the supernatural beauty of the young lady than true to his strange instinct, the Half-Breed recognized his superior. His arm fell—he recoiled as it were before her; and then, thrilling with a vague and secret pleasure at the thought that she was in his power, he had protected her from insult and injury, with the fury of a father who guards the person of his beloved daughter.

At the thought that she was in his power! Such was really the first reflection of the Half-Breed—the flattering unction which he laid to his fierce and degraded soul. He soon discovered that their relative positions were reversed. He was the slave of her beauty and exquisite grace, and like a slave he applied himself to the task of waiting on his mistress. The burdens which the tribe had placed upon Miss Argal's pretty round shoulders, and beneath which she had bent down, crying, were indignantly removed. He took them on his own enormous back, to appease the Indians, and walked by her side, grinning hideously, and conversing with the captive.

She had soon discovered the influence

which she possessed over her conqueror, and had applied herself to the task, throughout the march, of deriving benefit from it. Fortunately, a falsehood of the Half-Breed prevented the poor girl from being bowed down to the ground by the horrible recollection of her father's dis-severed body. She had been removed from the building before the Half-Breed slew him; and the monster coolly informed her that he had escaped in the darkness, and was unhurt. Thus Miss Argal, unoppressed by this terrible tragedy, and convinced that her father, whom she loved dearly, was safe, gave her attention to the conquest of her captor, without effort. She had dazzled him with the magnetic lustre of her eyes; sent a shiver through his deformed and rugged frame, by touching his huge, knotty hand with her own little white one, as soft as satin; she had smiled upon the Half-Breed, as she alone knew how to smile; and very soon perfected her conquest. Before they reached their place of concealment, she had not only secured for herself every comfort and convenience, she had also induced her slave to treat Cannie and Mrs. Butterton without cruelty, even respectfully. She would pass her arm around Cannie when the child grew faint, and send the Half-Breed to the stream to procure water for her. He was her captive, and she used her power to ameliorate the condition of her companions, with whom she shared every comfort.

And on all this, the strange being had looked with approbation and a species of pleasure. It evidently delighted him to humble himself before the dazzlingly beautiful woman. He seemed to approach nearer to her, so to speak. He was less her abhorrence when she smiled on him, assuredly, than when she trembled before him, and recoiled as his captive. And here we come to notice another trait in this bloody animal. His physical deformity had been, throughout his life, as sore a point with him as a clubfoot or a cast in the eye is to a beau or a fashionable young lady. He had found himself the terror and horror of the Indian maidens. They retreated hastily when he

approached them; avoided any chance of meeting him. One and all of them had striven vainly to conceal the mingled fear and disgust which they felt for his person, with its crooked, gnarled limbs, its gigantic torso, its low, flat forehead, wide mouth, and protruding tusks. He had loved one of these maidens—as he could love—as her slave. Her beauty had attracted him—her grace and sweetness and known goodness—and he had sued for her hand. The maiden had almost fainted when his sallow face approached her own, when his huge mouth expanded into a hideous grin of servile admiration. When he took her hand in his great rugged paw, on which the black veins stood out like whip cords, she had shuddered, and drawn it hastily away. When he pressed her to tell him what her feeling toward him was, she had replied, with a trembling voice, that she was afraid of him; but he read in her pale, sick face that she regarded him with irresistible disgust.

Such had been the weakness, such the fortune, of the Half-Breed throughout his life. He had early left the peaceful home of his tribe, and joined the predatory band of the Catawbas. On the war path, in the midst of blood and peril, his deformity would not be observed. His great strength and ferocity had soon gained for him a conspicuous position in the tribe. He became a chief, and was what in other walks of life we would call a rapidly rising man. But the recollection of his deformity never left him. He yearned for some object upon which to expend his pent-up feelings. What those feelings were he never stopped to inquire, nor do we feel able to describe them. The Half-Breed was a monster of ferocity and blood, but he was still human, and not wholly destitute of human emotion. At times his craving for something—if only an animal—to love him, was enormous, irresistible almost. He would remain for days in his wigwam, scarcely tasting food, brooding over his condition, and struggling in his benighted and sullen mind to understand why he had been created, and what his life would be. When he came forth, and the tribe whis-

pered and nodded at him, and followed him with their eyes as his squat figure went by—muttering fearfully that the Yellow Serpent had been communing with spirits—he would gnash his teeth with scorn, and despise the shallow fools, and feel that he was alone in the world. Then he would return to the war path with a bloody ardour, which struck terror into all hearts; he would slay women and children without mercy; he would reap undying honour from his associates—to go back and writhe and growl in his den like a wounded wild animal, whose body is festering with poisonous blood and corruption.

This was the thorn in the ferocious soul of the Half-Breed—this was the secret wound which made him mad with pain almost. He knew his own mental and physical deformity, the disgustingly hideous body and mind which he possessed; and he cowered before those who were superior to him. He crouched in the presence of a pure and noble soul like Lightfoot's. He obeyed with the alacrity of a slave the commands of the surpassingly beautiful woman who was in his power. He waited upon her, and followed her directions like a servant. It is true that at times, as he had attempted in the presence of Lightfoot, he would struggle to assert the supremacy which he really possessed—the power which he could exert over the band—his authority; but the endeavour was vain. True to his instinct, as we have said before, he would yield in the struggle, bow his head before what he recognized as above him, and take the position of the slave again, awaiting the order of his superior.

Thus the Half-Breed was almost delighted when Miss Argal commanded him to do anything. Her subtle instinct soon taught her that this was the best manner of treating him. The penetrating eyes of the young lady discerned the secret of her power, and she was not backward in availing herself of it. His respect and submission seemed to increase with her arbitrary demeanour. There was a strange charm, too, in thus humbling the master of her fate. As we have already said,

she used her power like a kind, tender woman to soften the lot of her companions, especially Cannie. She had taken a strong fancy to the child indeed, and supplied her with every comfort she had. She took off her own wrapping and threw it around the little shoulders, and seemed really distressed when Cannie would not receive it. At least the girl should have everything which she could procure for her, however; and the slave-master, the Half-Breed, was calmly directed to bring this or that object for Cannie, and attend to all her wants and even wishes. The savage would grin—he would hasten to obey. His reward was the approving smile of his empress—that smile which said to him, as he basked in it with fierce pleasure, "Others may think you are hideous and repulsive and deformed, but I am fond of you, because you comply with my wishes." It was the long sought balm for his degraded soul—the salve which softened his festering wound. He could thus forget for a time his debasement, and submit his fierce head, like a conquered wild animal, with grumbling delight, to the soft white hand which caressed it without fear or disgust.

Once arrived at their place of concealment, the Half-Breed had applied himself assiduously to the task of making the young lady's rest, and that of her companions, as comfortable as possible. He had gone to some distance and procured a large quantity of dry grass for their couches. This he had arranged in the most convenient manner; and then he had brought a quantity of the linesey shawls which had been stolen, to protect them from the cold air of the cavern. A fire had then been kindled, some supper brought, and the savage had retired as a servant retires after fulfilling the commands of his mistress.

Every arrangement connected with the concealment of the tribe had been hurried through by the Half-Breed—every trace of their presence obliterated. He had finally gone to make a last survey of the horizon, before returning to the magnet which attracted him in the cavern above. We have seen how he was detained by Lightfoot, how they conversed for a time,

and how the young Indian re-entered first. When the Half-Breed followed him, he found that he had mounted to the upper cavern where the three females were; and he stealthily glided up the staircase behind him. Concealed in a dark nook of the cave he had heard the entire conversation between Lightfoot and

Cannie, had thrilled with a strange awe as they prayed, and remained in his place of concealment until the young Indian had retired, and Cannie, as he knew by her regularly breathing, was asleep.

He then entered and approached Miss Argal.

NELLIE DEAR.

I.

Life to me was all a vision,
Dark and drear,
Till I sought thy cheering presence,
Nellie dear!—
I had cherished thy pure image
Long and well,
With thy fond love, thou didst bless me
Darling Nell.

II.

When the friends of happy childhood
All were gone,
And my stricken heart was drooping,
Sad and lone—
When the shadows o'er my pathway
Thickly fell,
Then thy cheerful smile did greet me,
Gentle Nell!

III.

In the dismal hour of suffering,
Care and pain,
Thy loved voice refreshed my spirit
Once again.
Oh! those soft and tender watchings,
Who can tell?
In the solemn shades of midnight,
Dearest Nell!

IV.

When my life's allotted measure
Has been passed,
And I view each earthly treasure
Fading fast,
Let me, while my soul is leaving
Its frail cell,
Breathe my last upon the bosom
Of sweet Nell.

Charleston, S. C.

CLAUDE.

THE POLITE ART OF NOVELLING. A DIDACTIC FICTION.

BY G. BUGGINI WUFFICKS, ESQ.

BOOK II.

ASCANIUS EGGS, OR THE MODEL NOVEL—(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER IV.

MISS T. JUDYLINE I'BALL.

In an Apartment furnished in the Most Sumptuous style (of the period) reclined *en dis habille* the Radiantly Beautiful Object which had elicited the Startling "Hah!" of Mr. Ascanius Eggs. Her Dress (here insert the Dress) displayed To Perfection the Faultless Magnificence of her form (state Particulars of Form at this point.) She was sleeping. In Attar of Roses dreams, she floated through a Paradise of Ball Rooms. Anon, clad (clothe her Appropriately) she was whirled in An Open Vehicle (describe Vehicle) along the firm beach of Ocean Old (opening here for Graphic Outline of Newport, Nahant, Long Branch, or Whatever may be the Most Fashionable beach of the time.) He who drove the Vehicle was (give his Name) the Lion of the Season (narrate his Points) and the Steeds (insert their Points and Price) trotted with Sublime Rapidity along. Vehicle after Vehicle (detail some of them) they passed, as passes, (make a Neat Comparison) and now, just the Spoked-Lightning of the wheels flashed envy not unmixed with Awe into the hearts of the Occupants of the other Vehicles—just at this point (paint a Scene as Terrible as admissible.) She awoke with a Lovely Scream, and a flash as of Alpine Light at Sunrise Tinged the clear Snow of her Divine Cheek.

Miss T. J. I'B. was the Only Daughter and Sole Child of a Man of Opulence. (Sketch the M. of O. angularly and hard—make him stern.) He had very recently erected the Palatial Brown Stone, and his O. D. and S. C. had just left Boarding School (add interior view of B. S.) Lovely in disposition as in Person, she was withal Intensely Fashionable. No pains had her Stern Father spared to

secure This Point. As yet her Maiden Heart was All Untouched—no Blot of Love had ever blurred that Stainless Mirror.

Subsiding from the Beautiful Agitation of her Dream, she sighed, and, summoning her *Femme de Chambre*, ordered Refreshment (relate the R-f-h-m-n-t of the day.) Having partaken Delicately she dismissed her Maid, and Sighed again. Ah! what occasioned these Sighs in her Immaculate Breast?

NOTE A. It is not Desirable that there should be any Explanation Whatever of "Impossible" (see close of preceding chapter.) The element of the Mysterious must be, not only Introduced, but, in the Polite Novel, Maintained. By its continuance, a Pleasing Aperture is opened up for the Reader to exercise his Powers of Speculation.

NOTE B. Attend most Carefully to the Lady's name. T. Judyline I'Ball. Not for a moment must it be pronounced Eye Ball, but Ebal, or Ibble. Also look to Judyline—a name, like that of Mr. Eggs, which accords Strictly with the True Sphere of Polite Novelling, as established by Myself. Thus Judy is Modern and Common, but the "line" is Classic, as *Cataline*, *Anodyne* and *Crinoline*, and others. It is pronounced Judyline, (double e.) and a Better Way of Spelling it would be Judylyne.

In the matter of Spelling, all of the English, French, Italian, German, Persian, Chinese, and American Novellers are Gravely Defective. With One Exception. Bulwer understands this Great Art very Thoroughly, and practises it Admirably. For example, he spells Vivian Vyryan. Others had spelled it Vivyan, but it was reserved for the Genius of Bulwer to add another y. This was worthy of All praise. But take an-

other Example, which more fully illustrates the Consummate Skill of B. In "What Will He Do With It?" there occurs the name of Lionel Haughton. After some considerable Investigation, I am Convinced that this name was, originally, Daniel Wharton. But the Obvious Ungentility of such an appellation rendered its admission into a Polite Novel (B. writes no others) Absolutely Impossible. How to remedy the evil? Easily enough. The name of Daniel suggests the Lion's Den. Put Lion in the place of Dan, and the work is done, at least for the Christian name. Lionel is not only Genteel—it is Noble—and hence Suitable for Polite Novel and for the Young Fellow, the love of the little Heroine. But what to do with Wharton? Bulwer's first thought was Horton, but that was no better than Wharton. A brilliant Thought Strikes him. Haugh is the Same Thing as Hor, only it is Not the Same Thing, for it is the Better Part of Haughty. Behold then Daniel Wharton, a Low, Vulgar name, Transformed with a stroke of the Pen of Genius into the Proud and Noble title of Lionel Haughton. It was indeed a Master Touch.

To show Still Further the Truly Miraculous effects of Genteel Spelling, I will add a few words. The substitution of *y* in the place of *i* is always Pleasing because of its Polite Usage. So also the addition of *e* at the end of a name and the Doubling of its Vowels. But the Prefixing of Titles and the Use of Mac, Ap, De, and Le, produce By Far the Most Agreeable and Astonishing Transformations.

For instance, what can be more Detestable than the cognomen, Peter Mulens? But Major General Sir Petah von Mulleyns, K. C. B. is Entirely Unobjectionable. Again, what can be more Fearfully Inelegant than the name, Jack Smith? But Count Jacques de Schmythe will answer every Polite purpose. Finally, to descend to the really Appalling, consider the name Dick Appledumpling. Can Any Remedy reach *This* Extremity? It can. The title of Admiral Lord Rrichydd Ap le Duummplynn, is one which Any Gentleman might Envy.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Signor Don Caesar Gee Bee VVvphphicks, Fashionable Butcher, Dresser and Renovator of Vulgar Names, at his Newly-Erected and Handsome Stalls, No 1½ Quid St., Lugaville, offers his Earnest Services to Young Novellers incapable of Transmogrifying Ordinary Names, and also to such of the Common Herd as feel Desirous of having their Low Original Appellations changed into the Most Exquisite, *Recherché*, and Pleasing Titles. Orders to be Promptly attended to, Must be left Early. On Hand, an Infinite Variety of Ready-Made Fashionable Names in Lots to suit Literary Purchasers.

FURTHER NOTICE.—I am Well Prepared to Invent all Sorts of Names. My recently patented Steam-power Oscillating Name-Carver is diurnally actively engaged in Business at My Manufactories, Nos. 1 and 1½, Quid St., Lugaville. Fires kindled at 4 o'clock, A. M. daily. Call and See.

CHAPTER V.

THE ESTRANGEMENT OR DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Ascanius Eggs encountered Miss T. Judyline I'Ball in the Corridor of the Principal Hotel of A Watring Place. He heaved a Deep Sigh. She stood in Amaze. But she was Touched. The Cut of his Breeches was Faultless, (the Work of *Il Divino* Arnoux,) and his Side-Whiskers distributed Phalon's Perfect Perfume to the Salt-Sea-Breeze.

Again—the Parting of his Back Hair left Nothing to be Desired, and his Yellow Kids were All Unwrinkled in their Fit. Yes, She *was* Touched. And ever and anon, as they Passed Each Other in the Corridor, the Feelings of both parties Deepened in Intensity.

In the Sweet Secretest Recess of her Ivory Bosom, she softly Exclaimed, "He adores me Much, and he can (Evidently) Pay a Lady's Expenses." To himself, Mr. A. Eggs, as he Glanced Askance, blissfully murmured, "That handkerchief cost at least Fifty Dollars—*mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* she is Perfect!"

At the Hop that Night they Met. They were introduced, and Danced the German together. And at its Close, their Youthful Hearts were Plighted. Gracefully she had Yielded to \$10,000 *per annum* Pin Money, with Brown Stone, *et cetera*, in Keeping.

But now the time of Trial was come. He must see the Father. He Saw Him. Politely, briefly, pointedly, firmly, Mr. Eggs disclosed the Facts of the Case.

For a moment Old I'Ball was silent.

He spoke:

"What Sum did you name?"

"Nine Thousand Dollars per Annum," was the reply.

"I will take the matter into consideration."

Mr. A. Eggs intimated that an Early decision would be Agreeable.

Old I'Ball pulled out a very large watch.

"Call at six minutes after nine to-morrow morning."

"Can't! Don't rise till ten. Eat me breakfast at 'leven."

"Then go to the devil!"

"Thank you. You are very ke-ind."

And Mr. A. Eggs kissed his Gloved Member in token of adieu, and Was Gone.

Old I'Ball told T. Judyline.

"Only *Nine* Thousand?" she cried. "He does not Love me."

And she swooned.

A year passed.*

NOTE A. There are many very fine Touches of Genius in the foregoing Chapter, Too Fine indeed to be Appreciated by Mere Beginners. Teachers who use This Manual will Do Well to Point out these Touches, and Impress them Strenuously on the Pupil's mind. If any one Touch be deserving of More Notice than another, I should say that the Expression, "Old I'Ball pulled out a Very Large Watch," is That Touch.

NOTE B. Language is too Impotent to convey the All-Important Meaning of the three words Indicated and Emphasized by the Asterisk seen above. "A year passed." This Single Sentence com-

prises the whole Novel—is, in fact, The Novel. For, within the Limits of this Year are comprised all the Incident, the Plot, the Pathos, the Eloquence, the What Not, of the Novel. Ample time is given for Drink, Cards, and All Manner of Vices and Recklessness on the Part of the Hero, while during the Same Time, Sufficient Intervals are left for the Heroine to Display her Hystericks, her Agony, her Pining, and her Mad Pursuit of Consolation in the Wild Mazes of Flirtation.

NOTE C. The nice Stroke of Art to be studied by the Student will be found in the Discrepancy of the Two Statements of Mr. Ascanius Eggs. The difference between Nine Thousand and Ten Thousand Dollars, is, in itself, only One Thousand Dollars, and much Too Small to have caused such an Estrangement. But it will be Recollected that this Deficit of \$1000 was to continue Year after Year. Hence its Gravity and its Nicety as a Stroke of Art.

NOTE D. It will be seen that The Manual approaches a Conclusion. The Clumsiest Practitioner of Novelling, after Thorough Instruction in all the Literary Difficulties involved in the Phrase, "A year passed," will be Able to Wind Up the Twist into which he has thrust his Characters without Hesitation and without Aid either from Manuals or Teachers.

ADVERTISEMENT. I respectfully invite the Higher Class of Novellers who prefer Rapid and Brilliant Work to Patient Execution, to my very large supply of Touches of Genius, Strokes of Art, and Conclusions, finished in the Neatest Style—after the Latest Modes. A Fresh Supply is Cast Daily at My Novelling Foundry, No. 14 Quid St., Lugsville. Terms accommodating for Cash or Approved Paper.

N. B.—Two or three Sharp, Brisk, and Experienced Literary Moulders wanted. Hands from the Country not desired.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RECONCILIATION AND END.

After the Passage of the Stormy Year of Doubts, Fears, Trials, and Troubles of Estrangement, Miss T. Judyline I'Ball, unable longer to Bear up under the Torture, and hearing Her Father intimate that he had Suffered in the Financial Crisis, determined to address A Note to Mr. Ascanius Eggs. The Envelope of This Note was the Narrowest that had Ever been seen. This Envelope quite Enraptured Mr. A. Eggs. Gently he Opened it and read :

"Did you say only \$9,000 a year?

T. J. I'B."

A light as of Revolution flashed upon Eggs. He drove calmly to the Place of Business of Old I'Ball, and said to him :

"It was a *lapsus lingue*. I meant \$10,000. On me honnar."

"A year?" inquired I'Ball.

"Of course."

"My lawyer will attend you at your Earliest Convenience."

A month of joy fled by.

They were married.

THE END.

NOTE A. Novellers will find it to their Interest to End Happily, with Marriage mainly. Because, on the *lucus a non lucendo* Principle, the Victims of Novel reading, by a Fatuity, never to be Too Much Deplored, (albeit they are Not the most Valuable class of Human Beings,)

have mistaken the *Summum Malum* for the *Summum Bonum*.

NOTE B. My Manual being now Completed, the Literary Renaissance of Society will Immediately commence. By an Act of Legislation which I shall cause to be Passed at the next Session of Congress, Any Person moving in Polished Circles who shall hereafter be Detected in evading his or her Duty as Polite Novellers, will be Debarred all Entrance into Marble-Mantel-Shelf Mansions and Subjected to Fine and Imprisonment.

NOTE C. As the Business of Printing will now be Immensely Increased, a Second Act of Legislation will be Passed, requiring all Printers, Publishers, and Pressmen to Defray the Expenses of this Work by an *Ad Valorem* Tax on their Sales.

NOTE D. Every Person in the Community Over the age of 10 years and under 80, is Bound in Honour to the Writer, in justice to Themselves, and the Exactions of Beneficent Law, to purchase This Manual.

ADVERTISEMENT. G. B. Wufficks, Author, Publisher, and Bookseller, at his New Store, No. 1½ Quid St., Lugsville, Exposes to Sale His Manual of Polite Novelling, a Hand-Book for the Human Race. Price in pamphlet 10 cts. In boards 50 cts. In cloth \$1 25. In leather, gilt and embossed \$3 00. In calf, \$2 87½. In sheep, \$5 00. Library Edition, illustrated with Numerous Cuts and Diagrams, \$6 25. A Liberal Discount to Clergymen, Teachers, Hack Writers, Negroes and the Trade.

SPECIAL NOTICE. No Special Notice.

SUBSEQUENT NOTICE. O—— Zero.

LAST CALL. Buy Wuffick's Manual.

A PICTURE.

BY FANNY FIELDING OF NOBFOLE, VA.

PART I.

How you sit with your brow resting upon your hand, in that darkened chamber, and think the thoughts of desolation unutterable!

What is that your elbow leans upon?—A curious little table of foreign workmanship,—it was *her* work-table, and in that very chair, which, by some mysterious influence you have been moved to occupy, Laura used to sit,—by that same window,—and sew and sing the short hours away;—sweet—fleeting as the summer bird's song were those melodies;—oh how they seem to come back upon your ear now that you recollect where you are! You cannot endure it? 'Tis no wonder,—some harder hearts than yours could not, and yours is not made of the most immalleable material.

Soft, sweet winds lightly play through the bars of your closed shutters, and there comes an odour of flowers upon their mild breath—how pleasant, once,—but now,—yes, your morbid thoughts will have it so,—the fragrance is from those upon her grave,—not which grew there, there has been no time for that, but there is a *petite vase*—rare and costly,—once a favourite of hers,—which receives a fresh bouquet each day, perfuming a soft green mound.

Arise from your place? You are right,—it sickens you.

But—stop for God's sake!—what would you there—you can scarce bear *that* better.

And yet—who shall stop you!

Unfold those rosewood doors—and, what!

Good spirits sustain you in this maddest freak of grief!—what power tempted you there?

Those robes—transparent, pure, snowy, they seem even now not an unfit habitation for the enfranchised spirit of her who wore them upon her bridal night. Her orange wreath and veil of jessamine hang there beside them, and there you gaze, and summon memory and all the

ghosts of all your past joys, as though you defied madness. Of your now succeeding hours, were I to write ANNIHILATION, it would savour too much of bliss ineffable compared with *that*. Who may come into the secrets of that time?

PART II.

It is an autumn afternoon, and your old friend and college chum is with you—your arm in his, and as the long shadows fall athwart your languid footsteps, you converse with him of life and its by-gones.

Your friend has a sympathizing heart, in which you are sure there is a large place for you; and he knew Laura and loved her, and as you cast a glance at the weed upon your arm, and wonder if he would ever feel as you do upon occasion of its adoption there, you never mistrust what he has long and faithfully proved.

Discoursing of the object still dearest to you, you find yourself at your friend's door, and he will not hear of parting with you, then and there. You in your solitary home, that night,—he in his fire-side circle? 'Tis not to be thought of!

"*So often*"—you plead:—

Granted,—but *if* so,—why to-night? Father, mother, sister—you cannot doubt their hearty welcome! Oh no! you do not,—and if in any *especially*, you put confidence in Mary, who wears upon her white finger the golden pledge your sea-bound brother left behind.

Rapidly run through your mind visions of the little mantle-clock ticking in the silence of your evenings at home,—the jarring of the coal which anon falls from the parlour grate upon the metal below,—of the one gloomy figure,—of the vacant chair there.

A cheerful, sweet voice now speaks above you, and its tones are so mellowed with kindness that it does not jar upon your ear. "Good evening,"—and Mary dismisses her guests and turns to you. Will you not come in?—it is the

first time *since*—and would so gratify them all. Yes, you comply.

Often it occurs to you afterward to contrast your *home* evenings with that one spent at the Middletons', and you find yourself now and then yielding to their solicitations, and sometimes, in fact, voluntarily hunting up the house at "47," where you and Mary, (for whatever other guests be there, she devotes most time to you,) talk of her prospective happiness, and you anon send up a mental ejaculation to preserve hers from the fate which befel yours.

Sometimes, I have said, there are other guests there, and one evening there is Minnie Morris.

Sure, you don't mind Minnie, or asking her to sing and play; why, she is but a child, has just left school, and is such an artless thing. So Mary argues when you profess your indifference to new acquaintances.

Ah, Mary! are *you* so artless? You have a vague fancy that that laughing lip and sunny curling hair bear about them a something like Laura, and by this gentle *ruse* you design to soothe with a dear thought, the strong grief which harrows within. Famous tacticians you are—you innocent women! Like Laura is she, that dimple-cheeked girl? Yes, you, too, saw it, instantly, but oh, it is, a heart-sickening similitude—just enough and of such a character as to force upon you the impression that all the essentials to such as she was are wanting. Odourless flowers, tasteless fruits, sweet harps stringless or out of tune, are faint emblems of the impression conveyed to your tantalized sense; and—though you have no right to couple such a word with the unoffending one who in amiability and unconsciousness of your thought, sings in your corner the solicited song—you are—*disgusted*.

Another evening comes round, and you and she are there again, and she sings again—one of Laura's songs,—soft, low, gentle, like an improvisation of the spirit of the lost one. You do not like it; the bold, dashing style of yon dark-eyed girl pleases you much better. You find yourself gazing spell-bound as

she soars—wild, free, fearless, into the very sky of song, and you think what Corinne was in eloquence and sentiment, is this enchantress in her own beautiful art. You converse with her, and she is the apotheosis of the songs she sings—their living, breathing representation, and she *does* banish, temporarily, that sorrow which, when you return to your lonely lodgings, you hug closer and nurse more fondly for your temporary obliviousness.

PART III.

Earth, air and sky are full of pleasure. The universe is smiling. The morning breeze undulating the snowy window-curtains, breathes sweetly of singing birds and gay and gorgeous flowers. There is a Castle of Delight—a very stronghold of Joy *somewhere*, and the presiding Genius in that Palace of Pleasure—oh, she is the incarnation—not of the sickly sentimentality, the morbid visions of romance which haunt the stripling boy with their fabulous forms, but the embodiment of manhood's mature dreams of grace and beauty in their fullest mental and physical development. And she, oh, she sings again, in that gay drawing-room, now her own, the weird melody which led your lone heart captive in a time not so very, very long ago.

Strange faces are filling those apartments and little forms are dancing and happy hearts are beating, and *she* who makes your happiness in this new existence, more frequently, perhaps, than yourself, (for there is a mysterious bond—mesmeric, if you will, between members of the sex who have loved in common,) she, I say, more frequently than you, wafts a passing thought to a bride's veil and a chaplet of white flowers which lie almost consigned to forgetfulness in the dim crypts of a seldom opened receptacle for such articles as have reigned their little day, and retired from the field of their efficiency.

Aye—laugh, dance and sing in your sunny home, and add unto King Solomon's axiom, that "childhood and youth are but vanity"—their loves are *less*.

BACON'S PHILOSOPHY, AND MACAULAY'S CRITICISM OF IT.

We have read with some degree of care an article in the September number of the *Messenger* under the above caption, by Mr. Grayson, of Mississippi; and while we can but admire the ingenuity with which he has advanced his peculiar views, we are nevertheless constrained to enter our protest against several propositions laid down in that article. We propose to examine some of the positions of Mr. Grayson, and to show that he has not fully quoted Lord Macaulay's opinion of the Baconian Philosophy, and also point out some errors into which he has fallen in regard to some important truths of psychological philosophy.

Mr. Grayson's style is so peculiar that, we confess, it is very difficult at times to determine his exact meaning; we shall, however, endeavour as far as possible, to confine our remarks to those portions of Mr. Grayson's article, which admit of no doubt as to their meaning.

The first remark that we design to notice, is contained in the following quotation: "At least, we are perfectly satisfied that he (Lord Macaulay) has signally failed in comprehending the hypothesis on which Bacon's fame reposes."

What is Lord Macaulay's opinion about Bacon's philosophy? Mr. Grayson has very singularly failed to quote it. He quotes, it is true, several paragraphs from his *Criticism*, on the subject of inductive philosophy, but does Lord Macaulay the injustice (unintentionally no doubt) of not giving in his article his opinion of the great importance and true benefit of the Baconian Philosophy.

Let us see what Lord Macaulay's opinion is, and whether he has not taken a correct view of the benefit conferred on mankind by Bacon, and whether he has not placed Bacon's fame upon a monument as enduring as any that Mr. Grayson has erected for the "repose" of his favourite.

Lord Macaulay says, p. 274: "The

philosophy which he taught was essentially new. It differed from that of the celebrated ancient teachers, not merely in method but in object. Its object was the good of mankind, in the sense in which the mass of mankind always have understood, and always will understand, the word *good*. 'Meditor,' said Bacon, 'instauracionem philosophiæ ejusmodi quæ nihil inanis aut abstracti habeat, quæque vitæ humanæ conditiones in melius provehat.' "

Again, on p. 277, at the conclusion of his comparison between the Platonic and Baconian philosophy, Lord Macaulay used the following true and eloquent language: "To sum up the whole: we should say that the aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man. The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to raise us far above vulgar wants. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants. The former aim was noble: but the latter was attainable. Plato drew a good bow; but, like Accetes in Virgil, he aimed at the stars, and therefore, though there was no want of strength or skill, the shot was thrown away. His arrow, indeed, was followed by a track of dazzling radiance, but it struck nothing. Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on the earth, and within bow-shot, and hit it in the white. The philosophy of Plato began in words and ended in words—noble words, indeed—words such as were to be expected from the finest of human intellects exercising boundless dominion over the finest of human languages. The philosophy of Bacon began in observations and ended in arts."

On p. 283, he uses this language: "He was not the person who first showed that by the inductive method alone new truth could be discovered. But he was the person who first turned the

minds of speculative men, long occupied in verbal disputes, to the discovery of truth; and, by doing so, he at once gave to the inductive method an *importance* and *dignity* which had never before belonged to it. He was not the maker of that road; he was not the discoverer of that road; he was not the person who first surveyed and mapped that road. But he was the person who first called the public attention to an inexhaustible mine of wealth, which had been utterly neglected, and which was accessible by that road alone.

"Bacon stirred up men to pursue an object which could be obtained only by induction, and by induction carefully performed; and consequently induction was more carefully performed.

"*We do not think that the importance of what Bacon did for inductive philosophy has ever been overrated.* But we think the nature of his services is often mistaken, and was not fully understood even by himself. It was not by furnishing philosophers with rules for performing the inductive process well, but by furnishing them with a *motive* for performing it well, that he conferred so vast a benefit on society. To give to the human mind a direction which it shall retain for ages is the rare prerogative of a few imperial spirits."

We think the extracts we have quoted above from the essay on Bacon in the *Edinburgh Review*, for 1837, by Lord Macaulay, more justly and fully express his views upon the object and aim of the Baconian philosophy, than any quotations made by Mr. Grayson in the *Messenger*.

There can be no question of the fact, that Bacon invented no new process of reasoning, for the inductive method is co-existent with man himself. We therefore agree entirely with Lord Macaulay, that Bacon's philosophy was a *practical*, and, if we may so speak, a *tangible* philosophy.

He arrived at practical results, and produced practical results, which will last as long as the world lasts.

Mr. Grayson, however, differs from

this opinion, and says: "In our judgment one of the most remarkable instances of the misconceptions into which great minds sometimes fall, occurs in the case of Macaulay's estimate and perception of the Baconian method of analysis. He has turned aside from the view of observation, as contrasted with the sensational philosophy of Locke, to consider induction merely as a mode, to be applied indiscriminately to the first truths of external nature—and has not given the point in issue the slightest consideration."

We confess we do not clearly understand what "the point in issue" is, unless it be the application of induction to determine *internal* as well as *external* truths. If we are right in our conjecture, there is no issue that we can see, for induction is equally applicable for the discovery of *internal* as well as *external* truth.

If, however, Mr. Grayson means by "the point in issue," the calling induction "*a mode*" by which we arrive at truth, we still can see no "point in issue," unless Mr. Grayson means to assert that induction is *not* "*a mode*" of arriving at truth. If it is not "*a mode*" or way, we would like to know what it is? We hardly think Mr. Grayson will contest this point, for induction is, in fact the great highway of the sentient universe, by which "*imperial spirits*" discover the truths of mind and matter, the phenomena of life, and the hopes of the future.

Mr. Grayson, in another place, says that, "what the Baconian process chiefly resists is the method of *internal study*, gone into in order by perception of the mind's spontaneous outshoots or developments to lay the ground-work for successful philosophical speculations. The tide of learning tended at his day, as it tends at ours, to the retroverted, instead of the observational—to the theory of the spontaneous development of truth—rather than to the voluntary apprehension of it—to the theory of common sense—to the theory that consciousness immediately reveals truth, instead of the theory that intercourse with outward life and

nature reveals them—the theory that truths first arose in the mind because they have first arisen or prevailed in outer life or nature.”

Precisely because the Baconian philosophy, as condensed above by Mr. Grayson, “resists internal truth” altogether, do we consider it defective. It deals entirely in externals; it develops visible and tangible “fruits,” but leaves the sensational, the noblest in the realms of thought, to moulder undiscovered in a wilderness of doubt and sophistry.

We come now to our second “point in issue” with Mr. Grayson. He denies that the mind is capable of “putting forth or developing first truths,” or, in other words, that we are unable to arrive at truth,—first truth, as he calls it,—by that faculty of the mind called *consciousness*. This is certainly one of the most most startlingly assertions we have ever seen advanced, especially by a gentleman so well educated as Mr. Grayson evidently is.

“Consciousness,” says a distinguished professor, “is not a special faculty coördinate with perception and memory, but a general condition of mind considered as *self-knowing*, by which all the mental faculties are made available. Through consciousness the mind not only *knows itself* and the changes it undergoes, but also *whatever* is known by means of any of its special faculties. We are conscious of what we remember; we are conscious of what we feel. Accordingly, as Sir W. Hamilton intimates elsewhere, the various faculties may be regarded as special *modifications* of consciousness. If consciousness fails, all the other faculties fail. Very frequently, however, the term is used in a restrictive sense, signifying the notice which the mind takes of *itself* and its operations and affections; or *internal observation*, its acts being called by some, not perceptions, but *apperceptions*. So understood, consciousness is the witness and authority of all proper psychological facts.”

The French Philosopher, Jouffroy, says, “What is consciousness? It is the feeling which the *intelligent principle* has of *itself*. This principle has the feeling of

itself, and hence, the consciousness of all the changes, all the modifications, which it undergoes. The only phenomena, then, of which it can have the consciousness are those which are *produced within itself*.

“Those which are produced *beyond itself* it can see, but it cannot feel them. It can, then, have the consciousness of its *sensations*, because it is *itself* which enjoys or suffers; or of its *thoughts*, its determinations, because it is *itself* which *thinks* and determines: but it can have no consciousness of muscular contraction, of digestion, of the circulation of the blood, because it is the muscle which contracts, the stomach which digests, the blood which circulates, and not itself. These phenomena then, are precisely in the same relation to it as the phenomena of *external* nature; they are produced *beyond* it, and it can have no consciousness of them. Such is the true reason of the incapability of consciousness to seize a multitude of phenomena which take place in the body, but which on that account, are none the less *exterior* to the intelligent principle, to the real *me* (ego.) On the other hand, the phenomena of consciousness being only the inward modifications of the intelligent principle, *that* alone can perceive them, because it is that alone which experiences them, and because, in order to perceive them it is necessary to feel them. For this reason, the phenomena of consciousness necessarily escape all *external observation*.”

Locke says, if we mistake not, that after our mind is filled with ideas drawn from without, then the intelligent principle, the real me or ego, may deduce “*other ideas*” or new *truths*, from those already in the mind. It follows then from what we have already quoted, and we might add additional testimony did time and space permit—that the intelligent principle within us, the real ego, can and does from observation *per se* and *inter se*, discover truth, nay first truths, on subjects purely psychological, and to the exclusion of all *external* nature and observation.

Strip man of the attributes of this internal, intelligent principle, a principle, or rather *the* principle, which is the true

connecting link between God and man ; and he is at once degraded to the level of the brute, whose *instinctive induction*, if we may use such a term, teaches him—often by wonderful and ingenious methods—to supply his wants, to shun danger and preserve his life.

We do not design to force Mr. Grayson into a discussion of this question, Revelation considered ; but we do think it but just that this question should be examined in its bearings on Christianity. It is the very *essence* of Christianity, and Mr. Grayson has no right in laying down a general proposition, to limit its application to certain prescribed phenomena.

Eighteen hundred years have passed since man was enlightened by direct Revelation ; since that time he has been rescued from sin and eternal death, by the application of this *intelligent principle alone* ; no *external* nature is absolutely necessary spiritually to enlighten the eternal ego, for

"In the soul, Jehovah's breath,
In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation."

We propose to notice one more "issue" made by Mr. Grayson, and then leave the questions we have discussed to the decision of the intelligent reader.

The proposition we propose to notice is contained in the following paragraph : "If the mind does spontaneously put forth or develop first truths, then it has no free agency—if it does, it must be by its free agency in thought, and it could not be free and yet develop according to a fixed mode or law of its nature."

We confess that we do not see, either the "sequitur" or "non sequitur." "Mode" or order is universally conceded to be the first law of nature, and it is no less true that it is a prominent law of the mind ; deprive it of this regulating main spring, and we produce disorder and confusion, the sure precursors of idiocy and madness.

Deprive nature of that universal law which we call Gravitation, and we have "but the semblance of her former self." And yet, though the works of nature are

subjected to certain laws of vegetation, position and gravitation, it by no means follows that she thereby loses that sublime originality, which contributes so much to her grandeur.

The germ of the Oak and the germ of the Rose, when they put forth their shoots and begin the foundations, upon which are reared the noble monarch of the forest, and the beautiful queen of the flowers, alike follow the same law of nature ; but still are free to assume the most dissimilar and the wildest shape and form which fancy can picture.

The Alpine torrent as it leaps headlong from its native heights, carrying desolation and death in its mad career, is subject still to the same law which governs the waters of the calm and peaceful lake, whose bosom mirrors,

"Each lustrous, starry gem,
That smiled of old on humble Bethlehem."

The law which governs the works of nature, has been so fully established by scientific men, that no sane man can doubt its universal application.

Admitting then, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Grayson's theory—that we obtain all our truths from external nature—is correct ; it follows as an irresistible inference that the mind of man *must* be subjected to laws of an analogous nature, in order that it be capable of observing and developing truths from natural objects.

If the mind of man was entirely destitute of the laws and principles which obtain in physical objects, it stands to reason that it would be incompetent to determine and analyze the laws that govern "nature in all her works."

It is unquestionably true, that within certain boundaries, the mind of man is finite and limited ; but these boundaries are so nearly *infinite* in their nature, that we may consider his mind—he being the judge—as almost infinite in grasp, and hence deduce the theory of free agency.

But *strictly speaking*, the mind of man is limited and finite—at least so long as he is in the flesh—and he does not possess a *boundless* and *infinite* free agency.

The limits of thought are however so distant and so unapproachable that time in all probability will fail man, before his mind has travelled much more than a small fraction of this unmeasured distance. For all practicable purposes we may then regard man as a free agent, whose thought is "as boundless as the realms of space."

But it by no means follows, because man is a free agent, that his mind is not subjected to some one or other of those universal laws of God which prevail in all of His material works.

Indeed, the history of man, from his creation down to the present age, gives irresistible proof that man is an orderly animal; and that the more highly you cultivate his eternal nature, the more subjected does he become to law and order.

The very essence of all mental training, is a comment upon the text of the great

Apostle, "let every thing be done decently and in order."

Architecture, Government, Society, all the social conditions of man—whether savage or civilized—unmistakably indicate the supremacy of law and order as ruling principles in the human intellect.

The world of matter and the world of mind, though intimately associated in this world, are yet entirely distinct; though subjected—on account of their intimate association—to laws common to each, are yet as dissimilar as Time and Eternity.

One is for time, the other for eternity; one is matter, the other a spiritual essence, whose discernment of *spiritual truth*, is approximately coeternal with God himself, and which was imparted to us by "Jehovah's breath," when in our material form he hid from our eyes his immortal spirit.

E. T.

THE TENDER TOYS.

The tender toys that steal from conscious eyes,
The feigned professions of distracted love,
The breath expended in deceitful sighs,
The looks uplifted to the heavens above;

'Tis true, my love, I never yet was taught
These simulated lessons of the heart;
By no enforcement have I yet been brought
To act an artful and pretended part.

And does my candour, then, provoke your scorn?
My rude directness, then, seem unrefined?
Ah! these (like poesy) unmade but born,
Are truthful symbols of the ingenuous mind.

SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

LETTERS OF RICHARD HENRY LEE TO ARTHUR LEE.

Chantilly, Dec. 20th, 1766.

DEAR BROTHER :

It is at all times with great pleasure that I oblige you, and therefore, notwithstanding the request you have now made me will be attended with many inconveniences, I shall endeavour to give you a just idea of our police, the state of our trade, the nature and amount of our Revenue, with an estimate of our military strength. These subjects, if I mistake not, will comprehend within them the information you desired to receive. It is no less true than evident—that our Forefathers in framing the Constitution of the country had in view the excellent pattern furnished by the mother country, but unhappily for us, my Bro., it is an exterior semblance only: when you examine separately the parts that compose the Governments, essential variations appear between it and the happily poised English constitution. Let us place the two in comparative points of view, and then the difference will be striking. In Britain the three simple forms of Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy are so finely blended, that the advantages resulting from each species separately, flow jointly from their admirable union. The King, though possessing the Executive Power of Government, with a third of the Legislative, and the House of Commons representing the Democratic Interest, are each prevented from extending improperly prerogative or popular claims by a body of Nobles, independent in the material circumstances of hereditary succession to their titles and seats in the second branch of the Legislature. Thus you see of what essential importance is the House of Lords in the British Constitution, and how happily their Independency is secured. With us the Legislative power is lodged in a governor, Council and House of Burgesses. The two first appointed by the Crown, and their places held by the precarious tenor

of pleasure only. That security, therefore, which the Constitution derives in Britain from the House of Lords is here entirely wanting, and the just Equilibrium totally destroyed by two parts out of three of the Legislature being in the same hands. It happens also unfortunately, that the same persons who compose our Council during pleasure, with the Governor at their Head, are the Judges of our General Courts (and only so long as they continue of the Council) where all causes Ecclesiastical and Civil, both Common Law and Chancery business is determined. By this injudicious combination, all the Executive, two-thirds of the Legislative, and the whole Judiciary Powers are in the same body of Magistracy. How severely, but justly, has the accurate Montesquieu, determined against so impolitic a union.

“Lorsque dans la même personne ou dans le même corps de Magistrature, la puissance législative est réunie à la puissance exécutive, il n’y a point de liberté; parce qu’on peut craindre que le même Monarque ou le même Senat ne fasse des Loix tyranniques, pour les exécuter tyranniquement. Il n’y a point encore de liberté si la puissance de juger n’est pas séparée de la puissance législative, le pouvoir sur la vie et la liberté des citoyens servit arbitraire; car la Juge servit Législateur. Si elle étoit jointe à la puissance exécutive le Juge pourroit avoir la force d’un oppresseur. Tout seroit perdu si le même homme ou le même Corps des Principaux, ou des nobles, ou du Peuple exerçoient ces trois pouvoirs, celui de faire des Loix, celui d’exécuter les résolutions publiques, et celui de juger les crimes ou les différends des particuliers.”—*Esprit de Loix, B. XI, Ch. 6.*

“Whene’er the Legislative Power is united in one and the same person, or in the same Body of Magistracy with the Executive, Liberty no longer exists: since it is to be feared that the same

Monarch, or the same Senate, would enact tyrannical laws, only that they might be tyrannically executed. Liberty no longer exists where the Judicial Power is not separate from the Legislative and Executive Power; if it be joined to the Legislative Power, the power over the Life and Liberty of the Citizens would be arbitrary; for the Judge would then be the Legislator. If it be united to the Executive Power, the Judge would then possess the power of an oppressor. All would be lost, should the same man, or the same Body of Principal men, whether of the nobles or of the People, exercise these three powers, that of making the Laws, that of executing the Public Resolutions, and that of adjudging Crimes or Controversies of Individuals."—*Spirit of Laws, B. XI., Ch. 6.*

But how must your surprise increase when you are informed, that even the Third or Democratic part of our Legislature, is totally in the Power of the Crown. 'Tis by usage only that Elections are directed and Assemblies called; in our Code of Laws, not one is to be found that directs the calling of new assemblies, or that appoints any time for the meeting of the Representative body when chosen. To remedy this fundamental Error, and to place the liberty of the Subject on a more secure footing, an Act of Assembly was passed, upon the Principles of the Act of Parliament adopted in England after the Revolution, directing that a new Assembly should be called once in seven years at the least, and that the Representatives when chosen, should be convened at least once in three years. The more frequent calling of new Assemblies, and the more frequent meeting of them when chosen, was left, as of right it ought, a Prerogative possession. This Act passed with a suspending clause, but though it is now four years since its passage, we have never had the Royal approbation. May we not hope, my Brother, that the security to liberty will now be granted, when these great and good men preside, who so lately evinced their generous and noble attachment to American Freedom, by opposing with matchless eloquence the Parliamen-

tary right of imposing internal taxes on America. May we not also hope, that when those great personages have leisure from other weighty concerns, that a thorough reform in the faulty parts of our Constitution will be directed. It may reasonably be enquired, how it happened that with so good a pattern as the English Constitution, ours should be so exceptionably contrived? The answer is to be found in the arbitrary reign of "*James the First*," and the subsequent confusion that happened in that of his son. The first occasioned the violent dissolution of the Company, to whom letters Patent were originally granted for this Colony, and the rebellion in the reign of Charles the First, with the consequent disorders in Government, prevented any kind of regularity from taking place in our affairs.

I am happy in being able to say with truth, of our Countrymen, that they have ever been remarkable for Loyalty, and firm attachment to their Sovereign. A celebrated instance of this they gave, in refusing, as they always did, to pay any obedience to the usurped power of Oliver Cromwell, and in the two last wars, no applications from our late or present King, were ever made in vain.

I have now accomplished the first part of my engagement by giving you as accurate an idea of the constitution of this Country as I am able, but that I may not tire you with the length of this letter, I shall defer writing on the three remaining subjects, until some future opportunity.

Chantilly, Va., April 5th, 1770.

DEAR BROTHER:

I wrote you last from Williamsburg by Capt. Nicks, since which I have been favoured with two letters from you, one by Somerville, the other by Page. I am much obliged to you for the political intelligence they contain. It is some comfort to have the virtuous on our side, although we are unsuccessful. I am there-

fore much pleased to hear those great and good men, Lords Shelbourne and Chatham and Camden, are with us. But alas, I fear the cause of public liberty, like the setting sun, is going to disappear. I mean from Britain, for I hope America will insist on being free. We are, however, a good deal disturbed here at the K——'s speech. We cannot make it square with the promises (authorized by the highest authorities) made to all the Assemblies by the several Governors. Time must develop this mystery. 'Tis some State trick, that plain honesty cannot easily penetrate. Our Assembly meets at its adjourned day in May next, when such measures will be adopted as our intelligence from London shall render wise and necessary. Enclosed you have the certificates of your appointment that you desired. One of them is signed by Mr. Parker and myself, the other is an exact copy from the Books, which it is proper Mr. William Lee should sign, as he was then treasurer. We expect you will resume our business when a favourable prospect opens, and I beg leave to refer you to my letter by Capt. Nicks on that subject. I do not know how you came to suppose our edition of the Farmers' and Monitors' letters, to have been contrived by our friend, Mr. Parker. It was the benefit of my country that suggested the measure to me, and I accordingly wrote the Preface and the terms, negotiated the whole matter with Rind, and got several hundred subscribers to the Pamphlet. Rind thanked me for the great profit he had made, and indeed in the hands of a diligent printer, a very considerable benefit would have arisen, as the books were called for faster than he could furnish them. Of these pamphlets I have sent one for Lord Shelburne, for Col. Barré, Mrs. McCauley, Mr. Jennings, the Rev. Mr. Porteus, Mr. Jno. Stuart my friend, yourself, and Mr. Wm. Lee. These with letters for them are in a box directed to you, which I have desired Mr. Lee to open, if you are not in town, and deliver Mr. Jennings, Mr. Porteus, and Mr. Stuart their Pamphlets. Those for Lord Shelburne, Mrs. McCauley and Col. Barré I have request-

ed Mr. Lee to get neatly bound in London before they are presented. The letters for them are left open for your perusal, which you will afterwards please to seal with your arms and deliver. * * *
* In the box you will see the Virginia Gazette, 15th Feb., and you may observe the insolent letter from London, 10th Nov. 1769. I was resolved not to let insolence and Falsehood go unpunished, and therefore I sent the Press an animadversion on him as well as the other addresses. This Gazette is not yet come to hand, but I will send it by next opportunity. * * * *

Our relation, Capt. Jno. Lee, of Essex, requests that you will write to Dr. Hamilton, of Edinburgh, to get him a Tutor, and in doing this, the following method is to be observed. Capt. Lee has already written to one Mr. Robert Ferguson, Merchant, at Sandgate, in the Shire of Ayr, to procure him a Tutor, but fearing this gentleman might not be acquainted with such business, and therefore fail to furnish him, he judged it prudent by you, to apply to Mr. Hamilton. This Mr. Ferguson is acquainted with Mr. Lee's terms, which makes it necessary that he should be applied to, before an engagement is made with a Tutor, and likewise to prevent the accident of two Tutors being sent over. I am acquainted with no part of the terms, but that Mr. Lee offers £30 a year salary. I have not got Mrs. McCauley's history. Will you be pleased to purchase it for me, and any other of her works that may be published. Apply to Mrs. Lee for cash to pay for these.

You have never informed me if the wine was received by Dr. Fothergill, or how the old gentleman liked it. The storm in September last, by destroying the grapes, prevented any wine from being made in these parts.

I have been constantly on the lookout for a Rattlesnake, and am now promised by a gentleman above that he will exert himself to get one against Capt. Griegs' ship sails, or Walker's at farthest.

Let me know, if you please, whether it will be agreeable to Lord Shelburne that I send him a cask of our finest

spirit, made from the peach. It is so highly flavoured, and partakes so much of the fruit, that I really think 'tis much preferable to the finest Arrack.

I am my dear brother's most affectionate and faithful friend.

Feb. 24th, 1775.

DEAR BROTHER:

All America has received with astonishment and concern the speech to Parliament. The wicked violence of the Ministry is so clearly expressed, as to leave no doubt of their fatal determination to ruin both countries, unless a powerful and timely check is interposed by the body of the people. A very small corrupted Junto in New York excepted, all N. America is now most firmly united, and as firmly resolved to defend their liberties, ad infinitum, against every power on Earth that may attempt to take them away. The most effectual measures are everywhere taking to secure a sacred observance of the Association. Manufactures go rapidly on, and the means of repelling force by force, are universally adopting.

The enclosed address to the Virginia Delegates, published a few days since in the Gazette, will show you the spirit of the frontier men. This one county of Fincastle can furnish 1000 riflemen, that for their number make the most formidable light infantry in the world. The six frontier counties can produce 6000 of these men, who from their amazing hardihood, their method of living so long in the woods without carrying provisions with them, the exceeding quickness with which they can march to distant parts, and above all, the dexterity to which they have arrived in the use of the rifle gun. There is not one of those men who wish a distance less than 200 yds., or a larger object than an orange. Every shot is fatal.

The Virginia Colony Congress meets the 20th of next month, for the appoint-

ment of Delegates to the Continental Congress in May next, and for other purposes of public security. The ministry, who are both foolish and wicked, think by depriving us of Assemblies, to take away the advantage that results from united and collected councils. But they are grievously mistaken. In despite of all their machinations, public councils will be held and public measures adopted for general security. Still we hope that the proceedings of the last Continental Congress, when communicated to the people of England will arouse a spirit that, proving fatal to an abandoned ministry, may save the whole empire from the impending destruction.

The Hon. Col. Lee, of Stafford, was buried this day; he died the 20th ult., after a most painful illness. He is a public loss, and if the Ministry go on filling up these vacancies in the Council with raw boys and hot-headed, senseless people, the affairs of Va. must be in perpetual confusion, although the present dispute should be accommodated. It is absolutely necessary that some grave, sensible men should now be placed there in order to temper the present body. The pamphlet entitled, "An Appeal," &c., is, I think, the best I have read on the subject amidst such a variety of finely-reasoned ones.

Farewell.

P. S.—By authentic accounts just come to hand, all the ministerial efforts with New York and the Jersey Governments have failed; both Assemblies have highly approved the proceedings of the Continental Congress, thanked their delegates, and appointed them to represent their respective Colonies in the next May Congress.

From New York they have lately sent back a ship from Glasgow, with goods that arrived after the 1st Feb., scarcely allowing the vessel time to get fresh provisions. It is now therefore certain that without a redress of grievances, G. Britain must prepare to do entirely without the North American trade. Nor will the British Isles in the W. Indies get their usual necessary supplies from the continent. Georgia has acceded to the

Continental Association, and we understand Canada will have delegates in the next Congress.

You will oblige me greatly by giving my boys advice, and pressing them to diligent application as often as you have leisure to do so. You never say whether or when you take the gown, and where you propose to practise.

Farewell.

Baltimore in Md., 17th Feb., 1777.

MY DEAR SIR:

The papers that go with this to yourself and the other commissioners, are so full on the subject of news, that it is not very necessary for me to say much on that subject here. There scarcely comes a post but brings us an account of some skirmish in which the enemy get beaten and driven back (without their forage) within their lines on the hills near Brunswick, where their distress we know is very great. This has been a most fatal winter campaign to our enemies, and unless some change happens in their favour, which cannot be seen at present, it bids fair to be abundantly more so yet. Upon the whole, notwithstanding the contemptible Ministerial boasts in their Gazettes and in Parliament, the great force they sent here has cut a most pitiful figure indeed. In humanity they figure still worse than they do in arms. Their ravages in the Jerseys, until they were checked and driven back, beggar all description. Rapes, murders, and devastation marked their steps in such a manner as would have disgraced the savages of the wilderness. The old English esteem for valour, seems quite done away, and in several instances where young Americans displayed heroic spirit, and happened to fall in their power, they have butchered them in cold blood, in a most cruel and barbarous manner. They have been so frequently shameless in this way, after remonstrance has been in vain made to Gen. Howe, that the patience of our soldiery is exhausted, and

it appears as if no more prisoners will be taken, until Mr. Howe and his people learn the practice of humanity.

I have received two letters from —, but he thinks strongly in favour of G. Britain. Was it not the most unrelenting and cruel persecution of us that forced us from her, and are we not compelled upon the clearest principles of self-preservation, to seek from strangers what our kindred denied us? Must a great continent be buried in ruin because the people of England cannot rouse from a lethargy which suffers the most abandoned of men to trample upon the rights of human nature? It is decreed Above, and we are parted forever. Every friendly American nerve will now be strained to procure the active interference of France, by which, under God, the liberty of North America must be secured. * * *

The Congress have determined to return to Ph^a., in eight days from this time. We have a number of exceeding fine frigates at sea very soon, from 24 to 36 guns.

Farewell, and send me a long letter by return of this vessel.

I am exceedingly uneasy about my poor boys, and beg of you to get them to me in the quickest and safest manner.

Philadelphia, April 20th, 1777.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

It gave me inexpressible pleasure to find by your joint letter from Paris to Congress that you were safely arrived in France. As well on your own account I was rejoiced as on that of my country, well knowing with what zeal and ability the cause of America and of mankind will be served by you. Heaven grant you may be as successful in your negotiations as you wish to be, and as the greatest and most virtuous cause that the sun ever shone on deserves. That the exertions of America will be firm and great as are in her power, you may rely upon with absolute confidence, but then it ought not to be forgotten by those who wish our eternal separation from Great Britain, that the single strength of

North America, opposed to the united force of Great Britain and her allies, may prove an unequal contest, and should not be trusted too far.

The difficulty of finding funds whilst our trade is shut up by a superior marine strength is very distressing, and would find present relief if the united fleets of Spain and France were to fall on that of Great Britain in its present state of inferiority. It amazes me that the Politicians of these two kingdoms do not see with what certainty they may, in conjunction with America, humble the pride and power of Britain as well as that, if the latter accomplish their plan of subjugating America, the force of both must and will be applied to attack the American possessions of the House of Bourbon. It is now in the power of Spain, with ease, to get the harbor of Pensacola for her homeward bound ships, and surely the power of Great Britain and North America divided, can never be so dangerous to her as when united, abstracted from the consideration of gratitude that must bind to her the affections of virtuous young Republics for timely and effectual aid afforded them in the day of their distress. It will be very long before such kindness will be forgotten. Since the 24th of December, we have been in a constant train of success against the enemy, and from that time during the whole winter campaign—for it has never slept—we have reduced the enemy's force at least 4000 men. They have been confined to the hills of Brunswick, in New Jersey, the whole winter, and there they remain now. Their foraging parties have been so beaten and driven back—that their distress has been great, and their horses have died in numbers. And this has been done chiefly by militia, our regular army having been dispersed last fall in consequence of short enlistments which had taken place in spring of 1776, in the uncertain state that our affairs were then under. The levies for forming a new regular army for duration are now moving up to head quarters in Jersey from all the States, and an army is forming at Ticonderoga, ready to meet General Carlton as soon as the ice permits him to

cross Lake Champlain. But we are greatly retarded by the necessity we are under, of passing all our troops through inoculation before they join the army. And this I fear will prevent us from taking advantage of the enemy's weakness and presumption in remaining where they are before they get reinforced. Brunswick, (on the hills near which the enemy are fortified) is in New Jersey on the River Raritan, which communicates with the sea at Amboy, so that you find they keep pretty nigh their ships. What a fine stroke it would be for a Spanish Fleet to remove their small ships of war, which would effectually deliver their army into our hands! And it would not quickly be in the power of England to recover this blow. Except two, the other States have fixed and are exercising their new governments, which you may well suppose must add greatly to our force, safety and success. We have 13 frigates nearly finished, and some of them at sea. Our privateers you know, have been very successful, and still continue to be so. You cannot imagine what universal joy and spirit it would give to North America if Spain and France were now to attack Great Britain. The success would be infallible, and the Independence of America immovably fixed.

Before this reaches you the former dispatches will be arrived, by which you will see that Congress had proposed Dr. Franklin to attend the Court of Spain whilst you remained at Paris. But I suppose you have jointly considered that it may do as well for you to be at Madrid, and perhaps the Doctor's age might render it inconvenient for him to travel so far. However, proper powers have long since been sent to Dr. Franklin, appointing him to the Court of Spain, although he is not deprived of right still to represent these States at the Court of France. * * *

May 31st.—Since the above the events of war have not been considerable. The Enemy, with about 2000 men from New York, pushed up the Sound by water, and made a forced march through a small part of Connecticut to surprise

and destroy a magazine of provisions, laid up there for our army. They succeeded in destroying about 1700 barrels of salted meat and some grain, with about 1000 barrels of flour. However, the militia assembled as quickly as possible under command of Generals Wooster and Arnold, to the number of about 1500, and attacked the enemy, as they were retreating to their ships where, with great difficulty and much loss they at length arrived. We learn that this trip has lessened their numbers at least 500; among the wounded and since dead we are told they count Major General Gov. Tryon and Col. Walcott. The loss of provisions has been amply made up to us by the Privateers who have taken 5000 barrels salted provisions coming to New York from Europe. In a variety of skirmishes lately we have beaten them, and in some of these their best troops have been foiled. By this opportunity Congress sends you a particular commission as their representative at the Court of Spain. In my judgment, and it is an opinion founded on the most accurate information, the Independence and security of North America cannot be said to be certain until an alliance with Spain

and France is procured, and in consequence the British arms and arts not solely employed for our ruin. You may be assured that this is of infinite consequence to your country, and therefore you will conduct yourself accordingly. And for the assistance of our Finance an extension Loan is indispensable. If any untoward accident should have befallen our brother, the Alderman, in which case I have desired my letters to him, to be sent to you for your perusal, the management of my boys must rest entirely with you; and in that case, at all events, you will see the necessity of sending them both immediately to me.

Farewell my dear brother,

R. H. LEE.

N. B.—I believe Tryon is not dead and we have not heard more of Col. Walcott.

P. S.—It will be of great consequence that I hear from you frequently and fully. If your letters come any where to the northward of Virginia, or if they go by the West Indies, let them be directed to the care of our brother Dr. Shippen, in Philadelphia.

SONNET—AUTUMN.

BY ATLMERE.

Sweet eve—still lingers here thy golden ray,
 Thy crimson clouds are bending in the west,
 Thy rosy-breath doth bind the brow of day,
 Thy radiant rubies nestle on her breast;
 In spring I love the blue-eyed violet mild,
 And summer's voice blends sweetly to my ear,
 But Autumn—fondly do I greet thy smile,
 Thy morning blushes and thy evening tear;
 Sadder thy days may be, yet still do I
 Inhale their freshness with becoming joy,
 Thy melancholy wind its plaintive sigh—
 Bring back the memories of the listless boy,
 When I first learned to love thee and to dream
 Of morning's whisper and of evening's beam.

Notices of New Works.

A HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JAMES MADISON. By WILLIAM C. RIVES. Volume I. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1859. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

Here, in the beautiful typography and on the clear paper of a publishing house which rivals Murray or the Longmans in the appearance of its editions, we have the first volume of a work which is destined to receive as close an attention and provoke as much controversy, perhaps, as any other of the day in America. The task of writing the Life of James Madison could not surely have fallen into better hands than those of a man who, having filled with distinguished credit several of the highest offices known to his government, has retired to prosecute anew those studies of literature and philosophy, for years but little interrupted, which commend themselves at once to his taste and his temper. We augured well of the work upon the earliest announcement of its intended publication, and our expectations have not been disappointed. There is in it less, perhaps, than we had hoped for, of the familiar life of Mr. Madison, of the boy, the College student, the young man of society, and so far, Mr. Rives has presented us with few of those personal incidents and anecdotes which lend such a charm to Randall's Life of Jefferson. As he advances with his biography and comes to speak of Mr. Madison in the decline of life, the materials for personal characterization will be more abundant, since it was the rare privilege of the author to be intimately acquainted with that serene and attractive old age which invested the shades of Montpellier with so much interest, and the book, as the record of an individual life, will then be rounded into completeness. The great and crowning merit of this first volume is that, while the illustrious subject is never for a moment lost sight of by the author, it gives us by far the most luminous, succinct and satisfactory history that has ever yet been written of the Continental Congress and the infancy of our present State and Federal governments. There are positions assumed by Mr. Rives that will be contested by others who have written on our ante-Revolutionary affairs, but the value and fulness of his labors will be admitted by all. Mr. Rives' style is a model of simple elegance. If we must find a fault with it, we will say that it is too uniformly severe. In a footnote, introducing the whimsical programme

of Sports and Festivities on St. Andrew's Day, in 1737, in allusion to the fiddling, Mr. Rives tells us, with a quiet humour, that, Themistocles to the contrary notwithstanding, it was shown that men might both play upon the fiddle and understand the arts by which small States were made great ones; and so we may be pardoned for suggesting that a writer may frequently unbend in the stateliest narrative without diminution of his dignity, and that it is possible for a biographer to be both genial and forcible. No one has command of greater resources of language and illustration than Mr. Rives, or can better afford to come down, now and then, from the heights of philosophical discourse.

For the present, we must dismiss this excellent volume with thus much of cursory notice, but we shall probably recur to it more at length at a future day, when a larger space will enable us to render fuller justice to its merits.

POEMS by JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN; with *Biographical Introduction* by JOHN MITCHEL. New York: P. M. Haverty, 112 Fulton Street. 1859.

We have long been familiar with Mangan's exquisite translations from the German Anthology, but we are indebted to Mr. Mitchel for all that we know of the man himself. In the short but most interesting biographical introduction to this edition of Mangan's Poems, the bard is presented to us so vividly, as he walked Dublin streets, or sat in a corner of the Fagel Library, that we seem to see the spare form, shabbily attired, and look into the blue eyes so dreamily indicative of genius. His story is old enough and sad enough. It is a story of narrow means, of lofty aspirations, of drudgery, of drink, of tuneful song, now breathing of angelic choral harmony, and now burdened with a despair which voices itself in maudlin improvisations, and of an early grave, above which there were few to mourn or hang an *immortelle*. Mr. Mitchel has twined a pretty memorial wreath in his sketch of the poet, which is at once graceful, discriminative and loving. He says there were two Mangans, one well known to the Muses, the other to the police, and it has been his tender care to show us the shy, sensitive, gifted favorite of Clio and her sisters to the best advantage, while his dual inebriate is kept as much as possible

in the shade. Mr. Mitchel thinks Mangan Miserrimus was far more wretched than Poe, which we can hardly credit, and rates Mangan *vates* much higher than the author of the Raven, wherein we doubt if Clio herself would agree with him; but surely the man was sufficiently unhappy and the poet sufficiently inspired to excite both our commiseration and our homage. That Americans have had so little acquaintance hitherto with writings which in Ireland are even more popular than those of Moore, Mr. Mitchel thinks is due to the fact that we yield so implicitly to British authority in literature, which ignores Irish minstrelsy, very much as in this country Mr. Dana and his brethren ignore the poetical writers on this side of the Potomac, and hereupon our brilliant rebel biographer stands in *contumaciam* of the English literary court, and makes his appeal to the tribunal of Cisatlantic opinion. Throughout the whole introductory paper, as well in the outline of Mangan's personal character as in the commentary on his verses, there gleams the flash of Mitchel's peculiar style, at times abrupt, terse, nervous, odd as Carlyle, and again full, rich, finished and musical as Macaulay.

In the translations contained in this

volume, we are introduced anew to the many glorious creations that people the cloud-land of German poetry. Again Mignon sings of the clime of the citron and myrtle, again Leonora rides at midnight with the phantom horseman, again Thekla warbles her pretty love-song, again the joyous procession moves on to the ringing of the merry marriage bells; and we need only the illustrations of Moritz Retzsch and Ary Scheffer to enable us to enjoy the noble ballads of the German masters with the zest of the Germans themselves. At least if there a strength in Schiller and a grace in Goethe, and a beauty in Buerger beyond the reach of the translator and the artist, we may confidently say that the English reader can derive from no other collection, with which we are acquainted, so just an idea of the grandeur and the melody of the Teutonic ballads.

We can give but one of these translations to our readers, and it shall be that same song of Thekla—

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,

faithfully rendered by Coleridge, freely by Bulwer, and most gracefully, as all will agree, by Mangan.

THE MAIDEN'S PLAIN.

The forest pines groan—
The dim clouds are flitting—
The Maiden is sitting
On the green shore alone.
The surges are broken with might, with might,
And her sighs are pour'd on the desert Night,
And tears are troubling her eye.

"All, all is o'er:
The heart is destroyed—
The world is a void—
It can yield me no more.
Then, Master of Life, take back thy boon:
I have tasted such bliss as is under the moon:
I have lived—I have loved—I would die!"

Thy tears, O Forsaken!
Are gushing in vain;
Thy wail shall not waken
The Buried again:
But all that is left for the desolate bosom,
The Flower of whose Love has been wasted in blossom,
Be granted to thee from on high!

Then pour like a river
Thy tears without number!
The Buried can never
Be wept from their slumber:
But the luxury dear to the Broken-hearted,
When the sweet enchantment of Love hath departed,
Be thine—the tear and the sigh!

The original poems of Mangan, which are here collected for preservation by Mr. Mitchel, are painfully marked by the bitter experiences of the author. Very sad and plaintive are most of them, but above the mournful note there rises now and then a burst of reckless jollity, as of one making a mockery of his grief. There are many lovers of poetry who will recal, in reading

the following lines, Beranger's reminiscence of gay twenty-one—

Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse—

and who will recognise something of Thackeray's humour, a little saddened by circumstances, in the self-accusing reflections of the poet.

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

O, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
How it plashes on the window-sill!
Night, I guess too, must be on the wane,
Strass and Gass* around are grown so still.
Here I sit with coffee in my cup—
Ah! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
In the tavern where I loved to sup
Twenty golden years ago!

Twenty years ago, alas!—but stay—
On my life, 'tis half-past twelve o'clock!
After all, the hours *do* slip away—
Come, here goes to burn another block!
For the night, or morn, is wet and cold;
And my fire is dwindling rather low:—
I had fire enough, when young and bold
Twenty golden years ago.

Dear! I don't feel well at all, somehow:
Few in Weimar dream how bad I am;
Floods of tears grow common with me, now,
High-Dutch floods, that Reason cannot dam.
Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive
If I mope at home so—I don't know—
Am I living now? I was alive
Twenty golden years ago.

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone,
Not quite bookless, though, unless I chuse,
Left with nought to do, except to groan,
Not a soul to woo, except the muse—
O! this is hard for *me* to bear,
Me who whilome lived so much *en haut*,
Me, who broke all hearts like china-ware,
Twenty golden years ago!

Perhaps 'tis better;—time's defacing waves,
Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
They who curse me nightly from their graves,
Scarce could love me were they living now;
But my loneliness hath darker ills—
Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought and Co.,
Awful Gorgons! worse than tailor's bills
Twenty golden years ago!

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
O! how plaintive you would ween I was!
But I won't, albeit I have a deal
More to wail about than Kerner has!
Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
Mine for withered hopes, my scroll of woe
Date, alas! from youth's deserted bowers,
Twenty golden years ago!

* Street and lane.

Yet, may Deutschland's bardings flourish long,
 Me, I tweak no beak among them;—hawks
 Must not pounce on hawks: besides, in song
 I could once beat all of them by chalks.
 Though you find me as I near my goal,
 Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,
 O! I had a grand Byronian soul
 Twenty golden years ago!

Tick-tick, tick-tick!—not a sound save Time's,
 And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—
 Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
 Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain!
 Sleep!—no more the dupe of hopes or schemes;
 Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
 Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
 Twenty golden years ago!

Sad refrain, indeed, which strikes a responsive chord in too many hearts.

We cannot dismiss this volume without render the proper tribute of praise to the publisher. Mr. Haverty, for the very beautiful externals he has given to the rhymes of the poet. The book is really luxurious, and will be an ornament as well as an addition to the library shelf.

POEMS. By SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand Street. 1859. [From G.M. West, 145 Main Street.

Miss Talley is so well known to the readers of the *Messenger* that it would be superfluous in us to point out her great and rare merits, or to borrow poems from the present collection to justify the high praise we have pleasure in bestowing upon her. Many of these poems have already enriched our pages, and for years her occasional contributions have been the brightest gems it has been the privilege of this magazine to present to the reading public. We may mention two at least, "Guy de Mayne" and "Rest," as worthy of having been produced by any poet who now writes in the English language. Miss Talley is far the most gifted, in our judgment, of the female poets of America; she has an exquisite sense of the music of language, a wonderful perception of hidden beauty in the outer world, a just and pure taste, and a perfect acquaintance with the requisitions of art. Moreover there is variety in her musings, she offends as little by harping continually on one string as by false notes or defective chords. One endowment she possesses, perhaps, to a fatal degree, a singularly faithful and retentive memory. In writing, she remembers too well the thoughts and phrases of other poets she has read, and is thereby unconsciously drawn into repeating their ideas, in their

very words and forms of versification. We disclaim any imputation of plagiarism against one so richly dowered with fine fancies, but there are critics who would not hesitate to say that in the following lines from "A Soul's Creed," Miss Talley had knowingly adopted certain conceits from "Locksley Hall."

Thus sings she of the moon riding in the heavens,

And the fleecy clouds around her softly
 spread each silver sail,
 Pilots of the coming twilight floating on
 the Southern gale,
 Laden with costly treasure—amethyst and
 topaz pale.

Many a reader will at once recal Tennyson's stanza—

Saw the heavens fill with commerce—
 argosies of magic sails,
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping
 down with costly bales.

Again, it is impossible for any one familiar with Coleridge to read "Endymion" and not be reminded of "Love," that delicious strain beginning

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights."

The resemblance is not so much in the words as in the metre, (which is exactly the same,) the tone, the atmosphere, "the moonshine stealing o'er the scene," of the two compositions; yet the similarity of mere expression is very marked between these two stanzas—

Miss Talley.

I loved her for her queenly pride,
 I loved her for her modest grace,
 And that so tenderly she seemed
 To gaze upon my face.

Coleridge.

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;
 And she forgave me that I gazed
 Too fondly on her face.

We do not base upon this a charge of direct imitation, but we do think had Coleridge not written "Love," Miss Talley would have never written "Endymion," and we consider it equally certain that "The Lady of Shalott" suggested the poem of "Ennerslie."

We regret these accidental and unconscious resemblances, due to the accident of Miss Talley's memory combining with her vivid imagination to work out anew ideas which had before been embodied in verse. We do her no injustice in saying that the gold derives no additional value or purity from being passed through the crucial heat of her fancy, but her mind is sufficiently abundant in the shining ores of poetic thought to feed the fires of the assay without throwing in metal already worked and shaped by others. We shall always be glad to receive anything that she may write, and we believe that it is a matter of choice with her whether or not she shall take an exalted rank in the literature of the country and the age.

LEAVES FROM AN ACTOR'S NOTE BOOK; with Reminiscences and Chit Chat of the Green Room and the Stage, In England and America. By GEORGE VANDENHOFF. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1860. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A most acceptable contribution to that department of literature to which belong the autobiographies of Colley Cibber, Fleury, Mathews and Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt. Mr. Vandenhoff, having retired from the stage and entered upon the profession of the law, is in a position to edit judiciously those copious memoranda of his histrionic career, which embrace anecdotes of the most famous people, before and behind the scenes, with whom he was brought in contact, and he has done so with a very pleasing result in these "Leaves from an Actor's Note Book," which will doubtless attain a very wide popularity.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN. By CUTHBERT BEDE, B. A. Three volumes in one. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand Street. [From G. M. West, 145 Main Street.

The popularity which this book has attained in England is almost without a pre-

cedent. The statement on the title-page to the effect that the present edition is the "Ninetieth Thousand," is no doubt a solemn quizz, but Mr. Verdant Green is better known throughout the United Kingdom than any imaginary gentleman has been since Sam Weller. We were at Oxford, some years ago, at the very height of its favour, when from Baliol to Brazen-nose it was in the hands of every gownsmen, and we might safely assume that the large majority of the undergraduates were better acquainted with its contents than with their Whewell or Whateley. The fun of the book is somewhat elaborate, and much of it will be lost upon the American reader. Still the New York publishers have been encouraged to bring it out with all the original illustrations, and it may meet with new friends on this side of the Atlantic.

THE WAY IT ALL ENDED: A Novel. Richmond, Va. Author's Edition. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

This volume comes to us from the pen of a very young and inexperienced writer, a fair young girl but recently enlarged from the imprisonment of the boarding-school, which she represents in the narrative with no inconsiderable power. With such a knowledge of the book's origin, it is impossible for us to judge of it according to the severe canons of criticism, and yet we are honestly of opinion that it would stand this test quite as well as the majority of the works of fiction which are annually brought out in England and the United States. The author has adopted one excellent rule, without observing which no writer can hope for great or lasting success—she writes not from books, but from real life, and endeavours to set before us not imaginary beings, but the men and women with whom she has been brought in contact in her short and sunny career. The construction of "The Way It All Ended," shows no little dramatic skill, and we think it not improbable that it may be followed up by other stories which will challenge the attention of the whole reading public.

SWORD AND GOWN. By the author of *Guy Livingstone*. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The anonymous author of *Guy Livingstone* continues in this thrilling volume his studies of Greek metres and horse-flesh, and conducts a brilliant, accomplished, hard-swearing young reprobate through a

complication of adventures with a magnificently muscular and hard-hearted heroine of the aristocratic school of flirts, to the charge at Balaclava, where he dashes his useless life out against the lances and sabres of the Russians. A rather pleasant but thoroughly bad book, which we do not recommend to anybody.

—

THE STUDENT'S HUME. *A History of England from the Earliest Times to the Revolution in 1688.* By DAVID HUME. Abridged. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

An useful abridgment of the standard History of England for the advantage of students, in a convenient and well printed volume, uniform with the famous work of Gibbon as recently abridged by Dr. Smith.

—

ORATIONS AND SPEECHES on Various Occasions. By EDWARD EVERETT, Vol. III. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1859. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

The period embraced by the public discourses here given to the public is but little over nine years, and it may be doubted whether in the same length of time any orator of the present age has written and spoken as much of truth and wisdom in language so rich and so glowing. The regret has been often expressed that a man of such profound learning and such wealth of thought as Mr. Everett, had not devoted himself to some great historical or philosophical work which should survive as an imperishable memento of his genius and attainments, and yet we do not know if he has not built for himself in his noble orations quite as enduring a monument as any of his compeers. There are many passages in the volume now before us, that we can hardly persuade ourselves the world will willingly let die, any more than we can suppose that a priceless diamond, once rescued from its native bed and so cut as to throw out from its facets a perpetual flood of light, will be thrown away by its envied possessor. But the jewels of Mr. Everett's eloquence have been showered upon all mankind, and will be treasured up until the imperial language itself, in which they have been set as a casket, shall perish and be lost forever. It would, indeed, be a difficult matter to say which of the Orations in the present

volume is the most eloquent, though we cannot err in attributing to that on the "Uses of Astronomy" the highest reach of thought. But all are so compact of imagination, so vitalized by human sympathy, and so expressive of the loftiest teachings that they cannot be read without admiration and without benefit. Years hence when the orator himself shall have passed away from the scene of his triumphs, the generation which shall succeed us will receive with inexpressible interest the traditions of his spoken eloquence, and regret that they could not have heard the magnificent declamation of the living man.

The only discourse in the collection just made which has not been printed before, is that on "Charitable Institutions and Charity" by repeating which during the last two years, in various cities of the Union, Mr. Everett has distributed the sum of \$12,500 among societies organized for the education of orphans and the relief of the poor. It is not to be ranked among the best of his efforts, we think, but the concluding passage is very impressive, and it furnishes so satisfactory a reply to the criticism frequently made of his Oratory that it is cold and unsympathetic, that we cannot forbear to quote it here. After describing most graphically the incident of Jessie Brown, in the siege of Lucknow, Mr. Everett said—

"The warfare of life has its perils, its sufferings, its extremities, it rescues, as urgent, as narrow as the warfare of arms. The greatest dangers, the most deplorable sacrifices, the most thrilling escapes, are not those of the tented field or 'the imminent deadly breach.' It is not necessary to go to the antipodes, and search amidst the crash of old effete despotisms, for scenes of horror which make the blood run cold at their bare mention. Here in the heart of our great cities, here in the neighborhood of spacious squares and magnificent avenues, here within the shadow of palatial walls, hundreds, thousands of our fellow-creatures are beleaguered this moment by the gaunt and ruthless legions of want and temptation. I venture to say that within a quarter of a mile of this magnificent Building,* crowded as it is with so much of the prosperity, the intelligence, the glowing life of this mighty metropolis, there are men and women, who have not partaken of a regular meal this day;—whose shivering limbs are covered with rags that do not deserve the name of clothes;—their children crying for the bread which their wretched parents cannot give them. No resources, no friends to man the walls

* The Academy of Music in New York

of their defence;—a stern, hand to hand, all but desperate fight with the merciless foe. Poor creatures, born with all your susceptibilities and wants; some of them to all your hopes and expectations, clasped in their infancy to bosoms as fond and warm as those which nursed you into health, strength, and beauty;—their memories running back in their delirious dreams to homes as pleasant as those which sheltered your childhood,—overtaken by calamity, by disease, by the hard times;—besieged, shut in by the dreadful enemy. The fires of necessity (fiercer than those which spout from roaring artillery, or rage like an open hell along the embattled lines) girding them round;—nearer and nearer, hotter and hotter, with every feverish unfed morning's light and every fainting evening's watch;—the last piteous appeal for employment unsuccessfully made; the ill-spaced cloak stripped from the shivering shoulders; the last sorely needed blanket torn from the miserable bed and taken to the pawn-broker's; the last fond trifles of better days,—the poor little gold ring, which her sailor brother put upon her finger when he went upon the voyage from which he never came back,—the bracelet of flaxen hair cut from the head of a little sister, as she lay in her coffin, white as the pale roses that decked it;—the cherished locket that clasped the tenderer secret of her young affections (for these poor creatures have hearts as warm as any that beat in those glittering rows,) the very Bible that her mother placed in her trunk, when joyous and hopeful, loaded with the blessed burden of a parent's tears and prayers and benedictions, she left her native village for the city; all pawned, all bartered for bread, all parted with for ever. Oh, Heavens! how can they bear it? How can virtue, conscience, holy shame itself hold out under another day's craving, gnawing hunger, another night's hateful, devilish temptation? They will, they must give way. Oh Christian men, and still more, dear Christian women, have mercy upon them! Let them as they are just about to fall "like stars that set to rise no more,"—let them hear in the distance the footsteps of manly aid,—let hope come softly rustling to the strained ear like the flutter of an angel's wing, in the robes of matronly and maiden sympathy flying to their rescue, and from the lips of your poor sisters just ready body and soul

to perish, let the blessed cry be heard, "We are saved, we are saved!"

This swelling peroration is surely not without the warmth of the truest and tenderest humanity, and it touched the hearts of generals bronzed and scarred in battle, almost to tears, as recited by Mr. Everett in our own presence.

We owe it to the publishers of this fine volume to acknowledge the favour they have conferred upon the public by the handsome style in which they have issued it, nor should we omit to mention the valuable "Analytical Index" to the three volumes of Mr. Everett's Orations which is appended to it. This Index has been prepared with great care and labour, and with eminent order and perspicuity by S. Austin Allibone, Esq., of Philadelphia.

The Life, Travels and Books of ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. With an Introduction By Bayard Taylor. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand Street, 1859. [From G. M. West, 145 Main Street.

We are indebted for this popular and acceptable sketch of the career and labours of the great Humboldt to a gentleman who modestly forbears to give his name on the title-page—Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, well known as a poet, but, hitherto, if we are not mistaken, unfamiliar to the public as a writer of prose. Need we say that Mr. Stoddard writes prose with equal elegance and spirit? No true poet ever failed of this, we think, though possibly Mr. Stoddard, long accustomed to rhythmical and cadenced forms of expression, may be as much surprised as Monsieur Jourdain himself at the ease with which prose falls from him. The work is partly autobiographical, and partly written in the third person, and gathered from various sources, though the compilation has been happily, and the arrangement judiciously performed, and we are satisfied that from no other volume can the English reader obtain so full account of what Humboldt saw and did, and what Humboldt was. The Introduction by Bayard Taylor is well conceived, and the volume is rendered the more valuable by a handsomely engraved portrait of the great philosopher, from a photograph taken in his eighty-sixth year.

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Its effects commence by deposition from the blood or corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

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[WHOLE NUMBER, CCLXLX.]

[NEW SERIES. VOL. 8.—No. 6]

Vol. 28.

No. 6.

DECEMBER.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

J. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

MACFARLANE, FERGUSON & Co.
PROPRIETORS,

1859.

RICHMOND, Va.

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A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, DECEMBER, 1859.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT-HOUDIN.*

Mr. Charles Dickens, in one of the most agreeable, but least known, of the books which he has given to the public, the *Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi*, thus discourses of pantomimes:—"It is some years now since we first conceived a strong veneration for clowns, and an intense anxiety to know what they did with themselves out of pantomime time, and off the stage. As a child, we were accustomed to pester our relations and friends with questions out of number concerning these gentry—whether their appetite for sausages, and such like wares, was always the same; and if so, at whose expense they were maintained? Whether they were ever taken up for pilfering other people's goods, or were forgiven by everybody, because it was only done in fun? How it was they got such beautiful complexions, and where they lived? and whether they were born clowns, or gradually turned into clowns as they grew up? On these, and a thousand other points, our curiosity was insatiable; nor were our speculations confined to clowns alone: they extended to Harlequins, Pantaloons, and Columbines—all of whom we believed to be real and veritable personages, existing in the same forms and characters all the year round. How often have we wished that the Pantaloon were our god-father! and how often thought that to marry a Columbine

would be to attain the highest pitch of all human felicity!"

In our boyhood (it is *some* years now, as Mr. Dickens says) pantomimes were unknown in the place which had the honor of giving us birth and education. We were strangers even to Mr. Punch, till we had attained to the dignity of long-tailed coats, round hats, and Wellington boots. At the theatres, when the first play was over, and when (we quote Mr. Dickens again) "the lovers were united, the ghost appeased, the baron killed, and every thing made comfortable and pleasant," instead of the pantomime, there succeeded the English farce, and we relaxed our intense excitement, in sympathy with the wit, and roguery, and comic embarrassments, of Fag, and Scrub, and Jeremy Diddler—Jerry Sneak and Paul Pry. We do not complain of the exchange—we only lament that one source of boyish pleasure—one class of those early enchantments, which shed a twilight of romance over all the succeeding years of life—was not opened to our eyes.

But there was another, and a kindred delight, which we enjoyed in no slight degree, and in no stinted measure—the marvels of the Conjuror. The juggling with cups, balls, and boxes—the tricks with cards, handkerchiefs, and watches—the empty bag, which produced dozens of

* MEMOIRS OF ROBERT-HOUDIN, Ambassador, Author, and Conjuror. Written by himself. Edited by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. Philadelphia. Geo. G. Evans. 1859.

eggs, scores of turnips and cabbages, and a whole aviary of ducks and chickens—the quart bottles, which poured out innumerable tumblers of all sorts of liquors (except *lager beer*, which Providence had not then inflicted upon us)—and the thousand other miracles, wrought for our wonder and delectation by the benevolent magicians in spangled tunics and embroidered small clothes—these things are all far more fresh in our memory now than matters of much greater consequence, that we have since labored hard to learn and to remember. Nor do we forget the kind, ingenuous, simplicity, with which the artists vouchsafed to explain their astounding evolutions, until we were no less mystified by their outlandish words, and the obscure *rationale* of their processes, than by the feats which they performed.

It was, therefore, with considerable eagerness that we saw the first announcement of the book, of which we have quoted the title above. At the risk of betraying a discreditable ignorance, we must admit that we had not before heard of the illustrious *Robert-Houdin*; but we have done what we could to make amends, for we have read his memoirs through and through, and laid them down with a sincere regret that he did not extend them to two volumes, instead of one. Something there is, perhaps as much as was necessary, of the description and explanation of his performances; but this is by no means the only, nor even the chief, topic of interest in his pages. They furnish what Mr. Dickens craved so much in respect of his clowns, and what he has given us himself as regards Grimaldi—the life of the artist by daylight—his birth and connections—the events which influenced and determined his career—his efforts, struggles, successes, and disappointments—his troubles and his joys, domestic, social, and professional—his occupations and amusements, tastes and habits—in a word, the personal history, revealing to us all those traits of character and conduct which draw out our feelings towards him as a fellow-man, while it discloses also the rare talents and peculiar gifts, which distinguish him

from ourselves. We must endeavour, by selections, to give our readers some idea of this entertaining—and, may we add, not wholly unprofitable—contribution to the light reading of the day. Whatever else criticism may find to say about it, we can safely aver that it is innocent. Not a word or sentiment will be found in it which can offend the most fastidious delicacy, or the most rigid morals.

Our hero was the son of a watchmaker at Blois, and gave tokens from his infancy of mechanical taste and talent. But the father, averse to the plan of bringing him up to his own business, discouraged the exercise of his ingenuity, kept him at school till the age of eighteen, and then put him into a lawyer's office. It was all in vain. The lad was one of those predestined unfortunates—if we may parody the lines—

“A youth foredoomed his father's soul to
cross,
Who shapes a bird-cage when he should
engross.”

The result was that, by the lawyer's advice, the father yielded at last, and the son was apprenticed to his cousin, a watchmaker, who had succeeded the elder Robert in that vocation. Having spent some years in acquiring this trade, and at the same time in practising the construction of various mechanical toys, and perfecting himself in sleight-of-hand tricks (to which he was impelled by a sort of instinct), he went to live with a watchmaker at Tours. By a strange accident, so strange indeed as almost to make one suspect the autobiographer of assuming the novelist's privilege, he falls into the hands of a peripatetic conjurer, named Torrini, *alias* the Count de Grispy. By him M. Robert is kindly nursed through a dangerous illness, and with him he continues for several months, learning much of his art, and rendering no small service in mechanical repairs. At last he returns to his parents—soon after marries a Mademoiselle Houdin, whose name he adds to his own—and goes to Paris to establish himself in business. From this time, he proceeds to combine

the manufacture of watches and other articles with the study and practice of the art in which he was destined to excel, and after many vicissitudes attained the success and distinction so long and patiently pursued, through toil and privation.

His first lessons in the mystery of juggling are thus described :

"In the absence of a professor to instruct me, I was compelled to create the principles of the science I wished to study. In the first place, I recognized the fundamental principle of sleight-of-hand, that the organs performing the principal part are the sight and touch. I saw that, in order to attain any degree of perfection, the professor must develop these organs to their fullest extent—for, in his exhibitions, he must be able to see everything that takes place around him at half a glance, and execute his deceptions with unfailing dexterity.

"I had been often struck by the ease with which pianists can read and perform at sight the most difficult pieces. I saw that, by practice, it would be possible to create a certainty of perception and facility of touch, rendering it easy for the artist to attend to several things simultaneously, while his hands were busily employed with some complicated task. This faculty I wished to acquire and apply to sleight-of-hand; still, as music could not afford me the necessary elements, I had recourse to the juggler's art, in which I hoped to meet with an analogous result.

"It is well known that the trick with the balls wonderfully improves the touch, but does it not improve the vision at the same time? In fact, when a juggler throws into the air four balls crossing each other in various directions, he requires an extraordinary power of sight to follow the direction his hands have given to each of the balls. At this period a corn-cutter resided at Blois, who possessed the double talent of juggling and extracting corns with a skill worthy of the lightness of his hands. Still, with both these qualities, he was not rich, and being aware of that fact, I hoped to obtain lessons from him at a price suited to

my modest finances. In fact, for ten francs he agreed to initiate me in the juggling art.

"I practised with so much zeal, and progressed so rapidly, that in less than a month I had nothing more to learn; at least, I knew as much as my master, with the exception of corn-cutting, the monopoly in which I left him. I was able to juggle with four balls at once. But this did not satisfy my ambition; so I placed a book before me, and, while the balls were in the air, I accustomed myself to read without any hesitation.

"This will probably seem to my readers very extraordinary; but I shall surprise them still more, when I say that I have just amused myself by repeating this curious experiment. Though thirty years have elapsed since the time of which I am writing, and though I scarcely once touched the balls during that period, I can still manage to read with ease while keeping three balls up.

"The practice of this trick gave my fingers a remarkable degree of delicacy and certainty, while my eye was at the same time acquiring a promptitude of perception that was quite marvellous. Presently I shall have to speak of the service this rendered me in my experiment of second sight. After having thus made my hands supple and docile, I went on straight to sleight-of-hand, and I more especially devoted myself to the manipulation of cards and palmistry.

"This operation requires a great deal of practice; for, while the hand is held apparently open, balls, corks, lumps of sugar, coins, &c., must be held unseen, the fingers remaining perfectly free and limber.

"Owing to the little time at my disposal, the difficulties connected with these new experiments would have been insurmountable, had I not found a mode of practising without neglecting my business. It was the fashion in those days to wear coats with large pockets on the hips, called *à la propriétaire*, so whenever my hands were not otherwise engaged, they slipped naturally into my pockets, and set to work with cards, coins, or one of the objects I have mentioned. It will

be easily understood how much time I gained by this. Thus, for instance, when out on errands, my hands could be at work on both sides; at dinner, I often ate my soup with one hand, while I was learning to *sauter la coupe* with the other—in short, the slightest moment of relaxation was devoted to my favorite pursuit. As no one suspected that my *paletôt* was in some degree a study, this manner of keeping my hands in my pockets began to be regarded as a bad habit I had acquired; but after a few jests on the subject I was left in peace."

The allusion to his second-sight or *clairvoyant* performances derives a special interest from the great share which these exhibitions had in recommending to the public the pseudo-science of mesmerism. For ourselves, we never doubted that they were effected by some secret means of communication between the mesmeriser and his subject. Indeed, we were privy to some very curious experiments made by two young men for mere amusement, which defied the most jealous scrutiny of several intelligent spectators in a private circle. But M. Robert-Houdin and his son carried their dexterity and acuteness to a pitch that we had not thought possible.

"An incident greatly enlivened the termination of my performance.

"A spectator, who had evidently come on purpose to embarrass us, had tried in vain for some minutes to baffle my son's clairvoyance, when turning to me, he said, laying marked stress on his words:

'As your son is a soothsayer, of course he can guess the number of my stall?'

"The importunate spectator doubtless hoped to force us into a confession of our impotence, for he covered his number, and the adjacent seats being occupied, it was apparently impossible to read the numbers. But I was on my guard against all surprises, and my reply was ready. Still, in order to profit as much as possible by the situation, I feigned to draw back.

"'You know, sir,' I said, feigning an embarrassed air, 'that my son is neither

sorcerer nor diviner; he reads through my eyes, and hence I have given this experiment the name of second-sight. As I cannot see the number of your stall, and the seats close to you are occupied, my son cannot tell it you.'

"'Ah! I was certain of it,' my persecutor said, in triumph; and turning to his neighbors: 'I told you I would pin him.'

"'Oh, sir! you are not generous in your victory,' I said, in my turn, in a tone of mockery. 'Take care; if you pique my son's vanity too sharply, he may solve your problem, though it is so difficult.'

"'I defy him,' said the spectator, leaning firmly against the back of his seat, to hide the number better—'yes, yes—I defy him.'

"'You believe it to be difficult, then?'

"'I will grant more: it is impossible.'

"'Well, then, sir, that is a stronger reason for us to try it. You will not be angry if we triumph in our turn?' I added, with a petulant smile.

"'Come, sir; we understand evasions of that sort. I repeat it—I challenge you both.'

"The public found great amusement in this debate, and patiently awaited its issue.

"'Emilo,' I said to my son, 'prove to this gentleman that nothing can escape your second sight.'

"'It is number sixty-nine,' the boy answered, immediately.

"Noisy and hearty applause arose from every part of the theatre, in which our opponent joined, for, confessing his defeat, he exclaimed, as he clapped his hands, 'It is astounding—magnificent!'

"The way I succeeded in finding out the number of the stall was this: I knew beforehand that in all theatres where the stalls are divided down the centre by a passage, the uneven numbers are on the right, and the even on the left. As at the Vaudeville, each row was composed of ten stalls, it followed that on the right hand the several rows must begin with one, twenty-one, forty-one, and so on, increasing by twenty each. Guided by this, I had no difficulty in discovering that my

opponent was seated in number sixty-nine, representing the fifth stall in the fourth row. I had prolonged the conversation for the double purpose of giving more brilliancy to my experiment, and gaining time to make my researches. Thus I applied my process of two simultaneous thoughts, to which I have already alluded.

"As I am now explaining matters, I may as well tell my readers some of the artifices that added material brilliancy to the second sight. I have already said this experiment was the result of a material communication between myself and my son, which no one could detect. Its combinations enabled us to describe any conceivable object; but, though this was a splendid result, I saw that I should soon encounter unheard-of difficulties in executing it.

"The experiment of second sight always formed the termination of my performance. Each evening I saw unbelievers arrive with all sorts of articles to triumph over a secret which they could not unravel. Before going to see Robert-Houdin's son a council was held, in which an object that must embarrass the father was chosen. Among these were half-effaced antique medals, minerals, books printed in characters of every description (living and dead languages), coats-of-arms, microscopic objects, &c.

"But what caused me the greatest difficulty was in finding out the contents of parcels, often tied with a string, or even sealed up. But I had managed to contend successfully against all these attempts to embarrass me. I opened boxes, purses, pocket-books, &c., with great ease, and unnoticed, while appearing to be engaged on something quite different. Were a sealed parcel offered me, I cut a small slit in the paper with the nail of my left thumb, which I always purposely kept very long and sharp, and thus discovered what it contained. One essential condition was excellent sight, and that I possessed to perfection. I owed it originally to my old trade, and practice daily improved it. An equally indispensable necessity was to know the name of every object offered me. It was not enough to

say, for instance, 'It is a coin;' but my son must give its technical name, its value, the country in which it was current, and the year in which it was struck. Thus, for instance, if an English crown were handed me, my son was expected to state that it was struck in the reign of George IV., and had an intrinsic value of six francs eighteen centimes.

"Aided by an excellent memory, we had managed to classify in our heads the name and value of all foreign money. We could also describe a coat-of-arms in heraldic terms. Thus, on the arms of the house of X—— being handed me, my son would reply: 'Field gules, with two croziers argent in pale.' This knowledge was very useful to us in the *salons* of the Faubourg Saint Germain, where we were frequently summoned.

"I had also learned the characters—though unable to translate a word—of an infinity of languages, such as Chinese, Russian, Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, &c. We knew, too, the names of all surgical instruments, so that a surgical pocket-book, however complicated it might be, could not embarrass us. Lastly, I had a very sufficient knowledge of mineralogy, precious stones, antiquities, and curiosities; but I had at my command every possible resource for acquiring these studies, as one of my dearest and best friends, Aristide le Carpentier, a learned antiquary, and uncle of the talented composer of the same name, had, and still has, a cabinet of antique curiosities, which makes the keepers of the imperial museums fierce with envy. My son and I spent many long days in learning here names and dates, of which we afterwards made a learned display. Le Carpentier taught me many things, and, among others, he described various signs by which to recognize old coins when the die is worn off. Thus, a Trajan, a Tiberius, or a Marcus Aurelius became as familiar to me as a five-franc piece.

"Owing to my old trade, I could open a watch with ease, and do it with one hand, so as to be able to read the maker's name without the public suspecting it: then I shut up the watch again and the

trick was ready; my son managed the rest of the business.

"But that power of memory which my son possessed in an eminent degree certainly did us the greatest service. When we went to private houses, he needed only a very rapid inspection, in order to know all the objects in a room, as well as the various ornaments worn by the spectators, such as châtélaines, pins, eye-glasses, fans, brooches, rings, bouquets, &c. He thus could describe these objects with the greatest ease, when I pointed them out to him by our secret communication. Here is an instance:

"One evening, at a house in the Chaussée d'Antin, and at the end of a performance which had been as successful as it was loudly applauded, I remembered that while passing through the next room to the one we were now in, I had begged my son to cast a glance at a library and remember the titles of some of the books, as well as the order they were arranged in. No one had noticed this rapid examination.

"To end the second sight experiment, sir,' I said to the master of the house, 'I will prove to you that my son can read through a wall. Will you lend me a book?'

"I was naturally conducted to the library in question, which I pretended now to see for the first time, and I laid my finger on a book.

"Emile,' I said to my son, 'What is the name of this work?'

"It is Buffon,' he replied, quickly.

"And the one by its side?' an incredulous spectator hastened to ask.

"On the right or left?' my son asked.

"On the right,' the speaker said, having a good reason for choosing this book, for the lettering was very small.

"The Travels of Anacharsis the Younger,' the boy replied. 'But,' he added, 'had you asked the name of the book on the left, sir, I should have said Lamartine's Poetry. A little to the right of this row, I see Crébillon's works; below, two volumes of Fleury's Memoirs;' and my son thus named a dozen books before he stopped.

"The spectators had not said a word

during this description, as they felt so amazed; but when the experiment had ended, all complimented us by clapping their hands."

Among other remarkable contrivances, we are especially interested in two automata, invented by M. Robert Houdin; and in the account which he gives of his mode of life, and method of working, while engaged in their construction. The first was a writing and drawing automaton, which was to answer questions proposed by the spectators, either in writing or by emblematic designs. He had just formed the plan of it, when he found himself embarrassed by a debt of 2,000 francs, which he had not the means to pay. In order to carry out his scheme, he explained it to a rich curiosity dealer, who at once agreed to become the purchaser, at the price of 5,000 francs. Half of the price was to be advanced in cash, and the balance to be paid at the end of 18 months, within which time the work was to be completed. This bargain relieved him from the pressure of the debt, but it cost him no small sacrifices in other respects—

"Still, the princely way in which M. G—— had concluded the bargain, produced some serious thoughts as to the promise I had made him. I now saw a thousand obstacles to prevent me keeping my word. I calculated that, even if I devoted every moment to my work, I should lose much time by causes I could not foresee or hinder. There were, first, friends, customers, and bores; then a family dinner, an evening party, that could not be declined, a visit that must be paid, and so on. These claims on politeness, which I must respect, would inevitably cause me to break my word: in vain I racked my brain in devising some scheme to gain time, or at least not lose it; still, I could only succeed at the expense of my good temper. I therefore formed a resolution which my relations and friends declared to be madness, but from which they could not turn me, and that was to exile myself voluntarily until my task was completed.

"Paris not appearing to me a secure

place against annoyance, I chose the suburbs as my retreat, and one fine day, despite the prayers and supplications of my whole family, after entrusting my business to one of my workmen, whose talent and probity I was convinced of, I proceeded to Belleville, and installed myself in a little room in the Rue des Bois, which I hired for twelve months, at a hundred francs. The only furniture was a bed, a chest of drawers, a table, and a few chairs.

"This act of madness, as my friends called it, or this heroic determination, as I called it, saved me from imminent ruin, and was my first step on the ladder of success. From this moment an obstinate will was aroused in me which enabled me to confront many obstacles and difficulties.

"I am bound to confess that the first days of my retirement were painful, and I bitterly deplored the harsh necessity that thus isolated me from all I loved. The society of my wife and children had grown a necessity to me; a kiss from these dear beings restored my courage in hours of despondency, and now I was deprived of it. Surely I must have been supported by an enormous strength of will not to turn back at the prospect of this frightful vacuum.

"Many times I furtively wiped away a tear, but then I closed my eyes, and straightway my automaton and the various combinations that were to animate it appeared before me like a consoling vision; I passed in review all the wheels I had crenated; I smiled upon them like so many children of my own; and when I emerged from this restorative dream I set to work again, filled with a courageous resignation.

"It had been arranged that my wife and children should spend every Thursday evening with me, and I always dined at home on Sunday. These few hours devoted to my family were the only amusements I allowed myself.

"At my wife's request, the portress of the house had agreed to prepare my meals; this excellent creature, an old *cordon bleu*, had left service to marry a mason of the name of Monsieur Auguste.

This gentleman, judging by my modest existence in the house, thought me a poor devil who found some difficulty in keeping himself: hence, he assumed an air of generous protection, or kindly pity towards me. As he was a worthy man at the bottom, I pardoned his ways and only laughed at them.

"My new cook had received special instruction to treat me famously, but, not wishing to increase my household expenses, I, on my side, made stipulations which were kept with the greatest secrecy. I arranged my meals after the following fashion: Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays I lived on an enormous dish, to which my chef gave the generic name of *fricot*, but that made no difference to me. On Friday and Saturday, for the sake of my health, I lived low; haricot beans, either white or red, satisfied my hunger, and with them a composite soup, often reminding me of the gastronomic tastes of an Auvergnat, and I dined as well, perhaps better, than Brillat-Savarin himself."

The completion of his design is thus described—

"I had been now living for more than a year at Belleville, and I saw with extreme pleasure the end of my task and of my exile drawing near. After many doubts as to the success of my enterprise, the solemn moment arrived when I should make the first trial of my writer. I had spent the whole day in giving the last touches to the automaton, which sat before me as if awaiting my orders, and prepared to answer the questions I asked it. I had only to press the spring in order to enjoy the long awaited result. My heart beat violently, and though I was alone, I trembled with emotion at the mere thought of this imposing trial.

"I had just laid the first sheet of paper before my writer, and asked him this question:

"Who is the author of your being?"

"I pressed the spring and the clock-work began acting. I dared hardly breathe through fear of disturbing the operations. The automaton bowed to

me, and I could not refrain from smiling on it as my own son. But when I saw the eyes fix an attentive glance on the paper—when the arm, a few seconds before numb and lifeless, began to move and trace my signature in a firm handwriting—the tears started to my eyes, and I fervently thanked Heaven for granting me such success. And it was not alone the satisfaction I experienced as inventor, but the certainty I had of being able to restore some degree of comfort to my family, that caused my deep feeling of gratitude.

"After making my Sosia repeat my signature a thousand times, I gave it this next question: 'What o'clock is it?'"

"The automaton, acting in obedience to a clock, wrote: 'It is two in the morning.'"

"This was a very timely warning. I profited by it, and went straight to bed. Against my expectations, I enjoyed a sleep I had not known for a long time."

And here follows his experience of the judicious criticism of the discerning public, and the benefit of following their advice—

"I had taken every care to render the mechanism of my writer as perfect as possible, and had set great store on making the clockwork noiseless. In doing this I wished to imitate nature, whose complicated instruments act almost imperceptibly.

"Can it be credited that this very perfection, which I had worked so hard to attain, was unfavorable to my automaton? On its first exhibition, I frequently heard persons who only saw the outside, say:

"'That writer is first rate; but the mechanism is probably very simple. It often requires such a trifle to produce great results.'"

"The idea then struck me of rendering the clock-work a little less perfect, so that a whizzing sound should be heard, something like cotton spinning. Then the worthy public formed a very different estimate of my work, and the admiration increased in ratio to the intensity of the noise. Such exclamations

as these were continually heard: 'How ingenious! What complicated machinery! What talent such combination must require!'

"In order to obtain this result, I had rendered my automaton less perfect; and I was wrong. In this I followed the example of certain actors who overdo their parts in order to produce a greater effect. They raise a laugh, but they infringe the rules of art and are rarely ranked among the first-rate artists. Eventually, I got over my susceptibility, and my machine was restored to its first condition."

The other automaton—his study and execution of it—and his return to his family, after the completion of the work, must be the last of our extracts—

"My writer thus finished, I could have ended my voluntary imprisonment if I pleased; but I wished to finish another automaton, for which a residence in the country would be requisite. Although this second automaton was very complicated, it did not so fully occupy my time as the first. It was a nightingale, which a rich merchant of St. Petersburg had ordered, and I had agreed to produce a perfect imitation of the song and actions of this delightful wood minstrel.

"This undertaking offered some serious difficulties; for though I had already made several birds, their singing was quite arbitrary, and I had only consulted my own taste in arranging it. The imitation of the nightingale's pipe was much more delicate, for I had to copy notes and sounds which were almost inimitable.

"Fortunately, we were in the season when this skillful songster utters his delicious accents; hence, I could employ him as my teacher. I went constantly to the wood of Romainville, the skirt of which almost joined the street in which I lived, and, laying myself on a soft bed of moss in the densest foliage, I challenged my master to give me lessons. (The nightingale sings both by night and day in Continental Europe, and the slightest whistle, in tune or not, makes him strike up directly.)

"I wanted to imprint on my memory the

musical phrases with which the bird composes its melodies. The following are the most striking among them; *tiou-tiou-tiou, ut-ut-ut-ut, tchit-chou, tchit-chou, tchit-tchit, rrrrrrrrrrrrouit, &c.* I had to analyse these strange sounds, these numberless chirps, these impossible rrrrouits, and recompose them by a musical process. Now, here was the difficulty. I only knew so much of music as a natural taste had taught me, and my knowledge of harmony was hence a very feeble resource. I must add that in order to imitate this flexibility of throat, and produce these harmonious modulations, I had a small copper tube about the size and length of a quill, in which a steel piston moving very freely, produced the different sounds I required; this tube represented in some respects the nightingale's throat.

"This instrument would have to work mechanically; clockwork set in motion the bellows, opened or closed a valve which produced the twittering, the modulation, and the sliding notes, while it guided the piston according to the different degrees of speed and depth I wanted to reach.

"I had also to impart motion to the bird: it must move its beak in accordance with the sounds it produced, flap its wings, leap from branch to branch, &c. But this part of my task troubled me much less than the other, as it was purely mechanical.

"I will not attempt to describe to the reader all the trials and investigations I had to make; suffice it to say that, after repeated experiments, I created a system, half musical, half mechanical, which only required to be improved by fresh studies. Provided with this instrument, I hurried off to the wood of Romainville, where I seated myself under an oak, near which I had often heard a nightingale sing, which I thought was the "star" among the virtuosi. I wound up the clockwork, and it began playing in the midst of profound silence; but the last notes had scarce died away ere a concert commenced from various parts of the wood, which I was almost inclined

to regard as a general protest against my clumsy imitation.

"This collective lesson did not suit my purpose, for I wished to compare and study, and could positively distinguish nothing. Fortunately for me, all the musicians ceased, as if by word of command, and one of them began a solo: it was doubtlessly the *premier sujet*, the Duprez of the company—possibly the nightingale I have just mentioned. This tenor indulged me with a succession of dulcet sounds and accents, which I followed with all the attention of an industrious pupil.

"Thus I passed a portion of the night; my professor was indefatigable, and, for my part, I was not weary of listening. At length we were obliged to part, for, in spite of the pleasure I felt, I began to grow chilly and sleepy. However, my lesson had done me so much good, that the next morning I began making important corrections in my mechanism. After five or six more visits to the wood, I attained the required result—the nightingale's song was perfectly imitated.

"After eighteen months' stay at Belleville, I at length returned home to enjoy the company of my wife and children; in my absence my business had prospered, and I, by the manufacture of my two automata, had gained the enormous sum of seven thousand francs.

"Seven thousand francs by making filings, as my father used to say. Unfortunately, that excellent man could not enjoy the beginning of my success—I had lost him a short time before the reverse of my fortune. With his love for mechanical inventions, how proud he would have been of my successes!"

We have preferred, in our quotations, to give such passages as illustrate the more intellectual efforts of M. Robert Houdon's genius, and at the same time open glimpses of his intercourse with his own family, and his affectionate longing for their society. He narrates, with great satisfaction, and not without attraction for the reader, his appearances before Louis Philippe and Queen Victoria, at their respective palaces, and the signal

approbation bestowed upon him by the royal families on both sides of the channel. Nor is he ungrateful for the applause which he received from his patrons of a lower degree, and he cordially acknowledges the hearty (though boisterous) praise of the Manchester artizans who insisted that he should "speak English." But the crowning glory of his career was his mission to Algeria in 1856: whither he was sent for the purpose of confounding the native magicians by his superior skill, and thus destroying their dangerous influence with the various wild tribes of that region. Accompanied by his wife, for whom he made a special stipulation in his treaty with the French Government, M. Robert Houdin was treated *en prince* by the authorities, French and Arab, made a short tour into the interior of the country, and above all, succeeded even beyond all expectation in the object of his coming. In short, his rod, like that of Aaron's in Egypt, swallowed up those of all the false prophets: many of the common people viewed him as something superhuman: and the more intelligent chiefs presented him spontaneously with a formal acknowledgment, under their hands

and seals, of his great merit and their correspondent admiration.

We confessed, some pages back, that we had been ignorant of M. Robert Houdin's success and celebrity, until this book appeared. The same circumstance must be our excuse, if we now offend against propriety, in intimating that we think it prudent to make a little—a very little, perhaps—but still a little allowance for boldness of drawing and strength of coloring in some of his pictures. This doubt is not so strongly suggested to us by any thing in his narrative of what has happened to himself: but in the stories of Torrini and Antonio there is too much of the melodrama. It may be said that M. Robert Houdin, only repeating the tale as they told it, is not to be held responsible for its truth: but, as they are his friends, and he introduces them to his readers without caveat or protest, he must be regarded in some sort as indorsing their credibility. Wherefore, until we are assured that he has not turned his magical wand into a writer's pen, we shall indulge the suspicion that, here and there, the plain fact has undergone some slight transformations, in passing through his hands.

BEAUDROT:

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH DOMINATION.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

I.

To heaven above, by night and day, the prayers of many go,
For quiet to the parted soul of basely-slain Beaudrot.

The bitter curse of honest men, the wrath of saints on high,
Fall evermore on Kerlerrec, who doomed the man to die.

That time, upon the tyrant's head, requital soon may bring,
Pray I, Jean Annibal Belleau, sworn soldier of the king:

For I had served in many wars along with stout Beaudrot;
Together we had kept the watch—together fought the foe.

True brothers we, amid a score of comrades frank and tried,
Who sought the revel or the fight, together side by side.

Ah! where are now that gallant band who served the king with me?
Some slumber six feet deep in earth, and some beneath the sea.

Some fell before the yellow plague, and some in fight were slain:
Some died in dungeons damp and grim, and none but I remain.

We twain, the last, escaped the thrall, the fever and the steel,
That one might see the other die in torture on the wheel.

And would you learn his story sad?—then one and all draw near,
To hear me tell the doleful tale, but see me shed no tear:

For since the day, with thousands 'round, in pangs I saw him die,
Though tears are dropping at my heart, mine eyes are ever dry.

II.

It chanced upon the Isle du Chat, which lay a mile from land,
A coward tyrant, called Duvoux, was sent to take command.

His men were mostly hireling Swiss from Zurich and from Berne,
And these were driven to despair beneath his rigor stern.

To fill his purse he made them toil, half-clad and badly fed;
And those who murmured at their lot, drew vengeance on their head.

For some were lashed like thieving curs, till dripped their backs with gore,
And some were stripped and tied to trees, where insects stung them sore. (*a*)

Nor was it Switzers in the ranks his rigor only knew—
Townsmen or stranger, angering him, in close confine he threw.

'Mid these Beaudrot, for having said—"Duvoux wears armor, lest
Some foolish man might choose to make a target of his breast."

At length the soldiers, reckless grown, by saints and angels swore
That he whose fangs had torn their souls should play the dog no more.

III.

Duvoux had gone to hunt the deer; and, loaded down with game,
The boat which bore him forth at morn, at night-fall homeward came;

But nevermore to hunt the deer that boat the tyrant bore,
For twenty bullets pierced the wretch, while leaping to the shore.

With red blood clotting on his wounds, prone on the sand lay he,
Till those who slew him stripp'd his corse, and flung it in the sea.

His clothes were fastened to a lance, and carried overhead,
While through the streets the soldiers marched, and cried—"The dog is dead!"

The mutineers were jovial then. They dressed in velvets fine;
They ate no bread but wheaten loaves; they drank no draught but wine.

Loud jests they said, gay songs they sung, to show their wild delight;
Right merry games they had by day, and wine and dice at night.

And thus a week had passed away, when to the mutineers
A low but terrible whisper came, which filled their hearts with fears.

The word goes round—"We must away, ere Kerlerec comes down,
And brings, to drag us to our doom, the soldiers of the crown.

"To Georgia we must bend our steps, where hardy Britons dwell;
St. George's cross against the French will surely shield us well.

"And if the way be wild and strange, a guide with us shall go,
Who knows the forest far and near—the hunter called Beaudrot."

From prison cell they led the man, and told him of their plight,
And how from terrible Kerlerec they meant to take their flight.

"And you, Beaudrot," their leader said, "can guide us if you choose;
Red gold is yours if you obey, and death if you refuse."

Quoth he: "A soldier of the crown I was for many years,
It likes me not to be when old a guide to mutineers."

"If you deny our will," they said, "at once for death prepare—
Who tarries here is doomed; would you provoke our wild despair?"

Now what could do the stout Beaudrot, when fifty spoke their will,
But yield at once to their demand, or come to farther ill?

He led them up Tombigbee's stream, crossed Alabama wide,
And to Coweta led their steps, on Chattahoochee's side.

Then to his lonely hut he came, tired with his weary track;
But darkness overhung the day that brought the hunter back.

IV.

The angry governor, Kerlerec, swore by the saints on high
That those who slew his friend Duvoux, a horrid death should die.

He sent Beaudin with men to range the country far and near,
And drag from out his hiding-place each skulking mutineer.

But most of these, on British soil, from grasp of France were free,
And after weeks of weary search, Beaudin could take but three:

And these were sent by Montberant, commanding Fort Toulouse,
Down Alabama's rapid stream, close-fettered, in canoes.

In little time, with scanty forms, their deadly sentence fell;
But, to our wonder and our woe, Beaudrot was doomed as well:

Beaudrot, whom all men loved so much, Beaudrot condemned—and why?
None knew but this, that Kerlerec had sworn Beaudrot should die.

V.

Forth came the doomed from prison cell, and forth came all Mobile, (b)
To see their piteous agony when stretched upon the wheel.

But why are coffins only two, when four are here to die?
And why are two within them forced, though still alive, to lie?

They nail the heavy coffins up, whose lids are pierced with holes—
What! will they bury these alive? Heaven cheer the parting souls.

What mean they now? What deed of fear, what work of fiends is this?
The teeth of steel devour the wood, with mingled growl and hiss.

The gazers shudder; Kerlerec smiles grimly in disdain;
Through wood and flesh the saw is drawn, till both are sawn in twain.

"My faith!" said Kerlerec, as came the faint and smothered moans.
"No viol in a master's hand e'er made such heavenly tones."

Oh! woe betide the heartless wretch, though armed with sword and shield,
And I with naked hands, could we encounter in the field.

In vain such frantic thoughts as those, that quickly flutter by,
What chance to fight with Kerlerec, has one so low as I?

VI.

And now the stripped and chained Beaudrot, came forward to our sight,
No sign of fear on him, although his comrade's face was white.

So calmly stood the hunter there, with bearing proud and high,
That Kerlerec arose and said—"I will not see him die."

A murmur followed Kerlerec, our pleading looks also;
The lost might strive as well to move the fiends to ease their woe.

Then spoke Beaudrot to us, and said—"Good friends who weep and sigh,
Let fall no tears for me to-day, nor mourn that I must die.

"Remember me, old comrades here, but say, when all is o'er—
Life merely has one hunter less, and death one hunter more.

"For many years I served my king, and never treason shed
Its blackness on the whitened hairs that gathered on my head.

"And when from long-time service freed, they bade me take a rest,
I went with honour on my name, and scars upon my breast.

"Since then, a hunter, I have roamed the forest far and near,
To beard the wolf within his den, and slay the yellow deer.

"I will not vaunt the life I led—go, ask the Muscogee,
And those who met me in the wild, what name they give to me.

"Ask those if ever deed I did, that could dishonour bring
To one, who, while he feared his God, was loyal to his king.

"That still whatever danger came, I felt for others' woe,
Go, ask of those who owe their life, or freedom to Beaudrot. (c)

"And yet despite these scars of mine, unworthy such reward,
They doom me, guiltless of a crime, to die a death abhorred.

"Nay, more—with base and cruel art, my sons, none braver he,
Were made unknowing messengers of shameful death to me. (d)

"No matter! let it pass—Beaudrot need now complain of none;
Small time is left him for reproach—his race is nearly run.

"Around he sees good, honest friends, who kindly gaze on him,
Though yonder frowns the waiting wheel, and here the deathsmen grim.

"He trembles not—bear witness all; his courage bears no speck;
Thus armed with truth he would not change with baffled Kerlerec.

"God knows—man should—his innocence; and as a soldier true,
His soul he yields to heaven above, his fame he leaves with you.

"And if some one he may have wronged, and such perchance there be,
He pardon craves for sake of Him who died upon the tree."

"Not one!" we cried; "our blessing take, and pity for your dole;
Christ give you strength to bear your doom, and heaven receive your soul."

He smiled his thanks, then turned to die with firm and manly air;
His red lips moving, not with fear, but with a silent prayer.

They tied him and his comrade down, and as they broke their bones,
We heard no shriek from him; they wrung at most some smothered moans.

I clenched my hands, I closed mine eyes, I could not close mine ears;
And as each stifled sigh I heard, out gushed a flood of tears.

The crushing blows were done at last; then came the sweep of steel;
A Better man lay dead than he who doomed him to the wheel.

VII.

Thenceforth a curse on Kerlerec has never ceased to rest,
Remorse, which will not be appeased, gnaws ever in his breast.

He doomed the innocent to death, and those who ought to know,
Tell how in watches of the night he sees the slain Beaudrot.

The spectre at his couch appears to tell him how the twain,
When comes the fearful day of doom, will surely meet again.

Now Kerlerec is rich and great; before him brave men cower;
And yet I would not change with him, for all his wealth and power.

For surely, in his parting hour, the blood of slain Beaudrot
Will weigh the vainly-struggling soul to fearful fate below.

(a) This Duvoux had an amiable habit, when any of his men displeased him, of tying the offenders, naked, to large trees, and suffering them to be stung by mosquitos—a whimsical but severe punishment.

(b) Bossu says the execution took place at New Orleans; but Pickett (*Hist. Alabama*, I 365,) asserts that it was at Mobile. Pickett is a careful and apparently conscientious writer, and probably correct.

(c) No vain boast. He had preserved the lives and obtained the liberty of several prisoners among the Indians.

(d) Beaudrot's two sons returning home from New Orleans, Kerlerec sent by them a sealed package to DeVille, the commandant at Mobile. In this was enclosed the order for Beaudrot's arrest. The action was in consonance with the general conduct of Kerlerec, who seems to have been a cold-blooded and cruel wretch, whose memory deserves universal execration.

K A T E .

CHAPTER I.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven,—and the old hammer hung down by the side of the bell. Slowly over the fields and through the summer air, from the little church whose spire I could just see above the trees, came the sounds to me, as I strolled lazily through the meadows, idly whipping, with a willow switch, the heads from the unfortunate dandelions that chanced to grow near the path. "Only eleven o'clock!" said I, and I threw my switch over the fence and stretched myself upon the grass under a great button-wood tree. It was a glorious day in June. The air was warm and still, and full of the smell of clover. Save the buzzing of industrious insects, and the cheerful cackle of a happy hen, that, a quarter of a mile away, announced to the world the birth of an egg, no sound broke in upon the stillness of that morning. All nature was in a state of quiet enjoyment. The very bees, sailing about over the red and white clover-blossoms, were doing their work in an easy, old-fashioned style, and the round little wren, that hopped about on the top rail of the fence, twitched her tail and bobbed her head with an air that told very significantly of plenty of berries and nothing to do. The butterflies, those old emblems of indolence, were chasing each other out in the sun—now down in the grass, now up in the air, round and round they went, utterly regardless of the value of time, or of their duties to themselves or their fellow-beings. I began to moralize. It was an excellent opportunity for moralizing. "Thus," said I, "in this world of ours, do men and butterflies, rich, poor, old, young, gay, or—" Just then there came to me a great bumble-bee. I may as well here remark, that I have no sympathy with those misguided persons who persist in calling these insects "humble-bees." The adjective "humble," is neither proper in signification nor sound. Who ever saw a humble bumble-bee? Now,

there is something sensible and Anglo-Saxon about "bumble."

Well, as I was saying, this bee came buzzing around my head and before my face, sometimes appearing as if he were about to settle on my shoulder, and then, changing his mind, he would skim down to my feet, to circle about them awhile, and returning to my head, would recommence his operations there. He was a good comfortable sort of a bee, with a fine round stomach and a benevolent countenance. I should judge from his looks that he was from forty-five to fifty years old. He was evidently a bee in good circumstances. The pockets of his tight-fitting yellow breeches, seemed well stuffed, and from the way he rubbed his legs together, and from his general good-natured appearance, and from the fact of its being eleven o'clock, I should imagine he had lunched.

"My friend?" said I, "you don't do anything for a living. You're not one of the kind that sting. You eat what you want and leave the rest for your fellow-creatures. You have been among the flowers. You live pretty much among the flowers. In fact, were you a female, I would call you Flora; at any rate, since you are so fresh and blooming, I think I may call you a Hebe." At this moment, happening to turn my head, I saw, at the other end of the field, nearest the house, Kate, getting over the fence. Just then the bee stung me. * * * * It was a hot chase, but I got him. And when I returned, warm and puffing, to the shade of the tree, and had cooled myself off a little, and put some mud on the sting, I looked around to see if I could see Kate. But she was nowhere in sight. I was not long, however, in making up my mind as to where she was. I was pretty sure that she had gone along by the bottom of the adjoining meadow, and over the creek to the woods. So I walked down that way, and having lost time, I walked pretty fast; Soon I entered the wood, and left the bright light of day behind me. It was a

glorious place, that "forest primeval, where people walked slowly and spoke low." High over head, the great trees arched their branches, thick with dark foliage, like the dome-top of some vast cavern, and as the wind moved the leaves backward and forward on those highest branches, the sun-light came dropping down and down, from twig to branch, and on the grass and leaves and flowers on the ground, as in those caves, the water trickles down the rocky walls. I walked in an avenue, where the great trees, on each side, locked their branches above me, and their roots together under the ground, keeping inviolate, forever, that path for those who loved their solitudes. Here and there were openings in the roof, and through them the sun shone unobstructed, making radiant patches on the ground, where the flowers grew more luxuriantly, and where the bees and butterflies fluttered about in greater numbers. I think it must have been some Saint's day in the woods, for I never saw its inhabitants out in greater numbers or gayer apparel. They were thronging above, around, and below me. Sober, white miller-flies proceeded here and there in an orderly, quiet way, as if they had been going to church. Blue flies, green flies, yellow and purple flies, were hurrying backward and forward in every direction. On one side was a crowd of lazy urchins of young wood-bugs, watching two great black beetles, who were having, with their nippers locked together, what appeared to be a half-drunken fight. At a little distance a merry grasshopper was amusing a collection of his compeers, by springing backward over a pine log without ever touching it.

There were little green lizards in the trees, and black ants on the leaves, and long-legged daddy-bugs striding over the ground.

In their webs, on the low branches, sat grim spiders, looking like hard-fisted shopkeepers—each sitting there until some gay young creature, allured by the beauty of his out-door arrangements, should step in and give him an opportunity of exhibiting the strength and flexibility of his fabrics.

Overhead an occasional priestly crow, flapped his solitary way, while in the trees were orchestras innumerable of big birds and little birds, soprano and tenor birds, basso and baritone.

Fluttering before me, with her wings a glorious purple in the shadows and crimson in the sun-light, and her golden hands sparkling in the sun or in the shade, was a dragon fly, who, as I walked, still seemed to keep in advance of me.

And when I came to the end of the avenue, and was in doubt between the right path and the left, I took this gorgeous insect for a guide and as it flew I followed it.

Stopping at some flowering bush, it would throw its wings into a mist around it, and drop and rise from blossom to blossom, until I came up, and then away to other flowers, and wait for me there. When she was hovering round a shrub or bush, I noticed that the bees and other insects kept aside at a little distance leaving her to examine the blossoms unmolested.

So I thought to myself, "She is some small goddess of the insects. They retire before her and do her homage." And I felt more faith in her, and nothing doubting, followed her.

On she went, through the thick woods—down in the deep dell, where the grass was long and rank, and where the last year's leaves and the leaves of the year before that, lay thick and soft beneath the feet. Then up the hill-side, where the points and corners of the rocks peeped out instead of flowers, and where the roots of the trees, like great veins, were interlaced across the path; and so, on and on until she led me out of the dark shadows and from under the trees, out to the great grey rock that jutted over the water. As the stream passed around the point to the left of this rock, it spread out into a wide and beautiful lake, which stretched for half a mile and then resumed its narrower limits. On each side the trees looked over into the water dropping their shadows down to the very bottom; and out in the middle, you could see, fathoms and tens of fathoms down, the white clouds floating along as they floated in the sky above.

As I came out on the rock, the goddess

skimmed away over the water, now along the surface until she seemed to leave a ripple on its smoothness, then high up into the air, and down again towards her brilliant counterpart that came up from the depths to meet her. For me her task was done. I laid me down upon the great grey rock that jutted over the water. It was an ancient rock I should imagine, for it was covered with mosses and lichens and every excrescence that can grow on stone, and it was quite soft, for a rock. So I lay down and looked about me. Before me was the lake, stretching away its quiet waters to the opposite woods and rocks. Behind me a benevolent oak kindly threw its shadow over that part of the rock on which I lay. Below, to the right, the shore spread smoothly for some distance, sloping gently to the water. Among the vines and the shrubs, the bushes, the saplings, the prim young trees and the sober, middle-aged ones, there stood, here and there, a great, grim old patriarch of the forest, looking, with his rugged limbs and his jagged roots, like a stern mentor, placed there to keep his fellow-trees in order. One of these, a little way from the water, threw its shade over Kate, who was sitting upon one of its massive roots, which, in conjunction with the trunk, formed a comfortable seat. She was engaged in knitting—at least I suppose it was knitting, but it might have been crochet-work, or something in the embroidery line. Not understanding these matters perfectly, I can only say that she was pushing the points of two tolerably long sticks at each other with intermittent, energetic thrusts, and that each stick was partially covered with white worsted, evidently to protect it from injury in its continual encounters with its neighbour.

So she knitted and I lay there and watched her. It was strangely pleasant to lie there, on that glorious June day, and gaze with perfect freedom upon the motions, the form, the features of Kate, and when I say Kate, I mean everything that is lovely in female human nature. This may be comprehensive, but it is true,—and I want the reader to understand that I was in love with Kate,

and, of course, knew all about it. This lady-love of mine, and her aunt, myself, and a dozen or so of other fine people, boarded together at a pleasant country house, about half a mile from the rock on which I was lying.

I had been in love with her nearly ever since she came there, (a month or so,) and this, I believe, or did believe, was known to every person upon the place except Kate herself, and I didn't see how she was ever going to know it, unless somebody told her, for I couldn't. Not that I was generally backward—I did not consider myself a bashful youth; but towards her—my feelings were peculiar. I hope I am understood.

I was not only in love, but I was jealous. Oh, savagely jealous! There were several young men there with whom Kate was sociable, talking and walking and so on. But for this I did not care, although she did not talk nor walk much with me. I was jealous of Mr. R——.

Mr. R—— was a villain—a tall, handsome, self-possessed, quiet, genteel villain. When he entered the parlor he seemed, with a confidence peculiar to villains, to appropriate Kate to himself, as if he had a right to her; and she never appeared unwilling to acknowledge that right. They were not engaged. Oh! you may be sure I made myself certain about that.

She was the handsomest woman there, and he the handsomest man. They seemed to associate naturally, because of the "eternal fitness of things."

So I was jealous of Mr. R——. I hated him. For that matter, I hate him yet.

Thus I had passed the summer days—loving Kate and hating Mr. R——, and regarding the rest of the world with undisguised indifference. And now I was lying on that old rock, with Kate, not a dozen yards from me, unconsciously giving herself up to my appreciation of the beautiful.

After awhile Kate stopped knitting, and began to think—at least I suppose she was thinking, for her work and her hands lay idly on her lap, and she was gazing out into the lake with a thought-

ful expression, even more beautiful than that one of interest with which she had just now directed the combats of the knitting sticks.

I loved her more and more every minute. I believe that if things had continued in this train much longer, I should have been worked up to such a pitch of desperation, that I should have gone down and spoken to her.

But just then the dragon-fly came and settled down on a little twig, not three feet from me. It seemed inclined to be sociable, and as it was a goddess and had been my good friend and guide, in bringing me to Kate, of course I deemed it my duty to pay it some attention—at least to look at it. It sat upon the twig with what I thought a rather anxious expression, occasionally folding its wings and walking a step or two towards me, clinging fast to the twig with its little black feet, and fixing its big bulging eyes on me in a very curious manner.

"Well, Miss," said I, with an encouraging smile, "have you anything to say to me?"

It answered never a word, but sat there, looking at me with the same peculiar expression. I watched it awhile, feeling amused, although a little puzzled, and then said to it:

"If it is from feelings of vanity you are sitting there, you have some cause for it, for I am sure you are the handsomest insect I ever saw."

As I said this, it turned its head around a minute, gave a little nod, and flew away.

So I turned to look at Kate again, whom I had neglected all this time, and there she was standing, bare-footed, close to the water's edge, and her shoes and stockings were lying up under the tree.

Was there ever such a dragon-fly?

I soon saw the cause of Kate's standing thus. One of her knitting-sticks, which had doubtless rolled from her lap into the water while she was thinking, was now safely moored, a couple of yards from the shore, against some seeds, haply growing there.

To regain it she must wet her feet. I saw plainly her line of action. She must

first step upon a large dry stone, then upon a sunken log which raised one of its ends above the water, but her last step was to be upon a flat stone that I could see, several inches below the surface.

Not long did she deliberate, but one step upon the large stone, then upon the log, and then daintily the little foot went under the water on the flat stone; and as she stooped to pick up her floating stick, I do not believe that she got one drop of water on her dress. There never was such a delicate creature as Kate!

Then she drew her foot out of the water, and came back as she went.

The tree under which she had been sitting, threw a thick shade around it, except in one place, where a break in the branches above let down a bright patch of sunlight on the grass. So Kate sat down, leaned back against the tree, and put her foot out into this sunny spot, (just as much as was wet—no more,) to dry it.

Of all the feet that were ever sculptured—. Well, we will leave that out, but while I lay there in silent admiration, I soon perceived that I was not the only admirer it had. It was very evident that such a foot as that, was not often seen in those woods, for the little birds on the boughs above all stopped chirping and jumping, and were sitting each one on his separate twig, staring as if they would never get enough of it. The dragon-fly, too, was circling round and round the tree, but whatever way it turned, it always kept one big eye fixed upon that little foot.

And three little fishes, that had come up to the edge of the water, were so completely entranced by the unusual spectacle, that they did not perceive that the tide was going down, and that they were left on the sand, with only the tip end of their tails in the water.

I am not quite certain, but I think Kate dropped into a doze. I don't see why she should not, for she was sitting there so still.

The small goddess, after awhile, appeared to be satisfied, for flying away

over the lake, she darted from sunshine into shadow—now high, now low—resting nowhere. I could not help following her with my eyes, for she had a strange attraction for me. At length she appeared to see something in a water-blossom near, that just peeped its head above the surface, and slowly circled around it, so low down that she seemed almost in the water. She rested on the edge of the blossom, looking into its centre, and as I watched her I saw, slowly rising from the bottom, a fish—a large fish, rising directly towards her. She does not see him, and in one second more he will have her!

Greatly excited, I sprang to my feet—he almost touched her! At the top of my voice I shouted:

“Small goddess, there! Look out!”

My voice sounded like a thunder-clap in all that stillness. The dragon-fly shot off like an arrow; the three little fishes, now high and dry upon the sand, with a twitch and a twirl, flapped themselves into the water; the birds all flew away, and Kate, springing to her feet, stood looking at me all in a blush. So I had nothing to do but to walk down to her. While I was walking down to her, I endeavoured to concoct something to say, but as the distance was too short I failed in my endeavour, and when I reached her I said:

“Good morning, Miss Kate.”

And she said:

“Good morning, sir.”

She never looked more lovely than when standing there with that half-confused, half-provoked expression, evidently not knowing exactly what would be best to do.

However, she picked up her knitting implements and commenced rolling them up.

“I hope I have not interrupted you, Miss Kate,” said I.

Kate was almost herself again, and she answered me:

“Interrupted me!—of course not. I have been down here this morning knitting, and one of my needles happening to fall into the water, I was obliged to go out on those stones and get it.”

I saw very plainly that nothing would

please her better than that I should pass on, but as an opportunity of having his lady-love thus in his power, does not often occur to a man, I felt a wicked pleasure in staying.

“If you had called me,” said I, “or if I had known, I would have saved you the trouble.”

“Why were you there? How long have you been there?” said she quickly.

“About half an hour, I suppose,” said I, not quite so composedly as before.

She turned away at this, and I could plainly see that she was more than *half* provoked. As she took a few steps toward the tree, she said:

“I am going up to the house.”

Of course I could but say:

“And I shall continue my walk. Good morning.”

“Good morning,” said she.

And I continued my walk. As I proceeded slowly through the woods, I did not feel that satisfaction with myself and surrounding circumstances that I had experienced a quarter of an hour ago. I was not quite sure that I had acted precisely as a gentleman should. Yet I had no conscientious compunctions at the time. If conscience had anything to say, why didn't it say it then? I blamed the dragon-fly. In the first place it guided me down there. Now that was all very well. If it had stopped there, it would have been right enough; but then it must put itself most impertinently in the way in one instance, and afterwards in allowing itself to be nearly caught by a fish, must so work upon my good-nature as to cause me to bring this all about. It was no trifling matter. How could I tell what Kate might think?

If the winged fool had gone about its business, when it had brought me down there—But what can be expected of a dragon-fly?

When I had walked ten or fifteen minutes, I turned into a path which led me out of the woods, and going a short distance into the fields, I took up my position upon a small eminence from which I had a view of the point where Kate would, upon her return, emerge from the wood.

I had determined to join her on her way home and explain the matter of the interruption, for I could not allow her to lie under the mistake I supposed she entertained. I did not go down and wait for her at this point, because I feared she would think I had not continued my walk a sufficient distance. She soon appeared, and I struck across the fields so as to intercept her about half way between the wood and the house. I had more time to arrange a suitable form of speech, than on the former occasion, but I did not see that I made out any better for that. However, my determination was unalterable—the thing was to be done, whether I did it right or wrong. When I was still at a considerable distance from her, she saw me, but neither did she stop, or walk faster or slower, but walked on, exactly as if there had been no such person as myself crossing the fields toward her.

At length I came up with her.

"Miss Kate, I wish to speak with you."

"Well, sir."

"I should like to apologize for"—

"No apology necessary at all, sir!" said she, very firmly indeed.

"I don't mean apology—I should say that I should like to explain—I believe, Miss Kate, that you are laboring under a false impression."

"I hope I am, sir," said she.

Now was the time, I am sure, for the explanation. All was prepared. The lady was willing to hear, and already inclined towards the side of mercy, if any chance was shown her to be merciful.

But bless my soul! I couldn't begin—and if I did begin, how should I go on?

What a fool I was!

A sensible man, (if such a thing could happen to a sensible man,) would certainly have let the matter drop as soon as possible. But as for me—oh yes! nothing would do but to get myself deeper and deeper into trouble.

"Well, sir?" said she.

"The fact is, Miss Kate," said I, "I don't know exactly how to set about this explanation." A happy thought struck me! "For fear I am mistaken, I should

be greatly obliged if you would tell me what impression you do labor under."

"Although you have not the least right in the world to ask such a thing of me, still as you seem to need assistance so much, I will tell you. The impression (under which you are determined to have me labor) is, that you were guilty of the ungentlemanly conduct of remaining for half an hour within a short distance of a lady, in your view, who imagined herself alone in the woods, and who consequently acted as if she were so."

"That latter part, ma'am," said I, quickly, "is the point."

"Sir!" said she, suddenly crimson.

The remarkable manner in which she said this, completely dumbfounded me. I was worse off than before.

"The fact is, ma'am," said I, "there wasn't anything of the kind. The dragon-fly came along just then."

"Just when?"

This was too much for me—I clapped my hat down over my eyes and ran away as fast as I could. As soon as I reached the house and my room, I sat down and wrote a note to Kate, setting forth as well as I could, the facts in the case of the dragon-fly, and subjoining the notice of my intention of leaving the next morning the place where I had made myself so ridiculous.

In a short time, I received by a servant an answer. It ran thus—

"Do nothing of the kind—all is forgotten."

This was my first love letter from Kate. The matter was soon forgotten—oh, yes!—certainly!—forgotten!—of course.

CHAPTER II.

It must not be supposed that I was, altogether, a fool. My fault was that I was rather younger than I might have been—but I loved Kate. I became more and more convinced of that fact every day. The season was drawing to a close—that is, the fashionable season—for the trees had not yet one autumnal tint.

The sun was as bright, the fields and woods as beautiful as a month before—but the fashionable world said, the season was nearly over, and I suppose the fashionable world knew. Now the only way in which it concerned me, was this—I had heard that Kate would leave in a week or so. Kate would leave!

Since that memorable June morning, we had met frequently, but had not associated very much. I believe that I was the only young gentleman at that boarding-house, who was not supposed to be in love with Kate. And I *know* that I was the only one who really was so. As for Mr. R——, every one considered his success as established, and those who spoke of it, seemed to think well of it. I knew Mr. R—— well—better perhaps than any one there, and he seemed to like my society. He would often sit on the piazza with me, after the ladies had retired, and talk quite pleasantly while we smoked. He talked well—in fact, did everything well, but I did not like him any the better for that. He often spoke of Kate—now, what in thought was my greatest delight, made me absolutely nervous when he attempted to make it the subject of conversation. But I would not talk of Kate—every time he attempted to make her his subject, I trembled lest he should find out my secret, and I would not have had *him* know—not for a planetary system. It was very melancholy, almost distracting, for me to contemplate the relation in which we three stood to each other. I knew I loved Kate. I believed she loved Mr. R——, and I was almost certain that he did not love her. I did not consider him capable of loving any one. He was cold and very wise.

Is it strange that I should have thought it terrible to see the one that I loved with all my powers of loving—one in whom I perceived all those virtues, those beauties, and those sympathies that would have made her the woman of all women that I could have loved and should have loved as long as I lived—to see her, I say, in all her beauty and purity, voluntarily offering herself—*herself*; that I loved so perfectly, humbly offering herself to one,

who hypocritically smiling, gives her pity for her love, to one who—oh! to a devil—to several devils. Mr. R—— was several devils.

Considering all things, I was in a bad state of mind. I could not call my feeling jealousy. I had no claim of any kind on Kate—but my love seemed to me as a caged lion. And the greater his struggles to be free, the more severe were the wounds he inflicted on himself, and the stronger he felt his prison to be.

And through his bars he daily saw his gentle loved one, wandering near with her dreadful companion. And when the lion would spring madly against the bars and fall back, bruised and foaming, she, seemingly all unconscious, would not even cast her eyes toward him, while the blood-thirsty Bengal R—— that walked beside her, would seem to turn his head and smile—a tiger smile.

But once or twice, I think she heard the roar of my royal love. I almost *knew* she heard it. But she never revealed that she did.

And when I believed that she knew of his agonies and struggles, and I saw his daily increasing sufferings, I determined to let my lion out.

An admirable opportunity for so doing soon presented itself. Mr. R—— left for the city, not expecting to return for a week. Such a chance was not to be thrown away.

So it was upon the morning after the departure of the Bengal, that I walked down to the stables and engaged the finest turnout in the collection—black horse, with a few bright lights in the foreground, and a yellow vehicle with a pink rug in the bottom. Perhaps it would have been more prudent to have asked Kate if she would ride with me, before I engaged the equipage. But Prudence and I were not upon good terms—scarcely spoke. Before dinner I mustered up courage enough to ask her “if she would like to take a drive this afternoon,—very fine day.” She looked at me, seemingly a little surprised, but replied that nothing would give her more pleasure. This I doubted, but in high spirits, I went up stairs directly

after dinner to dress for a drive. And when I had finished, I considered myself quite complete and fit to put my feet upon the same rug with Kate. Well, I put my feet on the pink rug—so did Kate, and I whipped up the black horse, and away we went. Nature was in excellent spirits, and so were Kate and I—we laughed and talked like old friends, and as we passed them, the woods and solitary trees bowed politely, and the fantastic dust-forms kissed their hands to us as we roused them from their slumbers and then left them far behind. I proposed driving down by the lake, and Kate consenting; along the road and through the woods we went, where the little butter-cups ceased their churning, to look up at us as we disturbed their quiet labors, and the wood-nymphs climbed quickly up the tall trees. We stopped at the margin of the water, alighted, and attaching the quadruped to a vegetable excrescence, seated ourselves upon a grassy knoll and enjoyed the scene. I felt in good spirits that afternoon—everything seemed in good spirits. Kate laughed and talked like—Kate. Nothing else. The gentle ripples murmured on the shore, the grass waved in symphonious measure, and the little birds twittered with delight, as we sat upon the butter-cups and daisies, in pleasant converse.

At length we ceased talking, as if to rest, and leaning against the tree behind her, Kate gazed dreamily out over the water.

"Now," thought I, "is the time to let my lion out." So I opened his cage and looked in to see what he was doing. And, bless my soul! there was not a lion to be seen. I shook the cage and out walked a poor, miserable, woe-begone looking lamb—and such a thing as it was, too. It was as much as it could do to walk. As it went tottering about, seemingly utterly ashamed of itself, I gazed upon it with pity, mingled with contempt. It was very evident that it would never be noticed by Kate. So I opened the cage-door and kicked it in again. I saw very plainly that my companion would not know to-day that I loved her.

And was it not contemptible—the whole affair? I could not have had a better opportunity—and for all the courage of my love to have departed so utterly was humiliating. I felt debased.

Turning to look at Kate, I started, she was fast asleep—I arose gently.

Never before was she so lovely. No one ever was. With her head thrown slightly back, she leaned so gracefully against the tree, and looked so sweet, so charming, that I felt bewildered. My eyes must have doubted their size—my very heart came up in my throat, to see, I suppose. Asleep, so near me! I turned away, unable to bear it.

Looking up, I believed the sun, himself, was loitering in the sky to look at her. Besides the sun and myself, I was happy to see that she had no other admirers. But no!—I was mistaken—above her, on a little dead limb, sat a bird—with his eyes like two fixed stars or stares, whichever you please. He was behaving very ridiculously. I could perceive by his occasional subdued twitter of satisfaction, that he knew that the first object that would meet Kate's gaze, when she awoke, would be himself. And he stood so primly, that I felt like laughing at him.

I turned again to Kate, and stood again enchanted. A thought struck me—Suppose I kiss her! How the blood tingled in my veins when I thought that thought. But I would do it. I softly approached her—I knelt beside her. I bent my head toward hers—bent it lower. I felt her warm breath. I trembled from head to foot—our lips almost touched—

"TWEET!" went the bird.

Kate awoke—and blushed scarlet. But not more so than I did.

The very sun, now upon the edge of the sky, turned crimson—and the robin was as red as fire.

I have no distinct recollection of what occurred during those moments, or weeks, or whatever they were, that immediately succeeded this catastrophe. But I remember, that when I rose from my knees, Kate was standing by the carriage.

I slowly approached her and helped her in—without speaking. Unfastening the horse, I seated myself beside her and we drove off. But not with his former joyous step did the black horse trot. Slowly and heavily his foot-fall sounded through the forest depths, and the buttercups folded their petals and bowed their heads, while the wood-nymphs sat twirling their thumbs at the roots of the trees. The sun was almost down. His last rays fell upon the fields and woods, now rapidly darkening; a short time since, so beautiful. My sun was down—put out—not a ray left to light up the dreariness of my soul.

Slowly trotted the big black horse, and the dust-forms shook their fists at us as we roused them up.

I sat with my head bowed down—I could not look at Kate. I felt her reproachful glances, although I could not see them. I knew, without looking at her, with what scorn—yes, *scorn*, she regarded me. This was now the second time that I had acted meanly towards her—taken advantage of her. I deserved her contempt—I bowed myself beneath it. And as I sat thus, my future, unbidden, came up before me—black, dreary, Kateless.

After a time she spoke to me. “Mr. —,” said she. I did not look up, but waited to hear what more she would say. But changing her tone, she cried “Oh! I can’t stand this—indeed I can’t—you must excuse me, but I never saw—” and she fairly screamed with laughter. I almost jumped out of the wagon—laughing.

“Miss Kate!” I cried, “do you then forgive me?” But she only laughed the more.

This was too much for me. I laughed hideously—I shouted. I shook the reins and cracked the whip.

Shake your legs, old black horse, shake ‘em out! Spin your wheels, old yellow wagon, spin your wheels!

Away we went. Kate laughed—I laughed. The old horse laughed and galloped, the wheels spun and the dust-forms sprang up behind us and madly waved their hats.

The greater my excitement, the more

Kate laughed. “Rattle your bones, old horse!” and the old horse rattled his bones; and with a rush and a sweep I pulled up at the door of the boarding-house.

That night my Lion behaved dreadfully. He roared and plunged, and shook his cage so fearfully that sleep was out of the question.

He had been stirred up with the long pole of ridicule.

On the morrow I endeavoured to quiet and tame him. It was impossible. He was furious, reckless. If I did not loose him, I saw that he would soon break out in some most undesirable manner. So I chose to give him another chance. This time I only wanted Kate to see him and understand him; I expected nothing more. He might then go his way.

Therefore it was, on the second day after our drive, that, with a fixed purpose pervading all my energies, I asked Kate “would she like to go out upon the lake this afternoon—fine day.”

This might be considered a pretty bold step to be sure, but as I knew I never could do what I wished up at the house, it was absolutely necessary to take her out somewhere. And I had not the slightest reserve in such matters now. She looked at me, when I asked her this, in a very peculiar way, but on the whole, concluded she would go. So we walked over the fields to the lake—a comparatively short walk. Our conversation was exceedingly common-place, but I think that even my most ordinary remarks were made in a very decisive manner. I unmoored the little boat that belonged to the house, and we rowed away. We were quieter now than before. Kate did not look at all sleepy, and the fixed purpose which had pervaded my energies, now, I believe, became visible in my countenance.

It was a beautiful afternoon. I don’t think I remember ever having seen the lake so still and transparent. The whole scene was lovely, but we made no remarks concerning it. Kate might have thought about it. Of course I don’t

know anything about that. But I am certain that all the beauty was lost on me.

My Lion lay very quietly. Some distance before us there was a miniature peninsula, stretching out into the water, and between us and the point, I perceived a great spatterdock sticking up its broad leaves. When we should reach that spatterdock, I determined to let my Lion out.

Nearer we approached the aquatic vegetable that was to decide my fate, and bolder, I am sure, did the fixed purpose stand out from my countenance. A boat's length more and—

To my astonishment I heard the sound of approaching oars. Louder they sounded, and in a moment a boat came round the point, containing Mr. R—! I sat stupefied. Could this be real?

I was very soon convinced that it was so, for the boat was now beside mine and Kate and Mr. R. were shaking hands. She seemed very glad to see him; and he, flushed and handsome with exertion, was in the best of humours. He nodded very graciously to me, and told us that having finished his business in the city much sooner than he had expected, he had hastened to return to this most agreeable of country places.

Failing to meet the stage at C—, he had walked across the country, and had hired a boat of the fisherman, on the opposite side, preferring this method to walking a mile to the bridge. And most happy he was, said he, that he had done so, for otherwise he would not have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Kate so soon. And Kate bowed and smiled sweetly.

They continued their conversation in a lively strain, for now we were rowing side by side, only sufficiently apart to allow of the working of the oars. Kate had asked Mr. R. if he was in any particular hurry to reach home, and he had replied by asking how such a thing was possible, if we had the slightest inclination for his company, and what could be more beautiful than this afternoon, especially out here upon the water.

Turning to me, he asked if I did not feel tired. "You are so quiet," said he.

All this was too much for me to bear. I had never heard of anything so unutterably contemptible as this; and I do not remember ever to have felt so absolutely angry. In my excitement, I think I rowed much faster than suited Mr. R., for, turning around, he remarked, with a smile, that I must feel very strong and vigorous, notwithstanding that I *looked* tired. This insult I did not answer, but bent to my oars like a giant, leaving the malicious tiger far behind. But R. was not to be so easily left, and grinning hideously, he gave chase. My boat was small and formed for speed, but I had some dead weight in it, and was not a man of R.'s years and strength, and although he rowed a large flat-bottomed skiff, those years and that strength soon began to tell. Our boats dashed through the water until the foam rose in waves beneath our prows, but still I did not place that distance between them that I hoped for. Kate looked frightened and astonished. I cared not for this, but pulled away like a madman. Directly R. turned, and with a face pale, I suppose with rage, shouted to me to stop—and Kate, half rising, cried out, "Don't you hear him, Mr. —? Won't you stop?"

I shut my mouth tightly and tugged away more wildly, and with a crash we rushed against the sunken pier of the old bridge. And the boat, Kate and myself, went to the bottom without further ado.

CHAPTER III.

It was a strange fish. One would have thought it had committed some crime in its youth, it wandered about so restlessly and had such a wild look in its eyes. It was about the size and had the appearance of a shark. And as I crouched among the tall water-weeds at the bottom of the lake, I felt a terrible fear of that fish. I knew it was looking for me. Upon its head were perched a dragon-fly and a robin, each holding a roll of parchment,—doubtless containing a

catalogue of my crimes. As it opened its mouth, ever and anon, I could see that its great teeth were rows within rows of crochet needles. Directly I heard their footsteps, and soon saw them, the Tiger and Kate, walking arm in arm under the water, and I slipped under the kind cover of a great spatterdock upon whose broad leaves were engraved the words, "Fair lady ever wondered at a faint heart." And when the fish perceived them, he hastened and harnessed himself to the yellow wagon which stood ready, and while the two were seating themselves in the vehicle, a woodnymph approached with a bucket of air, from which she gave the fish to drink, before commencing his journey. As the Bengal seized the reins and flourished the whip, I felt a new life within me. "Now," thought I, "I shall be safe." But just as they were about driving off, my Lion, who was not yet drowned, gave a little roar, and the spatterdock began to grow, and grew up far out of my reach, leaving me entirely exposed.

Mr. R— drew his sword and sprang from the carriage. Kate laughed derisively, and the fish, whisking himself out of the harness, made a rush at me with his mouth wide open and his crochet teeth bristling with rage. And with a start I awoke.

I was lying in a bed—all was still. A snow-white covering was over me; soft pillows supported my head. The curtains were drawn aside, and the window-shutters were half-closed. No one was near, and all was quiet.

I did not feel surprised, but lay and looked about me with an enquiring feeling that never suffered itself to be astonished. I was weak, and that pleasant passiveness which so frequently accompanies convalescence, pervaded my whole being, as I gazed quietly around, feeling that I didn't know exactly how it all was, but that it was all right. The room was half darkened, but through the partly opened shutter there came a little sunbeam. Flickering through the window, it fell upon my bed and played about the sheets near my head. It was a merry little sunbeam, now stretching its

line of light along the bed, then breaking into fragments and rolling and glistening in golden beads around the pillows and up the curtains and down upon the floor. "Keep quiet little sunbeam! Can't you be quiet in a sick room? If you will shine, shine straight." But still it rapidly darted from pillow to post—gliding up the curtains and falling upon my feet in many little streams, and then all in one, shooting over my face and back again to the window. But soon I saw that the little gleamlet was not to blame. It was the peach tree, that brushing against the window-shutters, broke and scattered this little ray. And I can just see through the window, how beautiful it must be out of doors in the warm and scented air, which now and then I faintly feel upon my cheek. And I can see that there are many sunbeams in the peach tree, leaping like little light-birds from twig to slender leaf. My spirits kept time with their gentle motions, and a still and quiet happiness came over me as I lay with half-closed eyes, dreamily watching the quivering leaves of the peach tree.

I was just sinking into sleep, when I heard the door gently open, and there entered Doctor B—, (whom well I knew,) and a tidy old lady, doubtless my nurse.

Instantly I feigned sleep.

"Pretty sound," whispered the Doctor, approaching my bed.

"Yes, sir, very," whispered the nurse.

"Pretty sweet," said the Doctor, tasting my lemonade.

"Yes sir," said the nurse.

"Pretty pale yet," said the Doctor.

"Yes, sir," said the nurse.

"But better," said the Doctor.

"Oh, yes, sir," whispered the nurse.

Then glancing at his watch, the Doctor left, having earned his fee and doubtless ensured my recovery.

The old lady fussed about, soothing and fixing things, and making herself very disagreeable in a quiet and gentle manner. But I think I never saw a nurse with such excessively large eyes as had this one, when I called out in a good, stout voice:

"Well, mother, what's up?"

"What's up!" she cried, "why he's out of his mind!" and she started to run.

"Stop! Granny!" cried I, "come back—I want to talk to you. You needn't be afraid of me."

So, half assured of the fact, she returned and stood at a respectful distance from the bed. Then, in the politest manner, and in the fewest words possible, I requested an explanation of the why and wherefore of my present condition. She informed me, in the greatest number of words possible, (which I here condense,) that when Kate and I had been immersed beneath the waters of the lake, Mr. R—— had, with the greatest intrepidity and presence of mind, rushed to our relief, and had with ease rescued the lovely Kate. But the matter having been delayed rather long, my restoration to terra firma was more difficult. And when I was at length placed upon the bank, by my generous rival, there was at least seven-eighths of my precious life exhausted. By the care and attention of my nurse and the Doctor, however, the remaining one-eighth had been made to give life to the whole mass. And that was all she had to tell me.

Thereupon, after injunctions to lie still and go to sleep, the old lady made her exit. I forgot to say that she also told me, that Miss Kate had been very kind, and seemed quite anxious about my health, and that I had said some very funny things which were all about Miss Kate, but, as she knew the place of a nurse, and the value of secrecy, she would give me her word that she had told them to no one but Miss Kate herself. This last piece of information was quite consoling. The old lady had told Kate all the crazy nonsense of a love-sick mind—weak upon that score, even in health. Well, she had saved me the trouble, and I suppose Kate would have jilted me some day anyhow, so where's the difference?

Turning over, I tried to sleep, but my thoughts were not drowsy, and they kept me awake. Notwithstanding my philosophy, those thoughts were very sad, and as I lay thus in melancholy mood, I heard again the step of a sick room at-

tendant at the door. Instinctively I shut my eyes, vexed at this new interruption. Almost noiselessly she approached the bed, but by the slight rustling of her dress, it was evident to me that she stood by my feet, most probably wishing that I would get up, and let her make the bed. Still she made no endeavour to awaken me. I felt quite nervous, she stood there so quietly. "Why don't she do what she has to do," thought I, "and leave me in peace?"

At length, tired of waiting, I opened my eyes, the least little bit in the world, to see what the old lady was about. But—

"The blood waxed thick within my veins,
Grew pulseless, and stood still."

For, standing by my bed, I saw—Kate!

It would be impossible to describe my feelings, but I moved not nor showed the slightest sign of being awake. As I gazed fixedly upon her between my slightly opened lids, she seemed to be regarding me very sadly, standing between me and the sun. A cloud seemed to have come over that joyous beauty that had been so natural to her, and it appeared to me that the cloud even then was darkening. "We'll have bad weather soon," thought I; and sure enough I saw a tear-drop steal gently over her silken lashes, and down her cheek, till, trembling for a moment, it fell upon my bed.

A distant step upon the stairs—a start—a rustle—and Kate was gone. And the light shone again upon me, and the tear she had left me. Slowly the glittering drop descended the side of the bed, and rolled out upon the little raveling, that projected its slender length beneath my eye. Then came the little sunbeam, and stole along the coverlid, and out upon the raveling, and the tear-drop shone and glistened with its merry light.

Gazing upon its brilliant surface, I saw the faint outlines of a picture—outlines that gradually deepened and expanded into scenes of beauty. I saw a cottage, embosomed in foliage, with the cheerful sunlight playing fantastically

among the shadows on its walls ; and the shadows were all shadows of birds and leaves and flowers and climbing vines. A little lady was there, standing upon a stool, training morning-glories over a trellis before the door, and a little man stood by her, holding a saucer of nails. And the little lady was Kate, and I was the little man.

Then the light trembled on the tear, and the scene changed. The little cottage stood warm in the sun. The trees now bent beneath their weight of fruit, the morning-glories covered the trellis, and the little lady had budded and blossomed, and the tiniest, prettiest floweret in the scene, was crowing and laughing in baby delight upon the knee of the little man.

Again, the trees were higher, and all the vines spread wider and thicker, and the once glossy ringlets of the little lady were smoothed down over her brow. Many flowerets played around her, and the little man, now round and rosy, sat smiling and smoking on the step of the door. Then, when the little lady beckoned him to her, he threw down his cigar and arose, and as the last whiff of smoke curled up to the trellis, and through the rich canopy of purple and green, gradually fading away in the thin summer air, —so the picture faded, and the ravelling bent, and the tear dropped, whilst the little sunbeam vanished quite away.

I slowly turned upon my side.

It was not many days after this, that I had so far recovered from the fever into which I had been thrown, by the combined influence of my nervous excitement, the stunning effects of the collision, and the drenching in the lake, as to be able to walk about and begin to act for myself.

Among the very first things I had discovered, when I had resumed possession of my senses, was, that while I had been sick, my Lion had got out. I was very sure I knew how it all had happened. The old nurse was at the bottom of it. She had heard his roaring and complaining, and in mistaken pity had opened the door and let him out. I knew very well where he had gone.

But now he was back again, and I looked at him as he lay in the bottom of his cage, as large and strong and vigorous as ever, but so very quiet. Such a very great change from what he was a few weeks ago.

The first time that I went out, was on a warm and beautiful afternoon in September. All the boarders had left the house except two old ladies, (one of them Kate's aunt,) and Kate herself. Why they stayed I do not know, but I always gave them credit of being very sensible people. I had not yet met with Kate. In fact I had a disinclination to see her. Yet it could not have been very strong, for I am sure it was for the purpose, and in the hope of meeting her, that I walked down through the garden that afternoon. Still, had I seen her at a distance coming toward me, I think I should have turned into another path.

There was a little summer-house at the bottom of the garden where Kate often used to spend her afternoons. She was seldom alone, to be sure, but now she would necessarily be so. Towards this summer-house I bent my steps, and having entered it and found it untenanted, I am sorry to say that I felt relieved. Yet I wished very much to see Kate.

In a few minutes she stood in the doorway. Perceiving me, she gave a little start, but greeted me very cordially. I had not looked at her for one moment, before I knew that she had seen my Lion. She knew I knew it, and it was on this account perhaps that our conversation was somewhat restrained. Still it was very pleasant to be with her. I was half reclining upon a rustic seat, while she sat at a little distance upon a stool, sewing. After a time we ceased to talk, but I never turned my eyes away from her. I believe she felt that I was looking at her, for she bent her head very low.

It was not long before the thread in her needle was entirely used up, and breaking off a fresh length from the spool, she attempted to thread her needle. But she could not do it. There was either something in her eye, or in the

eye of the needle which effectually prevented anything of the sort. The thread would go on one side of the eye, and then on the other side, and then it would go right against the needle and curl up. She dropped her hands in her lap in despair, and bowed her head rather lower. Then I rose and approached her. I took the needle in my hand; and she kept the thread in her hand. I said:

"Kate"—

And when she raised her head with

her eyes full of tears, and we looked at each other—

The seat was wide enough for two.

At length she said:

"Don't you think it is getting rather dark?"

But I told her the world had never seemed so light to me before. So we stayed a little longer.

Bless her soul! Bless both our souls! There never was such a woman, and there never can be!

SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

LETTERS OF RICHARD HENRY LEE TO ARTHUR LEE.

Green Spring, Va., 30th June, 1777.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Ten days ago I arrived at Williamsburg to attend our General Assembly on business. I left Philadelphia the 15th instant, and shall return again to Congress the 1st of August, after a month's rest at home. From Philadelphia I wrote you a pretty exact detail of our affairs from General Howe's retreat from the White Plains in the New York Government up to the 15th inst. Since I came here the last Post informs us that General Howe had arrived in person at Brunswick in the Jerseys with a strong reinforcement, and having thus collected his forces from every quarter, his army was rather superior in number to that of General Washington. Say the former about 12,000 men, and the latter about 10,000. General Howe advanced with 7,000 to Somerset Court House, going towards Delaware, where about 6,000 militia were collected under the Generals Sullivan, Mifflin and Arnold. General Washington had ordered 4,000 Eastern troops to join him from the East side of North River, where about 7 or 8,000 were stationed to prevent by sudden ma-

nœuvre the enemy from possessing themselves of the Highlands on Hudson's River, and so opening the communication with Canada, as they formerly proposed. The regular army therefore, joined to the corps of militia in Jersey, it was expected in a few days, would amount to 20,000 men, with which Howe would certainly be attacked if he did not return quickly to his strong camp on the Brunswick hills, and it is not certain that he will long avoid the attack even then. The American troops are in high spirits and eager for action. Things are all well in the North about Lake Champlain, where a sufficient force will be in time collected to prevent any apprehension from Gen. Carlton. The necessity of passing all our troops through inoculation this spring, hath retarded the making up our army, both at Jersey and at Ticonderoga, but the Herculean work is now pretty well over, and we shall presently have a very formidable army in the former, and 10,000 men in the latter. Great Britain may therefore bid adieu to North America, which the most wanton folly has forever separated from her. Nothing can prevent this if our funds do not fail us, but you may judge

how precarious things must be, that depend upon continued emissions of paper money if no extension loan can be procured in Europe, or if a war in Europe does not so employ the British attention as to enable us to send our produce to European markets. Both these points demand the deepest consideration of those who mean to secure the separation of this country from Britain. Our Privateers and armed Vessels continue to be very successful against the British Trade and Transports. I have written by this opportunity to our Brother William, supposing him to be in France. I told him that the times prevent me from making remittance, and therefore that my sons must be sent to me by the first good opportunity if he cannot continue to advance for their frugal maintenance in France a small time longer. I wish Ludwell to go deep into the study of Natural and Civil Law and Eloquence, as well as to obtain the military improvement you put him on, my desire being that he may be able to turn either to the Law or the sword here, as his genius, or his interest and service of his country might point out. I want Thom. to possess himself of the knowledge of business either in Mr. Schweighauser's counting house or under his uncle, if he should go into business that may be trusted to his care. But all or any part of this plan depends, I apprehend, entirely on their uncle William. Should any unhappy accident have befallen him and thereby prevented him from coming to France, I must rely on you to direct them to be sent over to me by the first opportunity. This Mr. Schweighauser can continue for me as you desire. This letter goes by a Mr. John King, a merchant of Hampton, a gentleman of reputation here, and who goes to France on commercial motives. He sails in a swift going vessel, that probably cannot be taken, and I believe he will accommodate my boys with a passage if they are now to return.

God bless you and give you success in your mission. Much, very much depends upon it. Farewell.

York Town in Pennsylvania, }
13th October, 1777. *}*

MY DEAR BROTHER.

I heard with much pleasure that you were destined to the Court of Berlin, because I think you may be able to do your country essential services there. The power and the magnanimity of the Prussian monarch puts him above apprehensions from the court of London for pursuing measures dictated by true generosity, and the interest of his people. A post in the North for our privateers' Prizes, and for the conduct of Commerce will much benefit both countries. It is indisputably certain that a most extensive and mutually beneficial commerce may be carried on between the dominions of Prussia and the United States, but it is unfortunate for us, that while we are left singly to oppose the whole force of Great Britain, (young as we are in war), we are prevented from giving experimental proofs of the benefits of our commerce by the impossibility of sending our products or getting those of other countries. His Russian majesty has power, by a variety of ways, to call away much of the British attention from us and thereby facilitating commercial intercourse. Add to this that the public acknowledgment of the Independency of these States, by his Prussian majesty would give dignity and advantage to our cause and procure the same acknowledgments from other Powers. The Committee have written so fully of the events of war, in their public letter, that I need not add here, to what they have said; unless it be to say that our continued accounts confirm the great loss sustained by the enemy on the 4th instant, in the battle of Germantown. We understand that General Agnew and Grant are dead and that Sir Wm. Erskine is mortally wounded. Some reports place Gen. Shephausen among the slain and Lord Cornwallis with the wounded. Our army is by reinforcements stronger now than before the last battle, in high spirits, and we expect will give General Howe further amusement in a short time.

Suffer me here to observe a little upon the Enemy's possession of Philadel^a.

In Europe, where our affairs are ill understood, perhaps it may make some noise; with us it is only of little importance. When first we entered into this war, we not only considered but absolutely declared, that we considered our great towns as not defensible. But that the possession of these would avail little, towards the accomplishment of the views of our enemies. In truth they are but spots in the great map of N. America. But it is far from being certain that Gen. Howe, will retain Philadelphia two months. We know that during the late battle, he had given orders for his baggage to cross the Schuylkill and the friends of Government, as he calls the detestable enemies of their country, to quit the town. Boston was once theirs, but now no longer so. It will be worth while to counteract the magnified falsehoods of our enemies concerning this subject. What has become of our brother? We hear nothing of him. [I have never received the bark from Mr. Gordoque, but you may be assured it is extremely wanted by myself and family.] I make no doubt that you will do the best for my boys, in conjunction with their uncle. But if they cannot remain to be tolerably finished in France, let them be sent by the first good opportunity to me. I am, with the most tender affections and faithful friendship, yours.

—

Chantilly, February 23d, 1778.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

It is now something more than two months, since my ill state of health compelled me to leave Congress for a time. Being pretty well recovered, I shall return to Congress in a fortnight. Since my being in Virginia, I have interested myself so effectually in behalf of Monsieur de Loyeauté, that he is appointed Inspector General of the Artillery and fortifications of this State. He is an able young officer, and very capable of doing Virginia great service and himself much honor. To answer these purposes effectually, something that we have not is necessary. Various kinds of military stores are in-

dispensable. A good Founder is wanted and an expert Armorer. To obtain these, Monsieur Loyeauté and myself did here contrive the following plan which is sent to the Governor and council for their adoption if they approve it. A proper fund to pay for what these things will cost is to be lodged in France. Mons. Le Maire, an intelligent French officer, is to be sent immediately to France with letters from the Governor and myself to you, and from Gen. Loyeauté to his father, who is a Lieutenant General in the French army and an Inspector General of the Artillery. The design of this is, to be able to obtain leave to purchase from the Royal Arsenal such stores as we want, and such as are really good in their kind. Having obtained these, Monsieur Le Maire is with secrecy and celerity to transport them hither in an armed cutter. That he may be able to land on our Eastern Shore, or in North Carolina, he is to take a good Coast Pilot out with him. You will, I am sure, give this plan all the success in your Power, if it should be adopted, because I assure you it is quite necessary for our proper defence. Mons. Loyeauté recommends Mons. Le Maire strongly to me, and I can rely on the Judgment and Integrity of the former. So I hesitate not, to recommend Mons. Le Maire and his business strongly to you. The sooner he returns the better, since we cannot tell how soon, the war may be transferred to this Commonwealth. It may be very well to get acquainted with Mons. Loyeauté's Father in France, because coöperation may benefit us. Since I left Congress they have received abundant reason to suppose, that Gen. Burgoyne does not intend to observe the Convention at Saratoga, in consequence of which Congress has ordered that General Burgoyne and all his army shall be detained Prisoners of war, until the Court of London shall ratify the Convention of Saratoga. Our Enemies no doubt will endeavor to persuade the world that this is an act of perfidy, but the propriety of the measure, will be evident to all who are acquainted with the reasons that our enemies themselves have furnished. We received at this place but imperfect intel-

ligence, being removed from the Post-Road and out of the way of much company. But the last time I heard from the Army, Gen. Washington was placed about 17 miles from Philadelphia, in which the Enemy were, and where they suffered a good deal, for most kinds of provision and forage, the American army being so placed as to prevent them from getting supplies of this kind. We are preparing for an early and vigorous campaign. I hope this year the Court of London will have other force to contend with besides North America. My love to the Alderman, his lady, and my boys.

Farewell.

Let me hear often from you.

—
York, Pennsylvania, 12th May, 1778.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

Your favors of Oct. 24, Dec'r 6, 8 and 19th, by Capt. Young, and Mr. Denne, came safe to hand and deserve my thanks on many accounts, but on none more than for the care you have taken, and propose to take of my dear son Ludwell. Under your kind protecting hand I hope he will be reared to much use both public and private. I approve altogether of your designs respecting him. * * *

It is with infinite pain that I inform you, our dear brother, of Bellevue,* departed this life on the 13th of April last, after sustaining a severe Rheumatic fever for 6 weeks. Dr. Steptoe attended him the whole time, and I was also with him. Both public and private considerations render this loss most lamentable. He had been just appointed one of our five Judges of the General Court, in which station he was well qualified to do his Country eminent service. He has left behind him a numerous little family (7 children) and a very disconsolate widow.

It is not necessary now to say much about 115 b xxxviii.—His 305 b xxx—which I now rejoice at, will prevent all future 233 b vii.—from him, at least in 150 a xxxiv—and himself, as well as all

others, shall be well attended to here. Our friend, Mr. Adams, who 361 b xiii—115 b xxxviii—is a wise and worthy Whig, who will not 168 a xxxi—75, b vi—for any private or sinister purpose. I advise you to 112 a xxiii his 170 a xix.

Congress has now resolved the same for the support of their Commissioners at Madrid, Vienna, Berlin and Tuscany as for those at Paris, and they are authorized to draw bills of exchange on the Commissioner or Commissioners that may be at Paris, for the money they want to defray their expenses. This makes each 205 b xxii—and will for a time at least render it unnecessary to send particular remittances to those places in the way of Commodities. You may be assured that Congress are ready and willing to send powerful remittances to Europe in the way of Commodities, but the attempt now, would be only supplying the Enemy, whose cruizers are so numerous on our coast, and in our bays that almost every vessel is taken. When a war with France or Spain shall take place, the numerous ships of England will find some other employment, than bending their whole force against us. Then it will be in our power to make the remittance we wish to make. Congress has not yet taken up the consideration of appointing another Commissioner; when they do I think there can be no objection to the Gentleman you recommend, or that he should be appointed to Spain. Gen. Burgoyne has leave to return to England upon parole. But his army is detained until the Court of London shall notify to Congress their Ratification of the Convention of Saratoga. The detention of this Army was founded, partly on the reasons you assign, and for other powerful ones which Burgoyne himself furnished us with. In the enclosure which our public letter contains, you will see the reasons more at large. I am very happy to be able to observe to you, that the unalterable attachment of Congress to Independence is clearly evidenced by their Resolutions upon Lord North's insidious bills of Pa-

* Thos. Ludwell Lee.

cification, some days before they had any notice of the Treaty with France. I think you may make a good use of this with those who may doubt our firmness. We have now no danger but what may arise from our 172 a xxi.

Necessity has made our 268 a xxxviii—143 b xxiv—very large and may render it indispensable that a solid support should be derived from 348 a xxxviii.—Therefore 229 b xxxvii from 150 a xxxiv—are necessary, and the desires of Congress on this head demand great attention. New Orleans is so removed from us, and so situated as to make the difficulty of getting any thing from thence very great, that the Havannah would answer much better. The English ships have taken and destroyed so many French and some Spanish vessels the last winter and Spring upon our coast, that it appears to me upon every principle of policy, unwise for these powers to keep their marine force unemployed, whilst the whole active naval force of England is warring upon their commerce,—that part of it at least which approaches our shores. I should be glad to know the particulars of Mons. Ellis's* theft of your papers. If you can contrive me any valuable new publications in England, I shall be glad to have them, [and I pray you will not forget an annual supply of Jesuit's bark, for we have very little here. I have yet received only 8 pounds of what you formerly mentioned, but I thank you greatly for this.] God bless and preserve you.

P. S.—The British Army have been closely confined in Philadelphia this winter. It is yet there; our army is daily growing stronger, both in numbers and discipline, and we expect soon to begin offensive operations against them. My Bro. Frank and myself are both of us eligible to Congress for three years to come; our Bro. appears inclinable to quit the service, but it shall depend upon my country whether I do so or not, until I see a proper peace upon proper principles.

York, in Pennsylvania, 19th May, 1778.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

Your several favors by the vessel from Spain, with duplicates of the treaties with France are arrived and shall have my most particular attention. In Virginia we have determined to retain in our practical Jurisprudence, the common Law of England, excepting such parts as relate to Royalty and Prerogative; also some of the statutes that are of a nature the most general. These, with our own Acts of Assembly, constitute our code of Laws. You see therefore that Ludwell may be fully employed with you in reading the Common Law, and the Statutes, leaving the municipal law of Virginia until he comes home. But I wish him much to have the ground-work of the law of nature and nations, with the civil law and Eloquence. I have not got the Virginia Acts of Assembly here, and it would be difficult to send them if I had.

York, Pa., 27th May, 1778.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

Having written you fully and very lately it is not necessary, nor have I time now, to be long. All your letters covering Missives, Certificates, &c., have safely arrived and will be maturely attended to. I hope the safe arrival of Mr. Adams and the recall of Deane will benefit extremely the public business. The latter is in every respect the reverse of Mr. Adams, and so you may form your judgment of the former. I have found ample cause to love and esteem Mr. Adams in our joint labors for the public good.

My eyes are so extremely injured by their constant application, that without the aid and support of spectacles, I fear I shall soon lose the use of them. I pray you then to procure me a pair of the best Temple spectacles that can be had. In fitting these, perhaps it may be proper to remember that my age is 46, that my eyes are light-colored, and have been quick and strong, but now weakened by

* The English ambassador at Berlin.

constant use. My head thin between the temples.

The British army yet remains at Philadelphia, and ours at Valley Forge, about 18 miles from the City. The latter growing daily stronger in numbers and discipline. The former lessening in numbers by various casualties, but chiefly by desertion. We have the best authority for believing they are about embarking soon from Philadelphia, so that my next letter may be from that city. If the spectacles are sent to my son at Nantes, he can contrive them to your ever affectionate Bro. and faithful friend.

—

Philadelphia, Sept. 6th, 1778.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

Having written you very lately from hence, it would have been unnecessary to write so soon again, if some military events had not taken place, that you may be desirous to know. The Count D'Estaing has no doubt informed his court of his manoeuvres with the British Fleet commanded by Lord Howe. We have no accurate knowledge of this affair, but what we do know is as follows:—that the Court in conjunction with Gen. Sullivan, who commanded the Continental Army, was besieging about 6000 English and foreign troops that had retired within lines around the town of New Port in Rhode Island, when Lord Howe appeared in the offing. This suspended operations on the Island, as the Count immediately reshipped his troops and went out to fight the British fleet, which, though consisting of many vessels were inferior in number of guns and weight of metal to the Count's Fleet. The British fled and were pursued the first day; on the next day a furious storm arose, which saved Lord Howe's fleet, by dispersing both fleets. The Count lost all his masts before he fired a gun, and a ship of 74 lost her foremast and bowsprit. A partial fighting between single ships took place, but nothing of consequence happened in this way. The Count returned to Rhode Island, missing the Cæsar of 74

guns, and he carried in prizes the Senegal Sloop of war and a Bomb-Ketch. We hear the Cæsar has since arrived at Boston. The French Admiral determined to go to Boston (and refit his squadron) which he did immediately. By this time General Sullivan had approached within musket shot of the Enemy's lines. The departure of the fleet, exposing our army to the arrival of succors from New York quickly through the Sound, and ships also to cut off our Retreat, determined a council of war to raise the siege of Newport and return to the Main. The Enemy upon our retreat came out and a battle ensued, the consequence of which was victory on our side, as you will see by the enclosed Gazette. The army was not off the Island when the last express came away, but no doubt they would as soon as possible return to the Continent. We hear that succors were on their way from New York, through the Sound for Rhode Island. General Clinton's Army is still shut up in New York by the American Army, which lies just above King's Bridge and White Plains. Congress has not yet taken up the consideration of foreign affairs, but they soon will,—I expect in a few days, when I will write you more fully. We are very anxious here to know that Spain has acceded to our alliance, and it would be very pleasing that Holland had determined to open trade with us. We impatiently expect to hear from Europe.

I refer you to my last letter in which I request, with regard to Ludwell, that you may either keep him with you or send him to me as your judgment and most perfect convenience shall direct. Remembering that I have a large family and that I wish to do them equal justice: That I am very willing to assist Ludwell's genius and application as far as I am able and render him useful to himself and beneficial to his country. Send our Bro. William this intelligence with my love.

Farewell.

My love to my dear Ludwell.

We do not know whether the British fleet has ever returned to New York in

the whole,—reports are various,—some say they have all returned,—others that they have met with great loss.

—
Philadelphia, 16th Sept'r, 1778.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

This will be delivered you by the Baron Arand, who has served some time in our Army, and who now returns to France, with leave, on account of his health. * * *

I wish my Brother may succeed in either of his missions. I fear he will in neither, until these Courts have taken decided parts with regard to their contemplated War. The arrival of Byron's Squadron has given the Enemy superiority at Sea over our friends, but we hope it will not long continue so. The Count is at present refitting safely in Boston, from his damage in the Storm, when he will soon be ready. The English fleet has been off that Harbor but are now off Rhode Island. The movements in New-York denote an intention soon to abandon that place. I suppose to strengthen Canada, Halifax, or the West Indies. Our accounts are now very good that the enemy lost between 12 and 1500, killed and wounded, in the late battle, where they were defeated in Rhode Island.

I pray you my dear brother not to keep Ludwell a moment longer than is convenient for you. A well grounded knowledge of Eloquence, Civil and Natural Law, will fit him for pursuing in Virginia, the study of the Law of England and his own country. Besides, the justice I owe my other children will not allow very great partiality or expense on any one or two. Yet I would not withhold what may be necessary for good foundations. But my income is chiefly paper money, and that you know will not reimburse you in Europe, or serve my sons there. Can you contrive the contents of this letter to William. I know not whether to address him at Vienna or Berlin. The Bark you kindly sent me has been of great service to me, but I shall want more next year, therefore pray send me some if possible, directly to Virginia. I shall

be glad of any valuable new publications, whether in France or England. Not being forewarned at the time, and it being so long since Simeon Demie's arrival that I cannot recollect all the letters you sent me a list of. I did receive several by him, but I do not remember those for Owen or Pringle. I believe the rest came.

I sincerely wish you health, happiness and success. Adieu.

My best love to my boys, Brother and sister. Remember me affectionately to Mr. Adams.

—
Chantilly, August 31st, 1780.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

After more than four months from its date, your letter from Orient, of April the 3d, reached me at this place. I very much approve the plan you propose to pursue on your arrival at Philadelphia; to obtain from the present Congress a full justification of yourself is highly proper, and is most justly due to you upon the strong principles of your public services and the injuries you have Received from "Public Acts" which in consideration of the former, ought to have conveyed honour and favour, not countenance to the false, wicked and vile insinuations and arts of your abandoned enemies. When this full and unequivocal justification is obtained, some repose may be necessary, as it is certainly due to your long and active services. But in a cause like ours your patriotism will suggest, that whilst any thing remains to do, nothing is done. At all events I hope we shall have the happiness of seeing you here, when you have done with Congress. But previous to your coming might it not be well to consider upon, and fix with your friends your future residence, as the best for practising the law? This profession, you may depend upon it, entered on and practised with reputation, will presently secure to you the influence you deserve, and enable you to command what you please in the State where you live. Philadelphia and Boston seem to me to be the only

Theatres for great Actors to play upon. Our most worthy and wise friend Samuel Adams, Esquire, can advise you respecting the latter, and intelligence of the former may be well obtained from Chief Justice McKean, the Attorney General, Mr. Sergeant and President Read. The first of these gentlemen is your friend, and he is one of those few whom I have known in Congress from its commencement in 1774, and whom I have found uniformly sensible, firm, and attached to the cause of America, upon the best principles. I recommend that gentleman to your particular attention. Mr. Sergeant is popular, of republican principles, and very industrious in pursuit of his objects; his information and services may be useful. * * *

You know President Read and his family;—he is in general esteem, and from his knowledge of men and things in Pennsylvania, I should suppose he can give you the best advice concerning the practice of law in Philadelphia. Surely where such a flutterer upon the surface as Gouverneur Morris can live at all, you may greatly profit by the pursuit of Law. With respect to the obtaining of your full justification from Congress, although it is justly your due, and so necessary to be obtained, yet you knew that men are such things as renders it wise to take measures even for coming at justice. You are too well acquainted with human nature not fully to feel the wisdom of Polonius' advice to his son, "give every man your ear, but few your voice." I would not seem to know who were my enemies in Congress—but you will know your friends;—the latter will have your voice, whilst the former have only your ear. Mr. Samuel Adams "may be grappled to your soul with hooks of steel;" his friendship for you, his knowledge of men, and his wise penetration can and will wonderfully assist you with regard to men and measures. Most of the Eastern Delegates were your friends. Mr. Vandyke from Delaware is very sensible, honest, and much your friend. Governor Bee, of South Carolina, is a gentleman of worth and sensible of the injustice you have received. But your friend Mr. Izzard

can inform you exactly concerning the South Carolina gentlemen.

I must confess that I was surprised, you had so far put your return to America in the power of Dr. Franklin as to commit yourself to the Alliance. The conscious guilt of that old man and the wicked enmity he has practised and encouraged against you, must conspire to make him fear your arrival here, and instigate the fullest exertions of his art and malicious cunning, supported by his present power, to procure your detention in Europe. A thousand plausible pretexts would not be wanting to effect that purpose. It will give me infinite pleasure to learn that you are removed from [beyond] the sphere of that wicked old man's power and influence,—and therefore I hope you will give me the earliest notice of your arrival at Philadelphia.

If Ludwell is not useful to you there, I think he may benefit himself by repairing to Williamsburg, and finishing his Law studies under Mr. Wythe, who is now most worthily employed in the character of Law Professor of William and Mary College, which Professorship he discharges the duty of, with wonderful ability both as to theory and practice. The sooner therefore that Ludwell gets under his tuition, the better, meaning always that he must remain with you, so long as he is useful to you. The times are amazingly expensive, more so by far than my means to hold pace with the general extravagance. Dr. Shippen can inform you whether Ludwell cannot conveniently get a passage for himself and baggage down the Delaware by water to Christen in the passage-boat, and so hire a conveyance over from thence to the head of Elk. From thence he may readily get a passage to Annapolis by the way of Baltimore. At the latter of these places my friend Mr. Purviance (either of the Brothers) will advise and assist his further progress. Governor Lee of Maryland is his relation. If he passes through Annapolis, let him wait on the Governor and Col. Lloyd, if in town. When he is at the head of Elk, or Baltimore, if he can get certain intelligence, that the Bay is clear of the Enemies' Privateers, and

that our vessels of war are in the bay, he may then come by water from those places with his baggage either to Potowmack or Rappahannock. But on no account let him venture this water passage, unless he is informed certainly of both the above circumstances; because the small-armed boats of the enemy are incessantly pushing in and out of the Bay, and they take many of the small vessels going down and use the people ill: This risk must not be encountered by Ludwell. If he comes by land from Philadelphia, let him call on my friends Jacob Giles of Susquehanna, Mr. Purviance at Baltimore, Mr. Digges or Mr. West near Upper Marlborough, and Squire Lee at Cedar Point. I am my dear Bro's most affectionate faithful friend.

—

Chantilly, July 6th, 1783.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

When the first Continental ships of war were fitted out at Philadelphia under the command of Commodore Hopkins in the last of 1775 and the first of 1776, the first object was to surprise and take Lord Dunmore with his associates then at Norfolk. To effect this purpose, the then marine Committee desired me to write to Colo. Harrison, then a member of Congress sent to Baltimore for the purpose of executing some business relative to this naval exhibition (?) to desire that he would procure and send to Philadelphia from Virginia two Pilots well acquainted with the navigation of the Chesapeake and men who could be relied upon for their attachment to our cause. Col. Harrison (the now Governor) made application to Virginia accordingly, in consequence of which, two of our best Bay Pilots came up to Philadelphia soon after Xmas 1775. Edward Cooper and Wm. Ballard were the men. After waiting some time in Philadelphia for our fleet to get in readiness, the arrival of the Liverpool and the Roebuck in the Chesapeake put an end to that expedition, and the Pilots were discharged, as they now say, without any pay. And they do at

this time demand pay from the present Governor. We wish you to have enquiry made concerning this matter, and to get the men paid, if they have not already been so. Mr. Matlack was at that time Clerk of the Marine Committee, and can inform you where the books of that Committee are, which will shew the circumstance of these men being sent for and whether they were paid upon being discharged. It is not improbable that Mr. Timothy Matlack gave all these papers to his successor, Clerk of the Marine Committee. He was a Mr. Brown in my time, and being a man of business he can readily search into this matter and see what was done. The Pilots waited some time in Philadelphia and as they say suffered in other respects by this journey. At all events if they had not been paid they ought to be reasonably compensated. I am not yet recovered from my Richmond indisposition, but I am better and hope that a proper attention to medicine and regimen will restore me quite.

I am your affectionate Bro. and friend.

—

New York, July 14th, 1778.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

I arrived at this place a week ago, almost destroyed with heat and fatigue. Here I found Grayson in the chair of Congress as *Locum Tenens* for the President who is absent. After some difficulty we passed an ordinance for establishing a temporary government beyond the Ohio, as preparatory to the sale of that country. And now we are considering an offer made to purchase 5 or 6 millions of acres with public securities. I hope we shall agree with the offer, but really the difficulty is so great to get any thing done that it is not easy for the plainest propositions to succeed. We owe much money, the pressure of taxes is very great, and much complained of,—we have now something to sell that will pay the debt and discharge the greatest part of the Taxes and although this something is in a fair way of being soon wrested from us by the sons of violence, yet we have

a thousand little difficulties that prevent us from selling.

I found the Convention at Philadelphia very busy and very secret; it would seem however, from a variety of circumstances that we shall hear of a Government not unlike the British Constitution. That is, an Executive with two Branches composing a federal Legislature and possessing adequate tone. This departure from simple democracy seems indispensably necessary, if any government at all is to exist in North America. Indeed the minds of men have been so hurt by the injustice, folly and wickedness of the State legislatures and State Executives, that people in general seem ready for any thing. I hope however, that this tendency to extremes will be so controlled as to secure fully and completely the democratic influence acting within just bounds. The Land speculators continue to urge the open Mississippi immediately, against every principle of policy, common good and common sense—upon this I shall write you more fully hereafter. The bills of R. Morris have been refused in France, to a very considerable amount, it is said. Time must discover how this will work, and what it will produce. The discoveries of fraud amongst the great officers of State in France proves that private embezzlement of public money is not confined to America. There seems to be much convulsion in France on this occasion at present.

My love, if you please, to Mrs. Lee, and when you have an opportunity let me know that you are all well.

Farewell.

P. S.—I do really consider it a thing of consequence to the public interest that Col. H. Lee of Stratford should be in our next Assembly, and therefore I wish you would exert yourself with the old Squire to get his resignation, or disqualification rather, so that his nephew may get early into the house of Delegates. I know that it is like persuading a man to sign his own death warrant, but upon my word the state of public affairs renders this sacrifice of place and vanity, necessary.

New York, May 19th, 1790.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

Since my arrival here I have written to you twice and have received as many letters from you. I think you mention to have written one letter that I have not received, viz. in answer to mine of the 18th. Your letters to Mr. Dorchmer and Mr. Hammond have been delivered, and I wish they may have the proposed effect. But your commissions of gallantry have not yet been executed and perhaps never may, at least in the precise way that you mention. Having been brought nearly to my grave by a severe illness, I feel very little disposed to Gallantry.

I do most perfectly agree with you that men (not Government) are wanted. I have long thought so, but now I know it. This goes by a young gentleman, and you know how careless now-a-days, such are. So that for politics I must refer you to the enclosed papers. I hope to hear from you frequently, and I will endeavor to be equally communicative. Your affectionate Bro.

N. B.—If you had not learnt every body as well as you have, I would say, are you not astonished to be informed that the marked Resolutions in the Daily Advertiser of the 18th instant should be so opposed as probably to frustrate them, although it is certain a parcel of scoundrel speculators, went directly after the appropriation of last September and cheated the soldiers out of 2700 dollars for less than a penny in the pound. And though the money is yet in the Public Treasury and their resolves only calculated to prevent the fraud from being carried into effect.

New York, June 10th, 1790.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

By the time this letter reaches Alexandria, I hope you will have returned there with the satisfaction of having left our friends in Westmoreland, all in a fair way of recovery. I am very thankful for your letter from Stratford, which is

much more circumstantial and satisfactory than I am used to receive from Virginia. But I do and shall continue to feel much uneasiness for my daughter Nancy, whose situation from your state of it, is by no means a favorable one for her. The measles taking her with a fever and sore Breast already upon her, may endanger her greatly. Relieve me from my anxiety on her account as soon as you can.

The letter you mention to have written, declaring yourself and desiring that I would write to Pickett and others, I have not received. I got one from you, desiring me to inform our Cousin R. B. Lee, that he had declared you prematurely (which he denies having done) but in that you seem not fixed about standing yourself. However, I will write to Col. Pickett shortly. Since my illness a feebleness is left behind, that renders writing hurtful to me.

The President has certainly been dangerously ill, but he is fortunately recovered, so well as to attend to business; and has been for 3 or 4 days past at the Hook for benefit of Sea air or amusement. This place however, seems not favorable to his health, any more than it is to most of the Southern members of Congress. Yet we have been defeated, after a strong attempt to remove from hence Sixteen Majority for it in the House of Representatives. In the Senate 11 for and 13 against it. The Assumption has been frequently rejected in the other House, yet it is to be again pushed. The funding Bill is with us, which proposes to fund the old Continental money at 75 for 1. 'Tis probable that we shall make it an hundred for one. And instead of land and the various alternatives for paying the debt of the U. S. it seems probable that all will be refused, but the simple plan of paying with money the interest at 4 pr. C. and part of the principal, leaving the land to be sold by the Land office and the money applied to the debt. You will see that our old friend S. Adams still retains his attachment to the State Governments by his speech in one of the enclosed papers. Have this republished in the Alexandria paper and get Ludwell to send it to Davis in Richmond to publish

it in his paper. We have no news here. The Packet brought none, but the probability of the war continuing in the North of Europe.

Your affectionate Brother.

My love to all my friends with you. Please look to Cassius now and then, and urge his attention.

—
New York, August 5, 1790.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

The enclosed letter sealed with black was this day given to me at the Levy by a gentleman just arrived from England, who said Lord Lansdowne desired him to deliver it to you. The other letter was given me by I know not whom at present. You desire information how our Representatives voted last year on the question of Instructions. I have enquired but cannot learn; do you not think however that in Canvasses like yours it will be well to apply the Law maxim, "That claim should be founded on the strength of your own title, not on the weakness of your Adversary's." It seems to me that this will be the most successful method and certainly the least exceptionable. You will receive enclosed the Secretary's estimates of the sufficiency of the funds for paying the interest of the foreign and domestic debt, if the *ways and means bill*, now under consideration passes, which will probably be the case—provision for paying the interest of the 21,500,000 assumed for State debts, will not be made until the next session—the present being to end the last of this or the middle of next week.

I have not received any answer from you yet to my last stating the present price of Finals, and of their Interest, and desiring to know your ultimatum on the subject of selling or funding yours. A Broker told me yesterday that Finals now sold, principal for 1½ and the interest for 7-6 or 8d., I forget which. But then they allowed nothing for Interest, since the old Congress ceased to make provision for paying Interest. A bad reason.—

since the present Congress provides for all the Interest, but at 3 pr. C. only.

My love to all. Your affectionate Brother.

I have shipped your Demijohn of French Brandy to Mr. Brent at Norfolk, desiring him to send it to Alexandria to you. I hope to see you in a fortnight.

N. B.—No Spanish war the 8th Inst., but likely to be.

BEHIND THE CLOUD.

BY AMIN.

" Sous la Neige il y a de la verdure, et derrière le plus épais nuage le ciel est bleu."

The white snows fall,
Imprisoning Earth in their icy thrall;
She lieth in wintry guise
So pallid and cold and dead,
The hoarse winds mutter as if in dread—
Yet the germ of a beautiful Summer lies
Beneath the frosty pall.
When sunny Spring,
Warbling a sweet apocalypse,
Lifts with her dainty finger-tips
The mantle's snowy edges,
She finds the green buds quickening,
Through forests, vales and hedges.
The listening, trusting heart,
Can hear the stirring grasses grow
Ere the wintry hours depart—
Can hear the violets bud and blow,
Beneath the snow.
The black clouds rise,
O'ershadowing all the smiling skies—
The raptured soul no more,
To its holiest instincts true,
Can pierce the ethereal arches through;
Heaven seems afar, with its sapphire floor
Concealed from yearning eyes.
Then one by one,
Sudden through many a widening rift,
Like showering jewels the sunbeams drift,
Decking clouds with silver fringes—
And the hours swing swiftly from shade to sun,
Turning on golden hinges.
Through every dreary storm,
The beams celestial break anew,
Mellow and rich and warm—
For behind each cloud of sombre hue,
The skies are blue.
O restless soul,
O'erwearied with pain's unequal dole,

And joy's inconstancy;
 Whose fettered will must wait
 The stern decrees of adverse Fate,—
 Listen—perchance some bliss draws nigh,
 Disguised in sorrow's stole.
 Time spurns delay—
 The hour which chants a funeral tune
 Is brief as the sweetest of warbling June!
 Like clouds of old, on Sinai,
 The very darkness of its way,
 May prove life's path diviner!
 Then weary, noble heart,
 O'er whose withered joys the snow-flakes fall,
 Wait till the spring-buds start—
 Heaven lies behind the cloudy wall,
 God circles all!

GREENWAY COURT; OR, THE BLOODY GROUND.—(CONCLUDED.)

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LXIV.

CALIBAN AND ARIEL.

The young lady stirred in her sleep, and a tremour ran through her frame. The vicinity of the crouching and hideous figure seemed to exert a magnetic influence upon her.

The Half-Breed remained for some time silent and motionless at her side—gazing with a species of ferocious and yet servile admiration upon the beautiful countenance, around which fell the profuse ebon curls—afraid apparently to awaken the sleeper. Finally he grew bolder; he crawled like a stealthy panther toward the pillow of the girl, and took, in his huge knotty fingers, one of the dark curls and gazed at it with the air of a child who holds a toy which fills it with delight.

The movement awoke the sleeper, and for an instant she gazed with an unconscious dreamy air into the revolting mask, rather than human countenance, upon which the red gleam of the fire-light fell, lighting up every repulsive

detail—the snake-like eyes, the grinning mouth, the hooked nose, and narrow forehead, like a dog's or an ape's. Another tremour ran through Miss Argal's form, and she quickly rose, leaning upon one hand, and looking silently at the Half-Breed. In this gaze, however, there was no trace of fear. Despite the wild and frightful scene, the horrible appearance of the intruder, and the half-darkness of the cavern, she did not tremble or exhibit any sign of terror. On the contrary, she recovered almost instantly the air of mistress, which we have referred to, and said in a tone of anger:

"Why did you come and wake me?"

The savage cowered, and retreating two paces, said humbly, but cunningly:

"I came to see if the White Raven," such was the name he had given her, "was well wrapped up and warm. The cave is cold and damp—and she is weary with the journey."

"Well," said Miss Argal calmly, "you see that I am provided for—and now leave me."

The Half-Breed made an unconscious motion to obey, following his instinct—

but some other impulse counteracted the first.

"Let us talk a little, first," he said, grinning with a polite air. "Let the White Raven talk to the Yellow Serpent."

"I am weary."

"Nevertheless you must talk," returned the Half-Breed obdurately, "you are my captive, and I am not sleepy."

Miss Argal saw from the tone of these words that she had lost a portion of her former power over him, and her marvelous tact made her instantly change her manner and expression.

"Well," she said, "if you treat me as your captive, I must submit, and obey you. Of what shall we talk, Yellow Serpent?"

The old fascinating glance which had charmed Falconbridge came back; and the dangerous smile of the dazzling beauty played upon the ugly dwarf, as it had played upon the young cavalier. The Half-Breed thrilled with a vague delight as she looked thus at him, and said:

"We will talk of the future, when you will be the Yellow Serpent's wife."

"Your wife!"

"Yes," was the resolute—almost savage reply, "you shall be my wife! I have sworn it, and it shall be so. I am unmarried, I am a great brave, and you shall be my wife, or I will keep you from being any other warrior's wife—you must die, or be mine!"

The ferocious eyes glanced as he spoke, and the lips curled fiercely. Instead of becoming angry, Miss Argal smiled more sweetly than before. The will of the strange animal pleased her, whilst it put her upon her guard and aroused all her *finesse* to meet the occasion. She assumed the pouting air of a child, and with a glance which was filled with wary blandishment, said:

"Why do you wish to have me for your wife, Yellow Serpent? You say that you are a great brave, and I believe it—if so, why have you not selected some maiden of your tribe?"

The hideous face was darkened: the eyes scowled bitterly:

"Because the maidens despise me,

and get sick when I go near them," he growled, "they are frightened by my ugliness! You only are not frightened, and I have sworn by the Evil Spirit that you shall be mine, White Raven—mine only! You need not try to escape me! I will kill myself rather, but I will kill you first. I will be your slave if necessary—but rather than see you leave me, or spurn me, I will plunge my knife into your heart, and we will die together!"

He was ferocious, imperial, as he thus spoke. There was almost something attractive in the fierce animal's air. He resembled an aroused tiger. It was the beauty of strength and bloody determination.

And instead of frightening Miss Argal, it drew her. Her feminine nature, in spite of the disgusting figure of the speaker, recognized his power and passion and will. She looked at him almost with pleasure, and said smiling:

"Well, but suppose you were my husband, how could I live away from home, in your land?"

"You need not," returned the savage, returning to his submissive air, "I will follow you back and become a white. Still there is much to make you go with me. I am no common Indian. I am a great chief, and my squaw will be a great woman in the tribe. She shall live daintily, every one shall wait on her. I will be king in the band, but she will be the king's king—his beautiful queen. The tenderest game shall be brought to the table of the White Raven—the finest plunder shall be her own—the maidens shall dance before her, and she shall wear the handsomest clothes to be got in the settlement."

"That is well, I like that, but I can't go."

"Why? You must!"

"I cannot."

"You shall!"

Miss Argal became submissive and tranquil. She put her hands to her eyes and murmured:

"Why do you speak to me so cruelly?"

Some sobs succeeded, and she looked through her tears at the Half-Breed, with such a lovely air of uncomplaining sorrow, that he felt all his anger leave him. He cowered before her, and said:

"The Yellow Serpent did not mean to make the White Raven cry. He is her slave."

The young lady dried her tears, and shaking her head, replied:

"You act like a master, and I no longer have any regard for you. When you were kind to me, I liked you; but now I hate you."

And she turned away her head with an air of offended dignity. The Half-Breed was conquered by his captive. As she yielded to his will, so now he submitted like a slave to her displeasure. The resolute expression disappeared—his eyes sank before her, and he said humbly:

"The Yellow Serpent did not mean to speak roughly. He is no savage—he is almost a white, and knows how tender-hearted the white maidens are. Let the White Raven become the wife of the Serpent, and he will be her servant for life. He is a Half-Breed, he cares nothing for the Catawbas. He will go and live like an Englishman in a house, and hunt game, and till the ground, and wait on the White Raven. He is her friend."

"You do not prove it," said Miss Argal, coldly.

"How must I?"

"Rescue me and my companions."

"Why? When?"

"Now, to-night—to prove your friendship."

The savage hesitated and reflected. He evidently doubted.

"If I do so," he said at length, "will you go away with me?"

It was Miss Argal's turn to hesitate—it was only for an instant however. With her former fascinating smile she said:

"I will go away with you."

"And be my wife?"

"Yes,"

The hideous mask flushed with joy,

and a broad grin revealed the long hog-like teeth. The young lady almost recoiled before the horrible countenance—she grew faint as she saw the Half-Breed gaze upon her as a hawk does upon a dove which he has nearly caught in his clutches. He seized her hand, and would have pressed it to his ugly mouth, but she suddenly drew it away, and said with a quick return to her air of offended dignity,

"Let my hand go, and now let us talk of the means of escape. How will you devise it?"

The Half-Breed drew back humbly, and said:

"I must think of that. But it will be impossible to take the others."

And he pointed to Mrs. Butterson and Cannie. Miss Argal assumed a manner of resolute determination, and replied:

"Then I will not go with you."

"Not go!"

"No—unless you rescue them, too!"

"Why, what do you care for them?"

"They are my friends—I love the little one dearly."

And bending over the young girl, smoothed with a soft hand Cannie's disordered tresses. Her smile, as she thus caressed the little head, was one of exquisite sweetness, and showed how much warmth of heart was concealed beneath the warped and strangely disturbed nature of the poor girl. Her savage companion was not unaffected by the manner of the young lady. He was evidently pleased, and said at length:

"I will try. But you at least shall be rescued. I am tired of my life in the band, and have been thinking that you are right in wanting to return to the white settlements. Yes, I will give up the war-path! I will go back with you—White Raven, you shall make me a pale-face, like my father."

The snake-like eyes grew thoughtful, and even soft, as the man spoke, and he plainly returned in memory to some scene of the past. Miss Argal caught the changed manner, with her quick and acute instinct, and said:

"Was your father a white?"

"Yes," returned the Half-Breed, "he

was a hunter, who married an Indian girl, of the Catawbas. My mother died when I was a baby, and my father soon afterwards. The tribe took me, and one day my old granny, who nursed me, showed me where my father and mother were buried in the woods by Belle Rivière—which the English call the Ohio. I never cried but once—I cried that day. Yes, I did cry afterwards when granny was killed by a white—I split his head with my tomahawk though! I wanted him to come to, afterwards, to stick burning splinters in his body, and roast him till he yelled and died in the flames!”

The scowl had come back,—the old bloody instinct was revived:—but it disappeared again, very soon before the smiles of his companion. She had evidently marshalled all of her attractions for the task of subduing to her will, and making a slave of, the singular being in whose power she found herself. No one could have discovered in her air or expression the least indication of disgust or repulsion, as she looked at and spoke to him. Her smile was as dazzling, her eyes dwelt upon his countenance with as pleased and gratified a look, as if it was the face of a gallant young gentleman, and not a sallow, deformed ape. In half an hour her dominion over him was perfect. He was gazing at her with a species of submissive ecstasy; the soft hand, figuratively speaking, had smoothed with its caresses the bristling head of the animal, and with delighted growls, he crouched and cowered at the feet of his mistress and keeper.

The details of the project of escape were quickly arranged. At daylight the Half-Breed would return to the cavern where she slept—pass through the fissure in the roof of the highest cave to the area above, with the three women—he would leave Mrs. Butterton and Cannie at a place of safety, near a neighbouring fort,—and then he and Miss Argal would proceed to a spot in the Alleghanies, where a New Light missionary lived, and be married. Afterwards they would seek the northern settlements.

This was the Half-Breed’s plan. It is unnecessary to say that it was not Miss

Argal’s. Her design was to escape without the assistance of the Half-Breed;—her colloquy on the subject had a very simple object. That object was the discovery of the means which her captor would make use of to effect the escape. She had attained a knowledge of all now:—the fissure in the upper cave would permit them to pass:—and long before day-break, they would all be far away.

As this thought passed through her mind, Miss Argal bestowed upon the Half-Breed, her most winning and confiding smile. She graciously gave him her hand to kiss—submitted to the ceremony without moving a muscle—and then, declaring that she needed rest, smiled him out of the cavern.

The animal went away, shuddering with ill-concealed delight, and gazing on the young woman until an abutment of the rock hid her from his view.

With a sneering smile, Miss Argal then turned, and hastily, but with a wary hand, awoke her companions.

LXV.

LIGHT SHINING IN THE DARKNESS.

The three women consulted for some time in animated whispers, and their plan was rapidly formed.

They would remain quiet until the Indians went to sleep; and then when the cavern was all silent, and occupied only by slumbering forms, would steal up the staircase into the cave above, ascend to the next, then to the next—and finally make their exit through the fissure in the roof of the last. Thereafter, escape would not be difficult. As soon as daylight came they would be able to make their way back by the path which they had followed in coming—the broken twigs would direct them.

“And then, Cannie,” said Miss Argal, placing her arm around the girl, drawing the little head down to her bosom, and kissing the white brow; “then Cannie, dear, you will get back to your grandfather, and we will all be happy again.”

"Oh, yes! I long to see grandpapa!" returned the girl, clasping her hands, "he is miserable about me, I know, and would be following me, if he had not been wounded—Oh! so cruelly wounded!"

A sob accompanied the words.

"There, don't cry," said the young lady, smoothing the girl's curls, "hope for the best—and one thing which I rely upon more than all, is just what you have spoken of—a party must be coming to rescue us. I know they are coming."

"Yes," said Mrs. Butterton, "Captain Wagner will not stay long—but oh! my poor, poor father!"

And a sob, deeper than Cannie's, came from the warm-hearted woman's lips.

"Captain Wagner will surely come," said Miss Argal, a shadow of anguish passing over her countenance, "and—Mr. Falconbridge!"

She paused a moment, overcome apparently by some cruel memory: then controlling her emotion, added:

"We must go, however, and meet them. That is a part of my plan. The Indians will follow us, unless they are afraid, but the pursuers will not suffer them to re-capture us."

"We will trust in God, at least," said Cannie, with touching simplicity, "you know if we trust in Him He will not desert us; and all He does is for the best."

Miss Argal did not immediately reply. She seemed suddenly absorbed in painful reflection, continuing to caress the girl's hair. Then she turned her dark eyes upon the little face, and gazed at Cannie with an expression of such hopeless anguish that it made the girl's countenance flush with pity and sympathy. No one could have recognized in the changed features of Miss Argal, the proud and imperial woman of former years. The penetrating eyes no longer glittered with their dazzling and seductive magnetism—the lips no longer curled with disdain or provoking coquetry. The eyes were bathed in moisture—the lips quivered. The drooping lashes nearly rested upon the pale cheek; and as Cannie gazed, tear after tear flowed silently down, and fell upon her upturned face.

"You are crying!" said the girl. "Oh! what are you crying for?"

The arm of the young lady tightened its fold around the slender form, and bending down her head, she pressed a kiss upon the girl's lips, and burst into tears.

"I am crying because I am so bad, and you make me so ashamed," she said in a broken voice; "I am so untruthful and bad, and miserable! Oh! Cannie! what you have said breaks my heart!—for I do not trust in God! I have tried, but I cannot! I cannot! I am evil and miserable! and He hates me!"

"Oh, no!" returned the girl, mingling her tears with those of her companion, "He does not hate you! He cannot, if you feel that you have done wrong and ask His forgiveness!"

"I cannot ask it! I am unfit to pray! Once I prayed at mama's knees—but I have not prayed for years—I have done so much evil. But—but—Cannie—do you know!—"

And the poor girl sobbed convulsively.

"Do you know—I am—my mind is not sound—I am out of my head—sometimes!—always, I think:—and I have thought that He will pardon a poor—miserable—insane girl—for her wickedness! Oh! teach me to pray, Cannie—you pity me and do not turn away—I almost think God will forgive me if you kneel and ask Him to. May I kneel down with you?"

Cannie scarcely knew how, but in a moment she was kneeling upon the floor of the cavern—between the two women in the same posture—and praying in a low, broken, but earnest voice. She could not tell how the words came to her—she did not hesitate an instant, nevertheless—her prayer was tearful, impulsive, and filled with deep feeling.

When she rose, Miss Argal leaned her head upon the tender bosom, encircled Cannie's neck with her arm, and sobbing, exhausted, trembling with emotion, whispered faintly in her ear:

"I think God has heard me, and forgiven me."

The dying firelight no longer fell upon a countenance full of anguish and shame:

—a sad, tender smile played over the lips and half-closed eyes:—the heart, pressed to the heart of the child, beat tranquilly.

At the same moment Lightfoot entered the cavern.

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LXVI.

THE RIVAL OF THE HALF-BREED.

The young Indian approached the group with the silent tread of his race, and pausing before them, folded his arms and said:

"I have come to show the Mountain Dove and her companions that they have a friend."

Cannie raised her head eagerly, and fixing an earnest, blushing look upon the Indian, murmured:

"Will you go away with us, Lightfoot?"

The Indian inclined his head.

"The tribe are going to sleep. Soon they will be slumbering. Then I will carry you off, and place you on the home-ward path."

Cannie clasped her hands and gazed so gratefully into Lightfoot's face that the blood rushed to his cheeks, and it required all his self-control to suppress the tremour which ran through his frame. He did suppress it, however: in a moment he had recovered his presence of mind; and obeying a gesture from the girl he came, silently, and sat down near the group.

Their plans were quickly communicated to him, and the expression of eye which greeted the announcement, was one of unmistakable satisfaction. His reply was, that their plan was his own. He had thought at once of the fissure in the upper cave, and he came to prepare them for the moment, when he would silently conduct them to the place.

They conversed thus for a quarter of an hour in whispers, and arranged all the details of the scheme. As soon as the savages, in the lower cave, were sunk in deep sleep, they would be able to put

their project in execution: and as there were many indications of the fact that the braves were, one by one, yielding to their long day's journey, the realization of the hopes of the party did not seem very far distant.

Lightfoot remained then, silent and motionless in his place, listening with the keen ear of the Indian, to all noises which ascended in muffled murmurs from below. One by one these noises died away:—the muttered "Oughs" of the warriors, as they wrapped their blankets around them and addressed themselves to sleep, became less and less frequent:—finally all sounds lapsed into silence, with the exception of the heavy breathing which indicated the slumber of the tribe.

It was no part of the young Indian's plan, however, to carry out his enterprise at once. He was well acquainted with the echoing peculiarities of the cavern—and his design was to wait patiently until the troubled sleep of the warriors became a heavy, log-like insensibility: and this would not take place for an hour or two. By that time, the sentinel also would be nodding over the fire, and they might proceed without difficulty to their undertaking.

This had been communicated to the three women, and by the advice of Lightfoot, they had lain down to snatch the hasty slumber requisite to support them in their flight. All obeyed, and worn out with excitement, were soon asleep.

Lightfoot remained thus silent and motionless for two or three hours, wearily listening, when, all at once, a cautious step descended the winding staircase from the upper cavern. He rose, for this could scarcely be one of the Indians. With his hand on his knife, he waited. Then at sight of the figure which appeared at the mouth of the cavern, he uttered a low exclamation of astonishment.

It was the figure of Falconbridge.

LXVII.

THE MARCH OF THE HUNTERS.

The appearance of Falconbridge is easily explained.

Captain Wagner and his companions had no sooner crept to their hidden position on the brow of the opposite precipice, and concealed themselves beneath the heavy foliage of the dense pines, than a council of war was called.

The question to be determined was a simple one. Should they make an attack before nightfall upon the occupants of the cavern, trusting to their superior arms, or wait until midnight when the band was asleep and then surprise them, and put them to the knife? Some members of the party advocated the former plan, and urged the fact that the Indians were no doubt now, according to their invariable habit, overcome with liquor. They had certainly carried off from the Ordinary as much rum as sufficed, by the account of the servant who had escaped—and nothing would be easier than to pile up brush at the mouth of the cavern, set fire to it, and force the Indians to an open combat as the alternative of being suffocated by the dense smoke.

This proposition found favour with numerous members of the party, but they waited to hear the opinion of Captain Wagner. The Borderer, who had listened attentively, and when the speaker ceased, closed his eyes, and with knit brows reflected rapidly, now shook his head and growled:

"It won't do! Friend Huger, your scheme is a good one, I don't deny, and shows that you have been after this sort of game before—but there's a flaw in it, that kills. I don't object to smoking the copper-faced devils, and suffocating 'em—if I could do it, I would put every Injun in America in the big cave I've heard of, in the Blue Ridge up the valley yonder, heap up whole pine trees at the mouth, set 'em afire, and smoke my pipe with pleasure as I heard 'em yelling and howling in the death-agony. That would be good sport, or the devil take me! But it won't do here! These varmints are

not the only people in the cave. There's that worthy fellow, Hastyluck, Monsieur Jambot, and—to end my meaning—the women!—the women, do you hear!"

A dark scowl came to the Borderer's face as he spoke, and a threatening flash darted from his eyes.

"To our certain knowledge there are three ladies in the hands of these miscreants," he continued; "Mrs. Butter-ton, Miss Argal, and little Miss Cannie from the mountain yonder, George says. Now the smoke would suffocate the women, too, and that's not a part of our plan. I accordingly reject it, as commandant of the troop, and will suggest my own views, which I shall carry out, unless they are met by others better. I know the 'Devil's Garden' by heart. There is a path from this ridge along the precipice, which will take us from one side of the gulf to the other. I propose that we wait until past midnight when the scoundrels will be dead asleep—and then we can make the attack. We can approach in either of two ways. The cave can be entered from the opening yonder where the two savages were talking, or through a cleft in the rock above near the strange rock like a man. We may then rescue the women, and make an end of the whole party."

This proposition was unanimously approved of, and the hunters concealed themselves more carefully, awaiting the hour when they were to commence their march along the winding path toward their enemies.

The moon had risen sometime before, slowly ascending like a shield of fire above the wild Eastern ranges: and now poured a flood of splendour upon the gigantic pinnacle which towered above; on the yawning chasms and glimmering masses of piled up rock; on the gorges bristling with drooping evergreens; and on the river which glittered in its rays like a writhing serpent. The great orb shone tranquilly, and the yellow light slept on the wild weird scene as peacefully as though it were untenanted by mortal—not the lurking place of deadly foes who would soon grapple in a mortal struggle.

At ten paces from the rest of the hidden party, George and Falconbridge conversed in low tones of their fears and hopes, and all the emotions of their hearts. Long before, indeed from the first moment of their meeting almost, they had become bosom friends: heart spoke to heart: each recognized a brother: and now, on the perilous border, in the wild night, with those whom they loved more than life in mortal danger, the bond of brotherhood was drawn closer still, until the two natures almost were combined into one. Each trembled with vague dread of the result of the intended attack. Would they arrive in time? Had not the Indians, even now, put their captives to death? Were Bertha Argal and Cannie Powell still breathing, or had they fallen victims, hours before, to the savage cruelty which had slain young children at the Ordinary, and dismembered the dead body of the unhappy Mr. Argal?

So the two young men passed the long hours in shuddering dread—impatient, longing, panting for the contest—eager for the signal which would solve their doubts and end their horrible fears.

At last it came. Captain Wagner passed the word cautiously along the line, and taking the head of the party, set forward on the precipitous and almost imperceptible path which wound down the steep declivity. It was only to be followed by careful observation, leading, as it did, beneath the dense foliage of the evergreens, along the edges of the perpendicular precipices, where the moon's rays scarcely penetrated—and more than one of the party, winding, single file, down into the gorge, had to grasp the drooping boughs to prevent themselves from being hurled into the chasm beneath.

At last the bed of the small stream was reached, and the body of hunters, commenced the ascent of the towering pinnacle. This would have been entirely out of the question near the outer edge, which was, as we have said, a sheer precipice of five hundred feet, but at the point which they had reached, about a quarter of a mile from the precipice, it

was possible to ascend, though this even was an undertaking of great difficulty. The masses of rock in the path of the party were huge and almost impassable—the tangled underwood very nearly a complete barrier—but the trained and active hunters overcame all obstacles, and slowly made their way, preceded by Captain Wagner, toward the summit.

It was nearly daybreak. Already faint streaks began to appear in the Eastern sky, the harbingers of dawn; and all was more profoundly quiet in the wild scene than even upon the night before.

At last the party reached the top, and a hurried consultation was held. The result was that an examination of the fissure, and the entrance to the cavern beneath the man's bust, should be made, and to the latter Captain Wagner addressed himself. Falconbridge, his second in command, repaired with a portion of the hunters to the fissure.

He soon reached it, and bidding the men await his return, let his body down through the yawning aperture into which the moon's rays plunged, and felt his feet base themselves upon a jutting crag near the entrance. From this abutment, he found no difficulty in picking his way, though it required great caution, into the cavern nearest the summit.

From this he descended, directed by chance gleams of firelight playing upon the roof, to the next, then to the next,—and so to the cave in which Lightfoot was watching over the slumbers of Mrs. Butterson, Cannie, and Miss Argal—at sight of which last, the face of Falconbridge flushed with passionate emotion.

LXVIII.

THE SON OF WAR EAGLE.

At sight of the young man, as we have said, Lightfoot, who had risen to his feet, with his hand on his knife, uttered a low guttural exclamation of astonishment.

The two persons, who represented so nobly the great races from which they drew their blood, remained for some moments, motionless, surveying each other without speaking. They were strongly contrasted, and yet singularly alike in those subtler and less perceptible traits which underlie the mere outward appearance. There was the same frank gaze, clear, penetrating, unshrinking—the look of the eagle upon the sun: the same proud simplicity of attitude: the same erect carriage of person. They stood thus, no inapt representatives and types of the Caucasian and the Indian—the civilized European and the untutored North American—the court and the trackless wilderness.

Their glance was not one of hostility or suspicion. Each had recognized in the other a pure and noble soul—but still the inevitable circumstances of their position made them use due caution. It was not two boys filled with chimerical ideas of human goodness and unwavering confidence, who stood thus, confronting each other. They were strong men—with their feelings deeply aroused—opposed at a critical moment, on a critical occasion.

Lightfoot, without removing his hand from his knife, said in low tone:

"Why is the young paleface in the heart of his enemies?"

Falconbridge pointed to Miss Argal, and replied:

"I came to seek her."

"She is your friend?"

"More than my friend. I love her."

The young man uttered the words with such dangerous animation and distinctness, that Lightfoot raised his hand quickly and said in a whisper:

"Hist! Beware how you speak so loudly. The members of the tribe will wake at the noise, and your blood will flow."

"I care not," returned Falconbridge, who gazed with flushed cheeks at Miss Argal as she slumbered serenely, a happy smile playing fitfully upon her lips, "so she is saved from the diabolical cruelty of these savage beasts, I count my own life as nothing."

The words affected Lightfoot like a blow. His head rose haughtily, and he fixed upon Falconbridge one of those burning glances which seem to measure the foe—as a tiger measures the enemy upon whom he is about to spring. But the emotion of rage was plainly instinctive. It did not last. The expression of menace disappeared almost as quickly as it came, and a deep sadness fell like the shadow of a cloud on the flashing eyes and proud lip. With drooping head, the Indian murmured:

"Be silent! I am the son of War Eagle, and in other days the blood of him who uttered such words would have run out of his heart! But my heart is changed. Lightfoot no longer strikes in this quarrel. His heart says, 'Yes, my tribe is cruel, is bloody'—but he is still a Catawba, a chief. Let the young paleface respect the feelings of a chief."

The noble voice went to the heart of Falconbridge. His cheeks reddened with impulsive shame, at thus wounding, unnecessarily, the feelings of his companion. He stretched out his hand and said frankly:

"I would beg forgiveness—I meant not to hurt you, son of War Eagle. Let us speak not as foes, but as brothers, for I know, I feel, that you are here as the protector of women and children. I would know that even if one of those children were not this one before me."

And he pointed to Cannie.

The Indian gravely took the proffered hand, and then said:

"Does the young paleface come to rescue the young woman?"

"Yes."

"Does he come alone?"

And the penetrating eyes of the Indian chief looked full into the eyes of his companion. Falconbridge replied, with ready presence of mind, that he alone had made his way to the cavern. He felt instinctively that in this critical moment, when the aid of Lightfoot was of inestimable value, it would be wholly unnecessary and equally cruel to present to him the tragic alternative of acting with his own tribe against the whites, or with his adopted people against the

Indians. He evaded thus the question, and added quickly :

"What plan of escape have you devised?"

Lightfoot, in low, rapid tones, explained everything, and added :

"The hour has nearly arrived. The band are sleeping—I will go and reconnoitre. But before the son of War Eagle goes let him say to the young paleface that his tribe are not wholly fierce and cruel—they are very noble often, though their eyes are different from the eyes of the whites. The Good Spirit made the world of land and water, and valley and mountain—he traced out the rivers, and rolled round the seasons, through the hours of unremembered years, for all the tribes of all the mighty nations. He gave to one of these great tribes, the whites, another land—to us he gave the prairies blooming with a hundred flowers—the great wide forests—the pathless lakes—and lofty mountains. We lived in the prairies, and upon the mountains—we paddled on the lakes. The Evil Spirit often made us fight with each other; but not always. Then came the palefaces, and they died the soil with the blood of braves. Wherever an Indian met a white, he met an enemy—it was life or death. This has made all the tribes so bloody—this makes the Evil Spirit laugh, and triumph. The son of War Eagle felt his heart turn cold within him—he wandered from his tribe—one day a prophet of the whites spoke to him of the Son of the Great Spirit, and he listened. Then he left his people, and came a believer. To-day he would not bear his knife against either—he would turn away, and bury his sufferings in silence. If the knife strikes him, let it strike—he will die a Christian chief of the Catawbas!"

With these words, the young Indian left the cavern, and noiselessly descending the winding stair to the cave beneath, disappeared from the eyes of his companion. Falconbridge looked after him for a moment with great sadness; then hastily going to Miss Argal's side, laid his hand upon her arm.

The young lady opened her eyes, and

gave a quick start, as she saw Falconbridge. Then covering her face with her hands, she murmured with burning blushes :

"Do not speak to me—I am not worthy!"

LXIX.

THE CONFESSION.

Falconbridge displayed an emotion even greater than that of his companion. His face flushed with passionate emotion, and his breast heaved, as he gazed upon the woman whom he loved, even more than ever it seemed to him, now that she was helpless and surrounded by bloody enemies.

The nature of this man was one of those which remembers the good and forgets the bad. He no longer recalled the terrible wrong which the young lady had inflicted upon him—he no longer thought of her as the woman who had trifled with him, broken his heart, and laughed in his face when he suffered. She was only the poor stricken girl whose will and heart were diseased by an awful visitation of the Supreme Ruler of the universe—he thought of her, as she struggled in her father's arms that day, and cried, "I never loved any one but him!"—as she looked when she came with streaming eyes, and broken accents, and prayers for pardon, to return his mother's ring to one whom she had wronged and cruelly wounded. As he looked at her now, and heard her murmur, "Do not speak to me—I am not worthy," his heart was filled with a love and pity which made him melt almost into tears.

Of the feelings of the young lady herself, it is scarcely necessary to speak. The change which has taken place in her whole being has been described—we have rapidly touched upon, with a sort of fear, at undertaking such a picture, the scene when another light than that of earth illuminated the gloomy depths of her soul :—and we know thus what she

felt in looking upon the victim of her untruth and cruelty.

She scarcely dared to meet his eyes, and turned away, covering her blushes of shame, as we have said, with her hands. For more than a minute Falconbridge did not speak—emotion had overcome him. Then he regained his self-possession, and said :

“Do you think that I remember the past, with bitterness? No, I do not. Look up, it is a faithful, devoted friend who speaks to you.”

“How can I?” murmured the young lady, removing her hands from her face, but averting her head; “I am filled with such shame, sir, that it almost kills me!”

“Do not speak thus! Do not even refer to the past!”

“I must,” she said in a low tone, glancing with unutterable sadness at him, and then looking away again, “I must, Mr. Falconbridge, for I have acted towards you in so base a manner, that it almost breaks my heart to think of it. But, do not, *do not*, think too cruelly of me! One of my bitterest pangs, even here in this gloomy place, where I have so much else to make me miserable, is the recollection of my dishonourable conduct toward yourself. Do not interrupt me. Yet, sir,” she said, as he was about to speak, and gazing now with sorrowful and shrinking modesty into his face, “do not stop me, Mr. Falconbridge. You know I am a poor insane creature, and I know not whether I shall have the mind or memory to speak as I wish to speak to you, if I do not go on now. I say, that I have been guilty of dishonour to you, and I *must* confess it all, before I can feel that you have forgiven it—I do not know if you can. You came to the Valley, and from our first meeting I determined to engage your affection, that I and my father might be compelled to live no longer in this solitude. I practiced upon you those wiles which it is the sad, sad misfortune of woman to possess—I succeeded in my aim—and then I deceived you, basely, dishonourably, shamefully!”

Her face was crimson as she spoke. The effort which she made in thus

speaking of her past, was plainly immense, passionate, cruel.

“I met Lord Fairfax,” she went on, “and I broke my faith with you—I treated you as no lady can treat a gentleman without degrading herself; I sneered at you when you complained; turned my back when you remonstrated; when you begged me with that deep love which should have been my pride, my honour, my glory, to be true to my plighted word; I have laughed in your face. Mr. Falconbridge!” said the young lady with quivering lips and hands which trembled so much that they were almost unable to put back the mass of raven curls which fell over her face, “Mr. Falconbridge, it almost kills me to utter these words!—it makes me sick at heart!—I am so humiliated and degraded in my own eyes, that I could sink through the earth for shame! But I must speak! Yes, sir, I behaved toward the most honourable and noble gentleman I’ve ever known in a manner which I can scarcely believe as I think of it—I repeat it, with base, base dishonour!—and on my knees I beg, I pray your forgiveness! Stop, Mr. Falconbridge!—do not speak—let me add what I know you are thinking at this moment—let me tell you my only excuse for this terrible conduct. But I need not—I see in your eyes that you have recalled it. Oh, yes, sir! that is my sole excuse—it is something, is it not, sir? I was only a poor miserable creature—with my head whirling, my mind unsound—my heart depraved and awfully wicked! I was not always so, sir! Once I was true and pure—mama taught me to be good and tender—but I could not remain so! Against my better nature I acted with awful deception—I wounded you, and made you suffer without pity!—but—but, through it all—I can scarcely find strength to confess it, for you may misunderstand me—it escaped me, papa says, in that mad attack which you witnessed—I—loved you, sir!—as you loved me—with my whole, entire heart!—you only! Do not think me unmaidenly!” she sobbed, turning away, and blushing to the roots of her hair, “do not think that I wish you to return to

me! That can never be, sir, if you desired it! We must part forever, after this terrible night! We can never meet more, but I am changed, and I can pray for you—I can pray to God to forgive me my great sin—as I pray you humbly to do so—you, whom I have wronged so terribly and basely!”

She stopped, sobbing convulsively,—overcome by the woful confession, so repugnant to a woman: shaken by a depth and poignancy of shame and anguish which no words can describe.

And Falconbridge was as passionately moved as herself. Her words had struck him like sharp arrows—recalling as they did all his suffering, his long agony, his despair. This was not the dominant feeling in the breast of the young man, however. An unutterable compassion and tenderness made his heart throb. His frame trembled, and he vainly essayed to speak. In a few moments, however, he had mastered his agitation, and had opened his lips, when suddenly Lightfoot stood beside them.

“Come!—there is no moment to lose!” said the Indian in a low, quick voice, “the sentinel is asleep, and the day is breaking!”

The Indian cautiously awoke Mrs. Butterson and Cannie as he spake—and they silently rose from their couches. Falconbridge had only time to bend over Miss Argal, to press her hand to his lips and say in a deep broken voice:

“I forgive you from my heart! May God forgive all my sins as completely!”

LXX.

THE FLIGHT.

The three women quickly made their preparations, and signified their readiness to follow their guides.

Lightfoot went in front, cautioning the members of the party, in a low tone, to make no noise; and thus gliding like shadows, they ascend the first flight of steps, leading to the next cavern above.

There, Lightfoot paused a moment to

listen. His quick ear seemed to have caught some slight sound of hostile import. Bending his head, like a crouching wild animal, his keen eyes plunged into the half-darkness, his acute ears strove to discern the repetition of the noise. It seemed to have existed only in his imagination; and with a silent movement of the hand, he motioned to the party to follow.

The ascent became steeper and more difficult. In more than one place the steps, so to speak, of the huge staircase were wanting, and the women had to be lifted in the arms of their companions. Falconbridge and Lightfoot, it may easily be believed, experienced singular emotion as the forms of those whom they loved were thus clasped in their arms, resting upon their hearts. The young Indian was still agitated by the cruel scene of his disappointment in the cavern: his face glowed as he lifted the girl, and with all the respect and tenderness of a brother, placed her safely upon the ledge above. And if such an emotion invaded the breast of Lightfoot, what a rush of painful delight must Falconbridge have felt, as Miss Argal's cheek nearly touched his own, as her dark curls brushed against his bosom!

But it was no time for reflection—no time to indulge these inevitable emotions of the youthful heart. The moments rushed onward, winged with terrible peril—all was at stake; the issues of life and death must soon be decided.

The party hurried onward as rapidly as the broken and jagged pathway would permit. They had ascended thus very nearly to the entrance, and were mounting the last precipitous staircase leading to the fissure in the pavement above, beyond which lay hope, freedom, life. Lightfoot again raised Cannie, and then assisted Mrs. Butterson to ascend. Falconbridge held out his arms for Miss Argal, and she obeyed his gesture.

The young man and the girl were thus clasped, as it were, in each other's embrace, when a roar like that of a furious wild beast was heard, and followed by twenty Indians, the half-breed rushed up the staircase. He had gone to seek

Miss Argal, had discovered the escape of the three women, and hastily calling to his companions, followed them.

He had arrived just in time to see Miss Argal clasped to the bosom of Falconbridge, and the sight aroused in him the furious devil of blood and death. By a superhuman bound he reached the plateau beneath the fissure, just as the three women were thrust upward by their companions—but in spite of his reckless daring he recoiled.

Falconbridge had seized a huge mass of rock, and lifting it above his head, hurled it downward. The half-breed avoided it by a movement to one side as rapid as lightning, and it rebounded from the jagged floor, burst into fragments, and sent throughout the gloomy caverns a sombre roar, echoing and rebelling from side to side.

Lightfoot and Falconbridge took instant advantage of the diversion, and passing through the opening, found themselves in the air above, in the midst of the party of hunters who were rushing to their assistance.

The Indians appeared at the fissure, their red faces distorted with rage and ferocity—above all, the hideous countenance of the half-breed which resembled that of some horrible demon, wild with rage and disappointment. But at sight of the hunters armed to the teeth, with levelled rifles, the heads disappeared, amid cries of fury and fear. A volley from the whites followed, and a howl from the cavern replied to it. More than one of the savages had been killed by the unerring balls.

Then a new phenomenon appeared. At the moment when the hunters were hastily reloading their pieces, a dense cloud of lurid smoke rose slowly through the fissure, and ascended in the first rays of morning. Captain Wagner's quick eye had discerned from his position at the mouth of the cavern, the escape of the captives—he had quickly heaped together vast quantities of dry boughs—these had been set on fire, and in the midst of the thick smoke his men advanced to the attack.

The smoke swept upward toward the

more elevated cavern in which the entire tribe, by this time, were assembled. Thus the captives huddled together upon the lower floor were unharmed. Their bonds were quickly cut, and the women escaped—the men seized arms from the floor and joined the whites.

At the head of his party thus swollen in numbers, Captain Longknife rushed up the staircase of the cavern, firing his pistols. Volleys from the hunters behind him were added—and very soon they had arrived within sight of the fissure.

The huge Borderer presented an appearance almost frightful. His shaggy black hair and beard were singed by the flames—his bulky form looked gigantic amid the clouds of smoke—with his immense sabre whirled above his head, he struck right and left with a fury which made him resemble some mad giant of the old mythology.

More than once the cry of "Longknife! Longknife!" issued from the terrified savages, who seemed to regard him with superstitious awe and horror. They recoiled before him, and crowded tumultuously toward the fissure. At every moment the advancing hunters stumbled over dead bodies—they breathed heavily in the lurid smoke: but with wild shouts and discharges of fire-arms rushed upward.

The black fissure then disgorged before the eyes of the party above, a furious crowd of savages. Their enemies followed, and in an instant the final struggle commenced upon the plateau of the gigantic pinnacle, which now shone brightly in the light of day.

LXXI.

THE BORDERER AND THE HALF-BREED.

The struggle was furious, horrible, mortal.

All the most intense and acrid passions, which agitate the human soul, were spurred to wild and incredible activity—and the combatants seemed to have made up their minds to conquer or die, without thought of retreat or flight.

The enemies were nearly a perfect match. It is true, that the Indians exceeded the hunters in numerical strength, but the superiority of the arms used by the latter gave them a decided advantage, and more than balanced the inequality of numbers. The area upon which they contended—the summit of the dizzy precipice—was limited, and thus the whites fought under favourable circumstances, for they could not easily be surrounded.

Captain Wagner led the party of hunters: and beside him Falconbridge advanced into the press, dealing such blows with his sword that every opponent went down before him. The two men seemed possessed with the battle ardour in its fullest extent—that fury of the soul which animates the blood of men, as animal ferocity does the blood of beasts, turning the mildest human beings into wolves and tigers. Captain Wagner did not lose his presence of mind, however. He led his men with the reckless courage of one who commands a forlorn hope; but with the cool generalship, also, of a veteran campaigner. He advanced, step by step, beating down every opponent—delivering his orders in a loud, strident tone, which rose above the uproar—and embracing, even at the instant when he gave his blows, the entire field of action at a glance.

Falconbridge was beside him—and beside Falconbridge was George. The youth was thoroughly aroused. His habitual calmness and amiability had completely disappeared. His head was tossed back with fearless pride, and in his heaving bosom, his burning eyes, his lips set close together, might have been seen the evidences of a nature of immense depth and strength—of dauntless will—of inflexible hardihood and determination. There was no longer anything of the boy about him—he was the full-armed warrior, rejoicing in the deadly contest. His sword descended with unerring precision upon the writhing phalanx of Indian warriors, and he was beside Falconbridge wherever he advanced.

It was in the midst of this mad strug-

gle that, all at once, George heard a woman scream—and this scream he recognized as issuing from the lips of Cannie. It was so wild and piercing, so filled with distress and anguish, that the young man's heart turned cold with apprehension. With a hurried assurance to Falconbridge that he would return in an instant, George threw himself backward, and clearing, at a single bound, two or three dead bodies, rushed in the direction of the spot from which he had heard the cry of distress.

A few words will explain it.

Cannie, Mrs. Butterton, and Miss Argal, had been hastily conducted to the rear of a large mass of rock, on the eastern edge of the plateau, not far from the curious granite bust, in order to screen them from the balls of the savages, a large portion of whom carried rifles and pistols, procured from the dwellings which they had plundered on their march. A cleft in the rock afforded a favourable hiding place, and in this cleft, accordingly, the three women crouched, listening, with terror, to the noises of the desperate conflict. Beside them Lightfoot leaned, with folded arms, depressed head, and heaving bosom, against the rock. A terrible struggle was going on in his breast. All the old instincts of the savage chieftain were aroused within him, by the din of the combat,—by the clashing weapons, the discharge of fire arms, the yells and shouts, as the enemies closed in the mortal contest. His limbs trembled—a shudder passed through his frame—and his glowing eyes resembled balls of fire in his lurid face. But those eyes were not directed toward the place of combat—his nervous fingers did not clutch the weapon at his girdle. He could take no part against either of the bands, for neither was his foe. He was a Catawba, it is true—but he was also a friend of the whites—a Christian; and to terminate any indecision which he felt, came the thought that his presence was necessary to the safety of Cannie.

Thus he curbed the wild battle instinct raging in his breast—suppressed the tremour which agitated his frame:—his feet rooted themselves in their place, and

with folded arms, he awaited the end of the contest.

The three women were less capable of controlling their feelings. They listened with terror to the shouts and discharges. Every rifle shot, to their excited imaginations, rung the death-knell of the person for whom they felt the deepest solicitude. Above all, Cannie thought of George, and the peril in which he must be, with blanched cheeks, and eyes full of wild anguish. She saw him, pale and bleeding, beneath the trampling feet—her imagination conjured up, for itself, a horrible spectacle—and unable longer to bear the terrible suspense, she rose to her feet, passed hastily by Lightfoot, and going to the edge of the rock, looked toward the combatants.

As she reached the point, she suddenly recoiled with that cry of terror which George had heard and obeyed.

An Indian, with a hideous scowl upon his features, met her face to face, and raised above her head a long, glittering knife, which descended like a flash of lightning toward her bosom.

But the weapon did not bury itself in her heart. It found another shenth. Lightfoot had seen her peril—his face flushed crimson—and arriving at the spot, with a single bound, he had thrown himself between the girl and the descending knife.

It entered his bosom, and buried itself to the very hilt.

The savage recognized his brother warrior, and chief, too late, and uttering a howl of terror at his action, disappeared in the direction of the main contest, at the moment when George reached the side of the girl.

Cannie had thrown her arms wildly around the young Indian, vainly endeavouring to sustain him from falling. Her strength was unequal to the task, however; Lightfoot tottered faintly, raised his eyes to heaven, and extending his arms, fell backward, dragging the girl with him, to the earth.

George hastened to their assistance, but he had come too late. The weapon had, evidently, inflicted a mortal wound. Almost fainting at the awful sight, at

the pale, calm face, and half-closed eyes of the dying man, Cannie supported his form in her arms, and looked up at George with an expression in her eyes which haunted him to the day of his death. There was in it such a depth of overpowering anguish, a tenderness so profound and passionate, that the young man felt his cheeks flush in unison with the girl's emotion, and his pulses throb.

Cannie spoke to the dying man in quick, hurried tones, which were scarcely recognizable. She bedewed his forehead with her tears—besought him to speak to her—and used every means to arouse him, and recall him to consciousness. Miss Argal and Mrs. Butterton hastened to her assistance—and all three of them chafed his brow and hands. It was of no avail—the young Indian exhibited no signs of life beyond a faint movement of the chest—and George saw, with inexpressible anguish, that his friend was dying. As he gazed at the serene face, drooping languidly toward the bare shoulder, at the eyes veiled by their long black lashes, at the slowly heaving bosom, which, at every pulsation, forced a few drops of the Indian's life-blood through the wound, the young man's throat seemed to choke with tears, and a groan came from his lips.

But it was no time to indulge in regrets. The combat, in which his friends were engaged, began to roar more furiously than before. The cries of his companions recalled him to the contest; and at the moment when he roused himself to a consciousness of his duty, these shouts were redoubled, and replied to from the slope, by which the peak was reached.

A quick glance in the direction of these latter cries, revealed their origin. At the distance of a quarter of a mile, Lord Fairfax, who had found the trail of the hunters, was seen sweeping onward toward the pinnacle, followed by twenty mounted men, who plunged their spurs into the foaming animals, and rushed upward, to the relief of their friends. The sight banished completely the softer emotion which George had experienced. His face flushed again with the animal

instinct of war—his lips were compressed—and hastily stooping, he raised the languid body of Lightfoot in his arms, and bore it to the cleft in the rock, where the women could minister to him, if he revived, without danger from the bullets of the enemy.

He then bade them, in hurried accents, keep close within their place of concealment; and in the midst of a hundred frantic shouts, hastened back to the scene of contest.

The Indians, in his absence, had been slowly driven back, step by step, and were beginning to revolve the propriety of flight when they heard the cries of the party coming up the mountain. At the same moment another incident took place, which completed their despair, depriving them of all "heart of hope."

Captain Wagner, as we have said, had plunged, at the head of his men, into the very centre of the savages, and with his sabre, of immense weight and length of blade, hewed down every opponent who stood in his path. Breathing hoarsely, dealing gigantic blows with a ferocity now thoroughly aroused, and shaking from him, so to speak, as a bear shakes off the dogs, the most powerful warriors who assailed him, he had left behind him a long train of dead or dying, who had bit the dust beneath his arm. He was destined, however, to find a foe man worthy of his steel. This was the powerful Half-Breed, who had hitherto fought in another part of the press, but who now advanced toward the soldier, uplifting, with both hands, a huge axe, which he had seized from a pile of stolen utensils in the cavern.

The countenance of the Half-Breed resembled, at this moment, the mask of a fiend, or rather, the veritable physiognomy of a demon incarnate, let loose upon the material earth. His eyes were blood-shot and burned with fierce lustre, a lurid lustre, suggestive of blood and death. His hideous mouth was distorted into a sneer, which rendered it a thousand times more repulsive—on his broad chest, and enormous arms, the muscles stood out like knots, or excrescences.

He advanced straight upon Captain

Wagner, and aimed a terrible blow at his head—a blow which would have felled the most powerful ox. The soldier parried it with his sword, but the result was unhappy for him. The sabre yielded to the immense stroke, and snapped within six inches of the hilt.

The Half-Breed uttered a howl of triumph, and throwing his chest backwards, whirled the axe, with both hands and all his strength, above his head, delivering the blow with the full swing of the deadly weapon.

But he had met an enemy as wary and self-possessed as himself. The axe did not descend. With a bound of astonishing rapidity, Wagner leaped upon the Half-Breed, and seized him by the wrist and throat. The axe was no longer of any use to him—the grasp upon his throat required the use of his hands—with another howl, more furious than the former, the savage dropped the weapon and clutched his enemy in a terrible and deadly embrace.

Then commenced a struggle awful for its ferocity and the mortal determination of the combatants. It was a contest for life or death, and each felt that the result must be doubtful. Both were men of immense physical strength—both aroused to the last fury of passionate hatred—neither gained, at first, any advantage. The superior stature of Captain Wagner counted in his favour; but the deformed Half-Breed had trained his huge muscles, by constant exercise, until they were as hard and elastic as steel; and this more than balanced his want of height. He wrapped himself, so to speak, around the frame of the Borderer like a deadly boa-constrictor, tightening the grasp of his crooked arms and legs, and striving, it seemed, to crush the breastbone of his adversary.

Thus locked in a deadly embrace, the enemies made gigantic efforts to terminate the struggle. The Half-Breed had no arms—having discharged his pistols, and dropped his knife and tomahawk in the melee. The Borderer had a knife, but it was tangled in his belt, and he could not draw it, until his foe was prostrate beneath him, and his own arms free

from the paralyzing pressure. They staggered from side to side, stumbling and nearly falling over the dead bodies; writhing like wild animals, and uttering hoarse growls;—exerting their great strength to an extent almost supernatural in the breast to breast contest for life.

Then a new and more terrible feature was added to the struggle. Step by step they had detached themselves from the rest of the combatants, and now they found themselves rapidly approaching the ledge of rock which ran around the brink of the awful precipice. The Borderer's back was turned to it, and he was not aware of his deadly peril until it was almost too late to guard against it. He heard, at the instant, a sort of hissing growl, and a sudden and diabolical grin distorted the face of the Half-Breed. Breathing heavily, and gnashing his boar-like tusks, he forced his enemy toward the dizzy precipice, and suddenly, as they reached the very verge, buried his sharp teeth in the Borderer's throat.

Wagner uttered a hoarse cry, and staggered back. The dog-like bite, deep into his throat, had taken him unawares, and nearly paralyzed him. His head grew dizzy, his right hand released its hold upon the Half-Breed: clinging, like a tiger, to the Borderer's throat, the malignant savage pushed him, inch by inch, to the verge.

A glance behind him showed the soldier his awful peril. He saw the sheer descent of five hundred feet beneath him, the plateau at its foot, a bed of shattered rock: and upon that plateau his mangled corpse would be lying in three seconds, unless he could disengage the hideous monster's teeth from his throat.

His brain reeled. A shudder passed through his frame—and a sort of chill invaded his breast. The heart of this man, who had braved a thousand perils, who had led his men into the bloodiest gulfs of battle, who had set his life, a hundred times, upon the hazard of the die, without giving so much as a thought to the event—the heart of this stalwart

soldier, who had never felt fear in the midst of any danger, now recoiled and died within him at this horrible thought—at the idea of death in a shape so hideous and revolting.

He summoned all of his remaining strength, and made a final effort to hurl from him the monster whose fangs were buried in his bleeding throat. The effort was vain. The jagged teeth clung closer still—their gripe was firmer, and they gnawed at the quivering flesh with bound-like ferocity. The Borderer uttered a stifled cry, and let fall his other arm, with which he had endeavoured to repel his enemy. The act preserved him. The Half-Breed had forced his opponent to the very brink, and was about to hurl him over when he felt a blade, keen, and mortal in its stroke, enter his breast. The Borderer's hand had fallen upon the knife in his belt—he had drawn it and struck. The monster's hold relaxed, the teeth clutched at his enemy's throat with a last despairing effort—and uttering a hoarse growl, he endeavoured to drag the Borderer with him in his fall.

Captain Wagner had just strength enough to recover himself. His body oscillated, as it were, upon the brink; and he staggered back, as the hideous form of the Half-Breed disappeared like a mass hurled from some warlike engine in the yawning chasm, where it was dashed to pieces upon the rocks.

As the Borderer turned from the terrible contest, wiping his streaming brows, and breathing heavily, he saw the Indians give way. Then, all at once, with loud shouts and the discharge of pistols and carbines, the party, headed by Lord Fairfax, bore down upon them, and completed the rout:—the remnant of the band disappeared in the forest, with howls of hatred and despair.

At the same moment the sun rose above the eastern mountain, and poured his tranquil light upon the spectacle of blood and death.

LXXII.

THE YOUNG INDIAN.

At the mouth of the cleft in the rock, where the women had concealed themselves, Cannie holds upon her breast the head of Lightfoot, who is dying.

The young chief exhibits no evidences of suffering—no fear of his impending fate. His countenance is calm and untroubled; his eyes are filled with a serene, happy light; the courage of his race and his new-found faith, have come to nerve him for the journey through the vale of shadows.

As he looks up into the face of the young girl, who gazes at him with inexpressible anguish and compassion, a faint smile wanders over his countenance, and a sigh escaping from the parted lips, seems to indicate deep happiness.

"The Dove of the Mountain is unhurt," he murmurs; "the head of the son of War Eagle rests upon her heart! Has the day dawned, Mountain Dove, and is the combat over? Have the children of the Catawbias gone away?"

"Yes," murmured Cannie with a sob.

The Indian caught the almost imperceptible sound, and said:

"Why do you cry? Is your heart sad for me? Do not cry for me—I am not unhappy—oh, no, not unhappy!"

"You are dying, Lightfoot," returned the girl, suppressing, by a violent effort, a rush of tears.

"Dying? Yes, that is true, little Dove," he said, "but is that anything to grieve at? The world is very dark and sad, and I go from it to another land where there is never any darkness. You gave me this hope and happiness, for you taught me what to believe, and what my duty was. Without you, I should never have been anything but an Indian warrior—I am dying, but I am happy."

"And for me! oh! you are dying for me!" exclaimed the girl, nearly beside herself with anguish; "you gave your life to protect me from that blow. Would I had died before you—in your place, Lightfoot—dear, dear Lightfoot; my heart is breaking as I think—"

She stopped, nearly suffocated by emotion, and crying bitterly.

"Do not weep!" said the Indian earnestly, with glowing cheeks, "you wound me! I thank the Master that he permitted the poor Indian to save the little friend who gave him the great hope of another land! See the sun! there he rises! Before he rests in the mountains the son of War Eagle will be smiling as he stands in the presence of the Master of Life!"

As he spake, a slight convulsion passed over his frame, and his eyes began to grow dreamy and absent. The girl saw through her tears, with a sudden chill at the heart, that his mind had commenced to wander, as the spirit does when it approaches death.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, "you will stand in the presence of God, and he will smile upon you, for you are pure and good—oh! so good and kind, dear, dear Lightfoot! You are dying because you protected a poor child, and the Saviour will receive and bless you!"

"Ah!" murmured the Indian, his head slightly drooping, "was that my father's whisper? Does War Eagle talk from the happy hunting grounds to his child? I will go to meet him!"

And the young chief attempted to rise, but fell back faintly.

"No, no!" cried the girl in a low, frightened tone, and trembling, "do not try to rise—lean on me—you are dying Lightfoot!"

The words arrested his failing attention, and he looked up into her eyes with a sad smile.

"Dying?" he said faintly, "do you say that the son of War Eagle is dying? Yes—now I see, I remember! The knife! You are the Mountain Dove, are you not, little one? I loved you—did I try to save you? I thought—but that shadow! Why does it creep so, slowly, slowly? And the wind! Is it the wind or the voices of other years in the forest where I roamed as a chief of the Catawbias? It is a brave, great tribe—the son of War Eagle is a chief! There, the wind again—and it blows from the moun-

tain where the old man lives with the maiden. Is that a rose in your hair, little Dove, and who is wandering with you? A youth of the palefaces! He is a noble looking boy, but he can never love you as the poor Indian loved you. You are more to him than the skies and rivers, than the prairie and the forest—you are his life; without you he would die!"

A glow came to the face, upon which the pallor of death slowly settled—then it disappeared, and the frame of the Indian grew chill in the girl's arms. By a last effort, he raised his drooping head, with a parting gleam in the joyful eyes, and it fell back upon her shoulders with the face turned upward to the sky.

"It was not the wind!" he murmured close to her ear, "it was my father, truly, who whispered to his child, and blesses me now as I go. Do you hear—hark! 'Myson dies well!' Yes, the son of War Eagle, the child of the Catawbas dies well, since he dies for the little Dove. Farewell, I am going to the Master!—the sun, how it shines!—how the Master smiles—!"

And the voice died away. With a bright light on his face, the young chief fell back into the arms of Cannie, and expired upon her bosom.

At the distance of ten paces, and not far from the strange granite bust, Lord Fairfax held, in the same manner, upon his breast, the head of Falconbridge, who was dying in his arms.

Within five yards of the young man lay the body of Bertha Argal—beautiful in death as in life.

LXXIII.

THE YOUNG CAVALIER.

The young girl who has played so woful a part in our drama—who, under the influence of some Fatality, it would seem, had shipwrecked in their freshest bloom the hopes and happiness of a noble heart—this child of error and unhappy weakness, had blotted out the record of her

fault, by one supreme and all-embracing act of courage and devotion.

She had sacrificed her life in the vain attempt to preserve that of her lover.

It was at the moment when Lord Fairfax was ascending the slope, when Captain Wagner was struggling with the half-breed, that Falconbridge, finding himself nearly surrounded by a number of the savages, retreated, fighting desperately, toward a rock, against which he designed to place his back.

The tide of conflict had rolled in another direction, and borne George and his companions from his side; he was thus left alone to oppose his enemies.

Thus contending with all the desperation of a knight of the Middle Ages surrounded by a cloud of Saracens, Falconbridge retreated, step by step, toward the rock which we have mentioned—on the opposite side of which was the cleft in which Miss Argal and the two others were concealed.

Cannie and Mrs. Butterson were bending over Lightfoot, and did not hear the clash of Falconbridge's weapon, as he parried the blows aimed at him. But Miss Argal heard it—and something in her heart told her that the man whom she loved was in danger.

With the impulsive and daring girl, to determine was to act. She hastily left the hiding place, and passing round the rock, found herself in the midst of the Indians.

She did not look at them. Her burning eyes were fixed upon the youth who contended single-handed against his adversaries. At the same instant she saw the Indians draw back, as by a concerted movement—one of them who was behind, levelled his rifle at the breast of Falconbridge,—and fire leaped from the muzzle.

The ball which was intended for the young man, entered the bosom of Miss Argal. With the activity of a tigress whose young is threatened, the girl had bounded forward, and thrown one arm round his neck, protecting his body with her own.

He heard the discharge—the young girl's wild cry of anguish; he felt her form weigh heavily upon his breast. An

awful horror for a moment made his heart ice—but then the blood rushed back like a torrent of raging fire. With the hoarse cry of a lion lashed to fury, he deposited the form of the girl upon the ground, and throwing himself with insane rage upon the crowd of savages, plunged his sword right and left into every breast which opposed him. His mad passion was so frightful and deadly, his face so terrible in its menace, that the bravest of the savages recoiled before him with superstitious dread.

But the unseen Ruler of the world had decreed that all the courage, all the strength, all the immense passion of Falconbridge should avail him nothing: his last hour approached. In his headlong advance, his foot slipped in blood; he fell upon one knee, and his sword striking against the rocks, was broken close to the hilt. As he essayed to rise, one of the savages levelled his pistol, and the ball entered his breast.

With a last despairing look toward the sky, Falconbridge, like Lightfoot, fell backward, the blood welling from the wound and staining his white ruffles with crimson.

The Indians had begun to waver already, as they saw the advance of Lord Fairfax—the form of the half-breed had disappeared in the gulf beneath—as Falconbridge fell, they hastily retreated, and finally disappeared down the slope beneath the boughs of the evergreens.

When Lord Fairfax leaped from his horse, the first object which greeted his gaze was the body of Falconbridge. He seized it in his arms with the hoarse cry of one who suffers untold agony, and at the pressure of the father's heart to the son's, the young man opened his eyes and gazed around him faintly.

"My son! my child!" cried the Earl with inexpressible anguish, in tone, and countenance, and bearing, "my boy, speak to me! Where are you wounded? Oh! in the bosom here!"

And with trembling but rapid hands, the Earl tore open the young man's waistcoat and shirt. Pushing hastily aside a small gold locket which hung from Falconbridge's neck by a fine steel chain,

he searched for the wound. He did not search long: turning suddenly pale, the Earl seemed about to faint.

Immediately over the heart, a circular spot of blood indicated the place where the ball had entered.

He saw that all was over. His knowledge of gunshot wounds told him this one was mortal—and turning away his head, the stern old nobleman uttered a sob which tore its way from his inmost heart, like a cry of agony and despair.

"Yes, yes!" said a panting and broken voice at his elbow, "yes, friend, you are right; you are not deceived; he's as good as gone from this earth! Falconbridge! Falconbridge! look at me once more, comrade! It is Wagner that speaks to you!"

And the rude Borderer who had hastened with giant strides to the spot, threw himself upon his knees at the side of the young man, and enclosed his pale hand in a grasp of iron.

"Look at me, comrade!" growled the Captain in hoarse and tragic accents, you see me, don't you! Come, open your eyes! I'm Wagner, the old bear that loved you, and here's George whose got hold of your other hand. Don't be talking, for your wound is sure to bleed, only look up, champion! Black day! miserable hour!" groaned the speaker despairingly, "a bullet has done for him—laid him low—all's over with the boy!"

As he spake, the young man slowly opened his eyes, and looked round with a dreamy glance, at the faces beside him.

"Companion!" he muttered, as his glance fell on Wagner, "is she saved? was it my fancy?"

"There, stop talking!" cried the soldier with a glow in his cheeks, "stop that talking, I say."

"Ah! comrade, you are there," he murmured, "and she—she is—gone! I remember!"

As he uttered these words, which were almost inaudible, the cheeks of Falconbridge flushed and then turned white again: a convulsion passed over his frame, and made the hot blood gush from

his bosom. With a faint attempt to rise, he fell back with a low cry into the arms of Lord Fairfax, whose strength seemed about to desert him.

"Rouse! rouse! my child!" he exclaimed in an agony of despair, "do not die without looking at your father—it will kill me!"

And the grim Earl strained the fainting and languid form to his breast so wildly, that it seemed to infuse a portion of his own life into Falconbridge.

He slowly opened his eyes. His glance fell upon the face of George, which was bathed in tears. The boy held his white cold hand, and kneeling, pressed it to his throbbing heart. The wandering eye of Falconbridge arrested itself as it fell upon the agitated countenance—his lips moved, and he endeavoured, vainly, to speak.

"Bend your ear to his lips, George," groaned Wagner, "he's going, and has got something to say."

George quickly obeyed, and placed his ear to the mouth of Falconbridge.

"I am dying," was the low murmur; "I am going—to leave you, George! I always loved you—dear, dear companion—with the warmest love—as I know that you loved me! You must do me a last favour," he said speaking more connectedly, and raising his hand feebly to the locket on his breast, "see that I am buried on the mountain yonder—by the pine which—we looked at on that autumn day. And this locket—it contains a woman's hair—her hair—don't let them remove it from my bosom, George!"

"Oh, no! I swear it! I will protect it with my life!" exclaimed the weeping youth.

"And now, farewell!" murmured Falconbridge, a sorrowful smile passing over his pale face, "I am dying, companion—take my hand!"

"It won't be long!" muttered Wagner, his fiery eyes moistened with tears; "five minutes I give him!—miserable day! Oh, why did he ever come on the trail! Falconbridge! Falconbridge! look here, comrade! Look at Wagner, who's crying like a baby at your knees!"

The young man heard the appeal of the Borderer, and turned his eyes upon his face.

"Friend!—true and tried!" he murmured faintly, "we must part! You are noble and great-hearted—remember me—when I am gone!"

"Remember you! Until my grave is dug, I'll love and think of you, my boy, and cherish you! My heart is bleeding, look you!—my poor old heart!"

He stopped, overcome by emotion.

The face of Falconbridge grew soft and serene: then a slight colour came to the pale cheeks; and by a great effort he turned his eyes in the direction of Miss Argal's body, and faintly stretched out his hands.

"He wants to have her by him when he goes!" groaned the Borderer, "he's faithful to the death! And he shan't be balked! No! no! he shan't be balked!"

And the soldier rose quickly, and going to the spot where the pale, cold form of the young lady lay, took it in his arms, and brought it to the side of Falconbridge. The face of the Borderer was white, and his frame shuddered, as he thus held close to his breast the body of the woman whom he had seen so often, smiling and beautiful in life. But he did not falter—he deposited the inanimate figure at the side of the youth.

As the eyes of the dying man fell upon the pale features, the exquisite face, as of one who was sleeping tranquilly and happily, his lip quivered, and tremour agitated him, making the blood well, in a crimson stream, from the wound in his bosom.

"She is gone before me!" he murmured in a whisper, "is the day about to wane, companion?—this darkness! 'Tis a grand, beautiful world—with its flowers and sunshine!—but—another land!—see how it shines above me as I go!"

These words were his last. With a final movement, which exhausted all his strength, he bent toward the dead body of the young lady, and encircling it with

his arms, died with his head upon her bosom.

The Borderer tore his hair and uttered a groan of inexpressible agony.

"Farewell! farewell, Falconbridge!" he cried, "farewell, my boy! The world looks cold and dark without you! Miserable day!"

"It is well," said Lord Fairfax in a cold and measured tone, in which a keen observer might have read an ineffaceable despair, "take up the corpse—the Viscount Fairfax will be buried on the Massinutton Mountain!"

LXXIV.

CANNIE.

With the death of him who has illustrated our poor pages more than all his comrades, the chronicle might fitly terminate.

Falconbridge once dead, his figure removed from the canvass of the painting, his eyes no longer dwelling upon the prairie, the mountain, and the river,—both the scene and the actors appear dreary and sad: the life of the drama has departed.

But we must linger for a brief space before bidding the reader farewell. The vortex which drew into its bloody depths so many forms, did not spare in its final effect, another being.

The bodies of Miss Argal, the young Indian, and the whites and savages, who had been slain, were buried; and the hunters, at the head of whom rode the Earl and Captain Wagner, returned toward Greenway Court.

Scarcely a word was uttered by the two leaders upon the march. They scarcely turned their heads, for, in a litter of boughs behind them, was borne the dead body of Falconbridge.

Then a long procession ascended the mountain, and the young man was laid at the foot of the great pine which he had looked at that day,—beneath whose shadow he had wished to be buried. The cavalcade returned to the lowland again—silent and sorrowful, all were

thinking of the noble-hearted youth who thus slept his last sleep.

One murmur, alone, was mingled with the hoof-strokes of the horses. The leader of the troop, with white, cold lips, whispered strangely:

"It is well!"

Then many days afterward, the silence of the mountain fastness was broken by the noise of a horseman ascending the winding road to the dwelling, which we have visited more than once.

This horseman is George. He is going to see Cannie, and his face is very pale:—for the child is lying dangerously ill.

The exposure upon the march with the Indians, had aggravated, terribly, her tendency to disease of the lungs; and soon after her return, she had been seized with an acute attack. A physician had been hastily sent for from the settlement east of the Blue Ridge; but after an examination of the condition of the sufferer, he had shaken his head, and turned away hopelessly.

The disease had invaded the vital organs, and the death of the child was only a question of time.

She lingered until the cold, sad winter had passed away, till the violets of spring were blooming in the grass—till the birds were carolling in the mild blue sky, which drooped like a canopy above the headlands and rivers, and the prairie glittering with a million flowers.

Then the life of the little sufferer waned rapidly.

George was ever beside her—controlling the sobs which tried to force their way from his lips—and smiling upon her hopefully and sweetly.

She knew how much he had loved her now—she knew that this love had increased until it came to be a portion of his life. She would often take his hand, and with smiles of deep tenderness, and swimming eyes, thank the boy for his kindness and goodness, through all the days since he had met her, and saved her life.

And George would laugh and chide her for her sorrowful air—for her talk about dying, and seeing her "last violets"—then his feelings would overcome

him, and throwing himself down on his knees at her bedside, he would bury his face in the counterpane and sob: or press his quivering lip to the little white hand, and cry like a child, until he was exhausted.

Beside her day and night, the old grey-haired man watched her every movement—the colour in her cheeks—the quick, short breaths—the brows knit at times with sudden and acute pain. His life seemed absorbed in his child; and as her strength became weaker and weaker, his very heart's blood seemed to ebb away with her own.

Thus the winter waned away, and the spring came gladly—but it brought no life to the child.

She had clearly drawn near to that mysterious world which lies beyond the stars, and yet only a step from every human being. Lying serenely on the little white couch beside the window, she resembled rather, a pure white flower than a mortal maiden—a snow drop, delicate and fragile, and transient—which the first breath of wind would blow away.

She would lie thus for hours with the old man's hand in her own, gazing out on the wild landscape of mountain and gorge, with a dreamy and smiling expression—very happy it seemed, in some thought, which came to her; wholly willing to submit to the fate which now awaited her at any instant.

At last the invisible hand was stretched out. It was a beautiful evening of May. The sinking sun threw a flush of crimson light on the opposite mountain—on the lofty pines—and far down on the gliding waters of the stream, which murmured and died away, as the soft breeze of evening came and went, bearing up from the prairie the delicate odour of flowers.

"The time has come, dear, for me to leave you," she said faintly, "don't grieve for me, grandpapa—I shall be happy, and I will meet you in heaven."

He pressed his lips with sudden agony to her thin white hand—but the low soft voice again begged him not to grieve for her.

As she spoke, she saw George come at

a swift gallop up the mountain, and her cheek flushed gladly. He was soon beside her.

"I thought I never should see you any more," she murmured smiling, "I am going away from you, George."

The young man sobbed and fell almost powerless upon his knees at the bedside.

"Oh do not! do not speak thus!" he said, "you will live! you will live to be my own! oh, you *must* not die!"

"God has called me," she answered, "I cannot stay. Remember me, grandpapa, and George, when I am gone—remember little *Cannie*, who loved you so!—who—will meet you where—suffering never comes!"

She uttered some more indistinct words, but they could not distinguish them. Bending over her couch, they caught her last sigh.

The old man clasped his hands, and slowly raising his eyes to heaven, murmured with a low, terrible groan:

"God take the spirit of my child, and may I follow her!"

George buried his face in the counterpane, and pressing his lips wildly to the pale cold hand, only moaned.

When he rose and looked at her with streaming eyes, she was smiling upon him, even in death.

Thus she passed away, like a flower, a leaf, a dream of the spring,—and they laid her as she had desired them—by the side of Falconbridge. The story of her life became known to the inhabitants of the region, and it was said that a young gentleman from the low country had nearly died of grief. Then a song began to float about, set to plaintive music—the production it may be of some native hand, of some youth, who was touched by the pathetic story, and who, personating George, sang his grief and sadness. He sang it in those simple and unpolished lines, which, handed down traditionally, tell of the sweetness and tenderness of the maiden, of the suffering and sorrow of her lover.

"Down on the Shenandoah roving,
Long time I lingered by the shore,

Cannie by my side, dear and loving—
Now she is laughing there no more!

"Bright as a sunbeam on the mountain;
Fair as the lily by her side,
Fresh as the water in the fountain,
Was Cannie, my young Virginia bride!

"Oh! all the world is sad and dreary
Nothing brings me solace all the day—
Daytime and nighttime I am weary—
Cannie's forever gone away!

"Long time I loved her; now a roaming
Wide o'er the world cold and poor,
Oftimes I think I see her coming,
Oftimes I hear her by the shore!"

Such were the rude, homely lines, to
which were attached this chorus, full of
rude pathos:

"Oh she was an angel,
Last year she diel,
Toll the bell, a funeral knell
For my young Virginia bride!"

The melody was sad and plaintive—
like the whisper of the wind in the
mountain pines—the sigh of the autumn
breeze in the broomstraw at twilight;—
like the gentle and murmurous lapse of
the waves, as they glide away beneath
drooping boughs, or under the bending
flowers of the meadows.

By the side of her cousin, whom she
had loved so dearly, near the grave of
Falconbridge, the child thus slept in
pence. In the vast wild solitude, on the
brow of the great precipice, beneath the
outstretched arms of the mighty pine,
which bent in the wind, or swayed under
the feet of the eagle, these children of
nature slept serenely.

We leave them to their slumber, await-
ing the last trump. A few words will ter-
minate our chronicle.

LXXV.

THE LAST SCENE OF ALL.

Since these events, some years have
passed away, when on a beautiful even-
ing of June, a solitary cavalier en-
tered the gorge of the Fort Mountain
Valley, and took the road leading to-

ward the summit of the western range.

The horseman was a man apparently
about twenty-four years of age, and clad
in the uniform of a Colonel of the Brit-
ish army. His stature was lofty, his
seat in the saddle firm and graceful,
his person erect and as straight as an
arrow. There was something, in addi-
tion to all this, in the stranger's aspect
and bearing, which produced the impres-
sion of great strength of will, and digni-
ty of character. His head was set al-
most proudly upon his shoulders—his
eye was clear and penetrating—in the
firm iron lip might be seen a resolution
which no obstacles could ever daunt. No
doubt from the troublous nature of the
times, for the Indians and French had
just routed the forces of General Brad-
dock near Fort Duquesne—the horseman
was fully armed, both with sword and
pistols.

After pausing a moment to look around
him, he ascended, as we have said, the
western mountain, and in half an hour
reached a small cottage, in front of
which he dismounted.

Attaching the bridle of his horse to a
drooping bough, he approached the door,
at which, with a strange hesitation he
knocked. No one answered; no barking
dog indicated the presence of life in any
shape.

The stranger leaned his shoulder
against the door, and the rusty hinges
slowly turned, and gave him entrance.

The house was deserted. Some bro-
ken furniture alone indicated that it
had once been occupied. The stranger
looked around him with painful earnest-
ness, and then went toward a small
apartment, upon one side of the main
room, his heavy heels armed with huge
spurs clashing upon the decayed floor,
and arousing a hundred echoes.

The smaller apartment was bare like
the larger, but the stranger suddenly
stooped and picked up an object from the
floor. It was a small portion of a wo-
man's or a child's ruffle apparently—
such as at that period decorated the
upper edge of the bodice. An imper-
ceptible tremour passed over the stalwart
frame of the personage as he gazed

the object in his hand;—then having satisfied his curiosity apparently, he placed it in his bosom.

Returning to the front door of the mansion, he cast a final look around him, taking in at a glance every feature, every detail. All was ruinous, deserted; the spot had a melancholy air about it—and the stranger slowly remounted his horse, and left it, muttering:

"I can scarcely realize that it is the same!"

Instead of returning by the same road, he directed his way along a devious bridle path toward a mighty pine which raised its trunk against the sky, on the very summit of the mountain, at the point where it sank suddenly into the valley. After great exertion, his horse stumbling frequently, he reached a spot beyond which it seemed impossible to proceed. He solved the difficulty by dismounting and advancing on foot. Even then the ascent was arduous. The huge masses of granite were piled up like a Titanic pyramid, but he finally surmounted all obstacles and reached the foot of the great pine.

It grew in a narrow patch of soil, encircled by rocks—at its foot were two graves, marked by moss-covered slabs of marble.

The stranger stopped to breathe for an instant, and his glance swept the immense horizon of mountain, valley and river. From his great elevation he looked down upon a vast extent of country stretched beneath him like a map, and the view was sublime in its wild magnificence.

But the wanderer had, evidently, come with no intention to gaze at the landscape. He dwelt upon it for a moment only—then his glance was directed toward the grave-stones.

He stooped down, and pushing aside the moss, read the inscription upon the larger of the two.

The inscription was as follows:

"Beneath this stone lies
EDMUND VISCOUNT FAIRFAX, only son of
THOMAS LORD FAIRFAX, of Denton, Eng-
land. *God rest him.*"

The stranger gazed long and sorrowfully upon the words, recalling plainly some scenes of the past which the name on the stone suggested. His head drooped, and a deep sigh issued from his lips as he murmured:

"There lies the noblest heart I have ever known—a great, true soul, full of kindness and honour—a gentleman of the antique days of knighthood. Yes, yes, God rest him! The supreme, the all-seeing, the rewarder of charity and love, and faith—has he not received to his eternal rest this noble suffering soul? who was ever like him? I have met with no other human being so great! Falconbridge! Falconbridge! your death was a glorious one! You died as you had lived—a true gentleman!"

The head drooped lower as these almost inaudible words escaped from the lips of the stranger. He remained for some time, gazing at the stone, his shoulders drooping, his breast heaving—then drawing a long breath, he fixed his eyes upon the other inscription. He seemed almost to dread decyphering it—but setting his lips close, knelt down and read what was cut upon the marble.

These were the words:

"Here lies the body of *CANNIE*,
the daughter of an English
gentleman:
Born in England, May the 10th, 1733,
Died in Virginia May the 9th, 1749.
'*And he took them up in his arms, put his
hands upon them and blessed them.*'"

The stranger riveted his eyes upon this inscription with an expression of such anguish that it was plain the stone covered a great sorrow. His broad breast was shaken, his clear, penetrating eyes, slowly filled with tears, and his cheeks flushed with passionate emotion.

Mastered by a sudden impulse, he took from his pocket a pencil, and after the words:

"Here lies the body of *CANNIE* . . ."
wrote, in addition:

... "And the heart of GEORGE,
Born in Westmoreland, Virginia, the 22d of
February, 1732 :
Died the same day and hour, May the
9th, 1749.

As the stranger finished the addition
to the inscription, two tears rolled down
his cheeks, and fell upon the stone.

Burying his face in the long grass grow-
ing upon the grave, he sobbed, rather
than said, in a hoarse and broken voice :

"Farewell youth! farewell happiness!
farewell dream of my boyhood! The
earth is dreary since you went away.
Farewell until we meet again!"

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

Richmond, May 23d, 1859.

THY BIRTH DAY.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

Of all the year, the welcomest day,
That dawns on me, 'twixt May and May,
Is that which dawns just half the way.

Though drear the month it ushers in,
With early snows and winds' wild din,
I bless the day its storms begin.

Thy birth-day, darling, can not be,
Aught but a day of joy to me,
Though clouds upon the sky we see.

Auspicious stars upon it glow,
Where the bold Hunter* bends his bow,
Though veiled from our dull eyes below.

Thrice happy stars, that from the crest
Of Heaven's blue arch, thy slumber blest,
Folded on thy pale mother's breast.

They are not changed—those glittering spheres,
Shining the same over all thy years;—
Through all thy change, from infant tears.

To childhood's glee; to bashful youth;
To woman's love; to wedlock's truth;
To sweet maternal joy—then, ruth!

To thick'ning mounds upon the sod;
To deep'ning humbleness to God,
The blossomed beauty of His rod.

To matron graces, dearer far—
Than memories of thy bride-days are,
As grows more bright fair Evening's star.

I bless the gentle hand of Time,
Which leads thee up to Life's sweet prime,
As one a wood-crown'd hill might climb.

* Sagittarius.

Nor waste his strength the top to reach ;
So mean I, by this sort of speech—
The type of thy dear life to teach.

Still young, still fair, still in thine Eyes,
A spell of sweet enchantment lies ;
And on thy cheek flush vermeil dyes.

Yet, were thy outward beauty fled,
Thine eye grown dim, thy roses dead,
And thy dark hair with grey bespread,

I could not murmur overmuch,
At these sad signs of Time's weird touch,
The common lot is marked by such !

But sweeter solace, then, I'd find,
In ripened harvests of thy mind ;
And gold of wisdom, well-refined.

In founts of love, unlocked for me,
Within thy soul by Sorrow's key—
In the soft hand of sympathy.

In truth more pure for each ordeal ;
In faith that bears the stamp of real ;
In warmth no sudden chills congeal.

In virtues worthier for their wear—
As only Christ's dear graces are—
In which sweet Faith gives thee a share.

What then ! if while thy stars change not,
Each year brings changes in thy lot—
We're richer, for their hap, I wot.

Thou,—as some choice and well-pruned tree,
More bounteous grows, more fair to see ;
And richer I,—in having thee.

My gain I own ; this thankful lay,
Rung out upon thy natal day—
Shall please the love, it cannot pay.

How great my wealth, how large my debt,
If thou hast many birth-days yet,
And I the precious profit get !

No marvel sure, that I should pray—
God send us both this happy day,
Full many times along Life's way.

And, as to-night, with each return—
Love's pure frankincense I will burn,
To Heaven, and thee, dear wife, in turn.

November 1st, 1859.

FOOLOMETERS.

BY PROCRUSTES, JUNIOR.

PART SECOND.

In a former article, we spoke of the great variety of fools in the world, and of the efforts made, at different times, by men of genius, to arrange and measure them.

We especially instanced Procrustes as, perhaps, the first of this class, in point of time, and mentioned his famous bed as the earliest known example of a practical Foolometer.

Our readers are aware that on this bed all travellers were placed; and if too long for it, were shortened, or if too short, were pulled out, until all alike would exactly fit its dimensions.

Let us continue the subject, and speak of Diogenes as an eminent member of the craft of Foolometers, and mention the manner in which he took the measure of the Athenian populace.

How Procrustean was that attempt of his to discover an honest man; how characteristic of Diogenes to bear through the crowded streets and market-places a lighted lantern, and to answer the eager questions of the inquisitive Athenians with the insulting reply, "I seek an honest man!"

How sarcastic his hurried gait and his peering look, as he scanned every countenance, and then passed on! How scantily did he allow the light to flash on every face, never permitting the rays to linger, lest this lingering might be construed into flattery!

We can almost see him parading through the forum with such a crowd, as only Athens could furnish, at his heels, stalking up to the great, the noble, and the wealthy, dazzling their eyes by the flash of his lantern, and then turning off in contempt, before they were aware of his purpose, or of his sarcasm.

And when the news spread abroad that Diogenes was out in search of an honest man, how mirth, and terror, and wrath, and the expectation of amusement, must have pervaded that fun-loving community. Statesmen and orators, the leaders of the people, and often their corruptors,

stood up in conscious integrity, or assumed an appearance of independence, to meet the gaze and glare of that unclosed lantern.

Some waited, as they sat on the seat of Justice, or pleaded in the court, or spoke in the forum.

Some endeavoured to shun the trial, through modesty; others who had been tried, and found wanting in every thing, save brass, disregarded the honest light, as they had disregarded every thing, save their own interests.

Man after man was stared on and passed, Diogenes never halting in his march; the populace calling out in tones of command, that every eminent citizen should come forth and stand the scrutiny, and then shouting with laughter as one and another was passed by in scorn. It was a jubilee of satire. Diogenes was chief manager, and all the lively populace of Athens were part actors. It was a mingled comedy and farce in many acts, that Aristophanes might have described, and in which he no doubt took part with joyous glee.

And now, after passing through the Streets, the Markets, the Lyceums, and the Forum, see how the man with the lantern marches resolutely to the Areopagus. The shouts, and the merriment of the crowd is redoubled.

One asks his fellow, Will he silently cast his censure on this renowned body—on these men, chosen for age, wisdom and honesty, to rule in affairs of religion, and without word or question of scorn, or even spoken speech of blame—will he light up this august assembly with his contempt, and pass as dark a censure upon them in the same abrupt manner as that which he has shown toward all his fellow-citizens?

We can almost behold the mingled expression of astonishment and wrath that crossed their countenances, as the cynic came slowly up the Hill of Mars, and glanced around, as he paused to recover breath.

At this pause, the crowd ask one another, Has he found his honest man, and are these the only honest men in Athens? Perhaps self-congratulatory smiles have mantled the faces of those old councillors, with the same hope of praise expressed. When, without regarding either the murmurs of the crowd, or the smiles of the Areopagites, Diogenes passes rapidly through the court, flashing his lantern about him, without stopping; and going out on the other side, announces clearly that, in his opinion, there is in Athens no honest man to be found.

The mob applaud; the noble and the wise join in the merriment; the satire was too universal to strike any one in particular, and as all were assailed, it was esteemed a jest, and nothing more. Those who at first felt it most keenly, were most anxious to have this construction put upon it, and passed off the deserved censure as the crazy joke of an ill-natured madman. In fact, the censure was too universal to be felt, and few saw how much truth there was in the queer philosopher, and how much real satire there was in the walk of Diogenes. No one took to himself what was received by all. Like the rain falling from heaven, no one finds fault with it, although it inconveniences all; while a small share of such fluid, thrown from a window upon one, to the exclusion of others, would have incensed him, because of the specialty of the insult. Such is the effect of censure when partially or generally applied.

Diogenes erred, as his predecessor had done. He made too general use of his foolometer; although, as the application of it produced no bodily pain, it was not destroyed, nor was its possessor maltreated.

There was no Theseus then in Athens.

May we not say, that in a city somewhat resembling the ancient Athens, in the combined intellect, frivolity and blood-thirstiness of its inhabitants,—we mean the modern Paris,—there has been some resemblance to this Diogenean trait, when the populace, disgusted with the dishonesty of their rulers, and anxious for a change, used a similar test, only with a

more fatal and less laughter-provoking result.

The Diogenic cry, *à la lanterne*, struck terror into dishonest politicians; and the light thus shed upon the progress of the great cynic in former times, by his disciples in gay France, proves that his foolometer, like that of Procrustes, was also, in some degree, and when in proper hands, a foolkiller of the most effective kind.

No one can deny that the Septemberers, whose atrocities preceded fitly the Reign of Terror, were true cynics, in both dress and temper, and possessed a dog-like propensity to shed blood. Indeed, they may be said to have been rabid, and their madness was an epidemic.

Had Diogenes lived in our day, or had he positively sought for fools instead of seeking them by a negative process, (he sought the honest, consequently those rejected were foolish,) we can well imagine him to have used another instrument than a lantern. Our fancy would picture him going forth on a fool hunt, his hand filled with a large and brilliant mirror!

We do not hold with Procrustes and Diogenes, that all men are fools, and should be told so; some exceptions should be made, and we approve rather of the course pursued by another great master of our science, whose name is still highly honored, and whose fame as a foolkiller has descended to the present day.

SOCRATES, AS FOOL-KILLER.

We regard Socrates as the chief of our class, as most prominent among those who have devoted themselves to this science, and as the chief ornament of that honourable race of men who have endeavoured to instruct mankind without making to themselves a party, or striving to aggrandize their persons, or their families.

Peruse the history of his contest with the Sophists, and you will at once see that he was a most effectual fool-killer. No more complete destruction—no more sure decapitation—ever occurred, than in that contest in the Lyceums of Athens.

Most memorable of all victories; because a victory by a single man, or rather a single tongue and brain, over a whole army of *talkers*.

It is miraculous that such a victory could be obtained; a contest in arms is nothing to it; a slain adversary can no longer resist, but the fable of the nine-lived feline scratcher is somewhat true in regard to tongue-fighters; only we must add to the lives, making them ninety and nine, instead of nine.

The worst of our Legislatures, and other similar debating clubs, is that you cannot bury the slain. Dead they may be, yet not dead and buried; a man may be crushed one day by solid and heavy argument, or he may cut his own throat with his tongue—committing lingual suicide—and yet not need either undertaker or sexton; but rise invigorated from defeat, and show greater liveliness and fluency than ever.

The story of Antæus is continually proved to be true. The reader, no doubt, is aware of the fact that Hercules, a great debater of old times, once got into a discussion with a muddy-headed fellow named Antæus. And every time he threw him by the tripping force of his arguments, as the head of Antæus touched its mother earth, he acquired new strength, and was utterly unconscious of being defeated. Hercules, at last, had to strangle him; whether actually, or by a figure of speech, is not recorded. If he was truly and literally choked, *vi et armis*, all that can be said is, that he deserved it, and that Hercules merits the praise of showing how to get rid of a prosy debater. Our opinion, however, is, that a figure of speech was used; perhaps a syllogism was twisted around his neck, Hercules having first knocked the underpinning from beneath him, by quoting some of his old speeches upon him; showing that he had formerly advocated a different opinion. Nothing better tends to overthrow one of these men, than an assertion and proof of inconsistency.

If Hercules destroyed Antæus, he did not kill his progeny; we, ourselves, have met with many sons of Antæus, and have observed that their vitality is in-

creasing, and that they are now much harder to kill than formerly.

By the way, Hercules can and should have been classed among fool-killers; the machine, as invented and used by him, however, was in its most original and simple form. The school of ethics, which he founded, may be said to have taken its origin from a great antiquity, and may well be named Club Law.

Let us return to our hero. To have destroyed the Sophists, killed, dissected, buried, and preached their funeral oration, is the great achievement of Socrates. He has proved himself a greater conqueror than any hero of ancient or modern times.

The Rout of the Sophists should be sung and recorded in history; it was the commencement of a new era in philosophy; indeed, it was the creation of the philosophers as a class and a name.

The lovers of learning, (philosophers,) the inquirers into science, and the seekers after knowledge, took the place of those self-styled Wisemen, or Sophists; and the world has bettered wonderfully under the change.

Socrates, instead of making assertions and laying down principles, like these pretenders to wisdom, puzzled them by asking them questions, measuring their knowledge by his inquisitiveness, and making them show their ignorance by their inability to answer, or by their insufficient replies.

He conveyed information by the same mode of inquiry, and while proposing questions and suggesting answers, appeared to be drawing information from his hearer stores of knowledge.

He stimulated minds to think, and made his pupils reflect and answer.

His aggressive mode of teaching, by inquiry, excited the attention, and by this catechetical mode of instruction, he developed the intellect as the combats of the arena and gymnasium strengthened the body.

Belonging to no particular class of philosophers, and bearing no distinguishing name himself, his followers did not, in after years, give him any distinctive title, as founder of a school of philosophy.

They did not call him a Peripatetic, like Aristotle, or a Stoic, like Zeno, or an Academic, like Plato, or a Cynic, like Diogenes.

We, however, will give to him a distinctive title, and think that the best deserved name will be that of Interrogative Philosopher.

He was the embodiment of a question, and his peculiar sign was a note of interrogation.

We may write it thus :

his
Socrates, (?)
mark.

OF INTERROGATIONS.

And here we may diverge from the steady march of our history of foolometers, to show the peculiar propriety of this Socratic mode of research, and why this peculiar mark should be used to characterize this great man.

Are we not, all our lives, asking questions; is not existence, itself, one huge doubt and inquiry; do not our philosophers interrogate Nature, and our governments send out ships on voyages of Discovery? Interrogation is the business of life. We even speak of a look of Inquiry; or a Searching Gaze. We meet an acquaintance, and we ask, How are You, or What News.

Indeed, we are all become Athenians, and go about asking for some new thing. Our daily reading is an endeavour to learn, and a wish to inquire of everything that has happened North, East, West and South; so that we have put these initials together, and headed our papers thus, N., E., W., S., and called them newspapers.

The child learns a language, and obtains knowledge, by asking questions; is catechised at church, and questioned in school; the youth learns lessons that he may be able to answer all interrogatories when examined.

What is our preparation for the business of life, but an inquiry in what manner we can best afford to live? And what is our seeking the consolations of religion, but a search for the immortal

truths revealed by God to an inquiring world?

A young man seeks an entrance into society or business; he asks for employment, and makes himself familiar with the give and take, the buy and sell, the demand and supply life, of a man of business.

He asks the hand of a fair damsel in marriage—pops the question—and upon the reference to the paternal answer, asks the consent of father and mother; the relatives and friends are invited, or asked to the wedding-feast, and the parson asks, "Wilt thou have," &c.

Every part of life—everything in man's nature—shows that he is a questioning and answering animal. It is the necessity of his social state; for everything that requires the consent of more than one person, must be preceded by a question, implied or expressed.

Indeed, some men have been so much impressed with this distinctive peculiarity of our race—have been so entirely men—that they have questioned whether there was anything material; have denied, because they doubted; have even asked, exultingly, if any one could prove the existence of matter. Even if you should rap one of them over the skull, by way of proving at once the hardness and the hollowness of the matter of which it was composed, they would still continue to doubt and question. Others, again, have even questioned the immortality of man's soul; or, which is the same thing, they have questioned whether we have any soul at all.

Having found such a thing unnecessary in their own case, they have been unable to see why other men should be burdened with what they have found superfluous; and not having made a very satisfactory use of one life, they see no necessity of yawning through eternity in possession of another existence. Not only do they question this truth, but their mode of reasoning, too, is purely interrogative: Did you ever see a soul, did you ever touch one, did you ever hear one, &c., &c., and if you did not, how do you know that you have such a thing? The reasoning, of course, is irre-

sistible; as any one can see by substituting the word stomach-ache (we beg pardon, we should have said, abdominal neuralgia,) for the word soul.

And as no man has ever seen, or touched, or handled a pain, so no man can, of course, ever have one.

This sophist, armed with a Socratic weapon, is not so far out, however, as one would imagine; for there is a very wise and learned nation of Northern Europe, called Laplanders, in whose vocabulary the words soul and stomach are synonymous; and a philosopher there may have a pain in his soul from a fit of indigestion, or from taking too much brandy into that ethereal organ.

We are inclined to think that this school of soulless philosophers is limited. And, although it is true that in one sense all mankind belong, at one period of life, to this nation, (for all children are certainly Laplanders), yet they soon cease to think as children, putting away such childish notions as soon as they get above the idea of bread and butter.

Indeed we strongly suspect, that this class of philosophers belongs to that ancient sect, who are described by one inspired writer as having said in their hearts No God; and which another has still more graphically painted when he said, Their god is their belly.

We have proved to our own satisfaction, that this interrogative philosophy is the true mode of philosophizing, and that Socrates was deserving of great credit for introducing it into learned society. He treated it, however, pretty much as Aristotle did the Syllogism. Every one, even a clown, may be said to have syllogised long before the time of Aristotle; yet this philosopher first dressed it up in new clothes, called it by a hard name, and introduced it as a bantling of his own. Men found that they had been using syllogisms all their lives without knowing it.

THE INTERROGATIVE SIGN.

We have given to Socrates the interrogative mark as the form of an instrument distinctive and peculiar to himself, by which he measured the human race. Has

it ever struck any one how often this form (?) is used in those instruments or tools or things, which are used to persuade, to draw, or to influence?

It would be worth our while to trace the origin of this symbol, and to ascertain whether it had its original in the crooked finger with which a pertinacious questioner will hook himself on to a button hole; while, after the manner of a leaden gimblet, he bores his hearer.

Yet this would make the interrogation mark of very recent date—viz: since the time of button holes.

It may have derived its shape and use from that persuasive instrument a Fish-hook, than which nothing more impertinently inquisitive is known. This instrument is applied to the jaw too, and in answer to its summons requires the thing to which it is applied to follow a line, and keep, like the magnet, the direction of the pole.

The shepherd's crook, with which he collects his sheep; the Bishop's crosier, with which, as with a wand, he governs his charge, and which is the emblem of his authority, both have this peculiar shape. What is both crook and crosier, but a rod with a note of interrogation on the top of it?

The attitude of the hand in calling or beckoning; the bend of the fingers in grasping; the very position of the knee in supplication, all exhibit the form of this symbol, and express its use and meaning. The very grasp of the hand in greeting an acquaintance, contains an inquiry after his welfare; and the clutch of a policeman upon a rogue, not only may be considered as an interrogative act in itself, but also precedes a searching inquiry into his conduct.

We might also seek a comparison in the shape of the key with which locks and doors are opened, and trace the analogy between this interrogative office and that of our Socratic mark.

And if any object, that keys are also used to close and shut as well as to open, and that it symbolizes one as much as the other, we ask in answer if we have never seen a foolish fellow shut up completely by an adroit question? Can we

imagine anything more silencing than a question which one cannot answer?

We need not go far to prove this; for we need only look into our Bibles to see in what an admirable manner our Saviour silenced the wise men of Judæa, by his simple questions, until baffled and overcome they say, "we cannot tell."

Of this species of silencing questions, we have a notable example in the case of that half wise philosopher, who spent long years in search of a universal solvent. He believed that there was in nature some one thing, acid or other, which possessed the power of dissolving all things beside itself. He reasoned thus; that as every thing could be dissolved, if time was granted, and sufficiently powerful agents used, that it was possible and therefore probable that all these various solvents were modifications of one great solvent; just as electricity, galvanism, &c., are all owing to one and the same cause. He believed that God, who worked in all things, had here, as elsewhere, made complexity and variety out of unity and simplicity; and that one substance, variously diluted, made all the many solvents that existed in nature. This dream, similar to that half absurd attempt at finding the philosopher's stone, was put an end to by a simple question. A friend asked him, you believe that there is a universal solvent? Yes, and I am in search of it; well, did it ever strike you, when you have found it, what will you keep it in? This prevented all reply and stopped all search.

Socrates, by his puzzling interrogatories silenced his adversaries and completely shut the mouths of the sophists, and at the same time, and by the same mode of speech, opened the minds of his pupils. We consider our proposition almost established, and feel somewhat disposed to believe that the key gave the form to the note of interrogation.

Socrates among the sophists, reminds us of Sampson among the Philistines. He slew them with a weapon which, in his own humility, he would have considered similar to the jaw-bone of an ass.

And here, in our opinion, we have the

true source and origin of this peculiar symbol. We assert that the jaw-bone of man, (and therefore sometimes too the jaw-bone of an ass,) must have given shape and form to that peculiar mark—that crooked thing which asks a question.

We have shown already that man is a questioning animal, and that his peculiar forte is interrogation. Now, it is with the jaw that he asks questions, for without it he is dumb.

Nothing is easier, therefore, than to suppose that when men were looking for some particular sign by which to express this interrogative faculty, some one set a jawbone on end, and said, Behold at once the cause and the sign of a question. By universal acclamation, it was adopted as part and parcel of our language, and of all languages.

We indeed only place it at the end of a sentence, while some nations, the Spaniards for instance, place it both before and after the words used to express an interrogation.

They thus endeavour, in written language, to supply the place of that enquiring look and expressive gesture, which precedes and accompanies an interrogation in spoken speech. We think the custom a good one, and would recommend that it be introduced into all languages, and universally employed.

Some matter-of-fact persons will assert that our explanation is absurd and unnecessary, and even, perhaps, will go so far as to think that the interrogative sign (?) is merely a peculiar form of the letter (q) standing for the Latin word *quære*, which has become Englished into query.

This explanation has the merit of simplicity, and may, therefore, please persons who are remarkable for an abundant possession of that trivial quality.

Our version may be considered far-fetched, and yet it is more to our taste than the other—just as we prefer the tea of distant China to any amount of *yarb* infusions, which can be obtained nearer home.

There is more wit and wisdom, too, in one cup of genuine Bohea than in a hog-head of sage or catnip.

THE USE MADE OF THIS SIGN.

This instrument, then, symbolizing as it did the organ of speech and the source of all interrogations, was the foolometer of Socrates, by which he measured the human race, and learned the size—the height, length and depth—of the mind of man.

In his hands, it was as the wand of a magician. He made use of it to reveal all mysteries, to confute all error, and to overcome all opposition. It was a means of opening up treasures of knowledge, of making plain hidden stores of thought, of confounding the ignorant, of destroying the foolish, of exposing pretenders to knowledge, and of rendering contemptible and ridiculous the evil-minded instructors of youth.

With this key, he unlocked his own mind to himself, and, by diligent searching, had found out that he was himself a fool.

Very early in this self-inquisition, he had ascertained and promulgated the mighty truth, that all that he had learned was to know that he knew nothing. This consciousness of self-ignorance was with him, as with others, the beginning of self-knowledge. From this point, as from a strong fortress, he could make forays into the usurped domain of other men's supposed intellectual possessions, and bring off the trophies of their assumed importance. From it, as from a base line, he could extend his operations in every direction; and with this simple weapon he could overcome the well-skilled and well-armed opponents, who seemed fated to fall before him.

Most men are all their lives making the discovery which he made early, and consequently they are wandering in error, while he was arriving at truth.

Socrates, like Procrustes, lost his life in defence of his doctrine, and perished because he had applied his foolometer so freely as to excite the rage of his adversaries.

We have met somewhere with an anecdote of a lunatic, who, on being asked for what reason he was placed in an insane asylum, answered, that it was be-

cause of a difference of opinion; that he thought all the world mad, and all the world thought him mad; as they outnumbered him, they also out-voted him, and consequently placed him in such a situation. Something similar was the conduct of the Athenians in regard to Socrates.

The city of the Goddess of Wisdom, and the Philosopher, in this instance, reversed their positions. He was the man of wisdom, and his adversaries resembled a body of lunatics condemning their keeper and physician.

He was esteemed impious, and out-voted by judges who could not compare with him in a single excellence.

His trial is a proof that if votes were weighed—not counted—he would have been acquitted by an immense majority.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Time would fail us to speak of all the many men who have, in various ages and nations, constructed Foolometers, and have been persecuted for their pains. It would be to narrate the lives of the wise men who have endeavoured to reform their times, and whose books and whose persons have been burned.

What are the martyrs, the scholars—the true heroes of whom the world was not worthy—but men, who have endeavoured to show mankind how foolish were their actions, and how full, when rightly considered, was the world of fools.

Each nation, and every age, seems to have erected for itself its own peculiar foolometer, by which after-times may learn its measurement.

Not to speak of too many, we may say that we can ascertain the extent and the height of the folly of the sons of Noah, when we consider that they planned and executed the Tower of Babel.

The building of that Tower was in fact the Great Type Folly of the Human Race, because the whole family of man took part in it.

Does it not fairly show the desire of man, in all ages, to accomplish that which he is not able to perform, and which,

when done, will not secure the purpose for which it was intended?

Ever since this tower building, he has been trying to erect and perpetuate systems of government, religion, and law, to create for himself a lasting monument in family, race, or literature, and in all else that men strive so earnestly to possess.

This seeking the unattainable by imperfect means, is the grand folly of that impersonation of foolishness which we call man. He is perpetually imitating his ancestral absurdity, and endeavouring, in his inch of time, to enclose an eternity. Fool! Fool! is written by the finger of decay on all his works, and the laughing scorn of the demon of despair rings the knell of all his wide-extended, incomplete and unattainable endeavours.

One age ridicules the follies of that which immediately preceded it, and then with sober face and mien of wisdom sets laboriously to work, and copies the weakness and imbecility of some more remote period.

We are inclined to think that if any man, of sufficient knowledge, will take pains to make examination, he will find that this Babel Tower of Folly was begun late on a Saturday evening, and had its corner brick laid on the first of April. Hence it is, that all men have celebrated this great day as a kind of universal birthday of the race—an era from which to date, and a day upon which all men, however different in nation or diverse in language, have a glimmering of their great world-folly, and zealously strive to keep it in remembrance by making as many fools as possible. It is the Saturnalia of Nonsense—the great Carnival of Folly—the day when all men are allowed to be upon the same level of absurdity.

Even if there had been no record kept

of that tower building, we might, by a synthetical process,—by observing the character of man in all ages, and putting together deductions from these observations,—have arrived at the knowledge of its existence.

We might have come to the conclusion, from the efforts of men to make for themselves a name and reputation, that when the race was comparatively few in numbers, and living together in one family, they may have said, Let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. •

How similar to, and how descriptive of the efforts of man, in all ages!

We know the result. The language was confounded, and probably the appearance also; and from this date began the different races, different colours, and different languages of man. So will it ever happen to all, who, with the brick and mortar of time—the slime and clay of this world—try to rear an eternal habitation, and imitate the rock-founded walls of that house not made with hands. Man is perpetually trying, and perpetually failing, to build of perishing materials an enduring home.

Our own age is full of follies—turreted rather than towered, by many small efforts—which in truth appear rather to be made of slime than constructed of brick.

Do we not speak of that quality of mind, which makes men desirous of these Babel houses, as their *towering* ambition; and may we not derive the word legitimately from this incident in man's history?

How often, too, pride and ambition shows itself in building stately structures, and how often, too, are men ruined thereby, and pride caused to fall.

Notices of New Works.

THE VIRGINIANS. *A Tale of the Last Century.*
By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.
New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.
[From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We are at a loss to classify this latest work of the author of "Vanity Fair," whether to place it with "Esmond, a Story of Queen Anne's Reign," or with the Pendennis volumes, which are strictly novels of society. It is, indeed, a continuation of "Esmond," and, to some extent, may be regarded as the forerunner of the "Newcomes," for the fortunes of Rachel Esmond are followed up in its pages, while the ancestors of George Warrington, of the Temple, and the Vicomte de Florac, who married Miss Higg, of Manchester, figure in the narrative. "The Virginians" can hardly be called a novel at all, for story there is none—it is rather a long-drawn-out description of English social life, in the reigns of the second and third Georges, the periods satirized in Hogarth's pictures, and genially presented in the novels of Fielding. The scenes, within doors and without, might have been indefinitely multiplied by the author without the least damage to the dramatic effect, so far as a catastrophe is concerned, so that the question asked by the juvenile reader of Harper's Magazine; "Who would carry on the Virginians when Thackeray died?" was not devoid of significance as a criticism on the work. The promise of the opening, that the two brothers should be engaged on opposite sides, in the war of the American Revolution, and thus enlist our interest and sympathy through the striking situations in which they should be placed, is in no manner fulfilled, and there is so much confusion between the record of the novelist and the diary of the elder Warrington, that we are frequently puzzled to determine who is speaking. We must confess, too, that at times we wearied, in reading the book, of the long family histories, and fancied ourselves deep in a genealogical table of our most worthy Bishop Meade. Nor can we help repeating the objections, heretofore expressed in this magazine, against the undue freedom taken with fact, in historical and geographical matters. If Washington was to be introduced as a character, the leading events of his life should have been correctly set down, and if a part of the action of the story was to be conducted on the

soil of Virginia, some little regard should have been paid to distances and degrees of latitude. Mr. Thackeray had no right to marry our great hero two or three years before the real event, and we submit that it was taking too great a liberty with the James and Potomac rivers, to bring them within a dozen miles of each other. The only charm in "The Virginians," to us, is the wonderfully brilliant and carefully finished style of composition. The wit of the author flashes, here and there, all along the family record, and there is absolutely no careless or feeble writing in it from beginning to end. Thackeray is certainly without a rival in the force, correctness, fluency, and felicity of his language. We regret exceedingly that the story should have been brought out as a serial, for we think we can see in this circumstance the cause of all its faults, and we feel a positive certainty that it turned out a very different affair from what the author, himself, intended to make it. Let us rejoice that it has, at last, come to an end, since we may now look forward, with confidence, to somewhat much better, ere long, from the hand that drew Major Pendennis and Colonel Newcome.

TWELVE YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN INDIA, &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

This most interesting volume is in the nature of an autobiography, being made up of letters of the gallant Major Hodson, of the British Army, descriptive of the military occupation of India, and the Sepoy rebellion of 1857-8. The writer was an eminent Cantab of Trinity College, and became greatly distinguished as a cavalry officer, having given his own name to a branch of the dragoon service—Hodson's Horse—of which, we believe, several regiments have been established. He fell before Lucknow, deeply lamented by the army, his distant kindred, indeed, by his country. He was a Paladin of the nineteenth century, a brave, dashing, chivalrous, gentle-mannered fellow, and it is impossible to read his letters, embraced in the volume before us, without conceiving the highest respect for his character as a soldier and a man. The idea was happily conceived by his brother, an English cler-

gyman, to make him tell the story of his life in his copious and entertaining correspondence, and the book has a certain permanent value, in giving us an outline of the Indian rebellion from a cool, clear-headed, and educated man, who was on the spot from the beginning. We accept it with pleasure, which is only dashed with regret at the untimely fate of its gallant author.

AVOLIS; A LEGEND OF THE ISLAND OF COS. *With Poems. Lyrical, Miscellaneous, and Dramatic.* By PAUL H. HAYNE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Mr. Hayne abundantly fulfils the early promise of his genius in this new volume of verses, which brims over with the wine of poetry, as a beaker at a banquet with the later and mellower offerings of a well-known vintage. Never was there a more honest and consistent literary workman than Mr. Hayne. Conscious, as he must be, of superior powers, he bestows on all he writes the most patient labour, wherein he pays respect to the critical taste of his public at the same time that he does justice to himself. In his lyrics, odes, or dramatic fragments we find no doubtful rhymes, no halting feet, no awkward inversion—all is in the strictest accordance with the severe rules of art. Not that he relies for the effect of his poems on the smoothness and melody of his measures, or at any time seeks to impose upon us by the trick of dexterous versification, saying commonplace things in a musical way and beguiling the sense through the ear alone. Not at all. No young poet with whom we are acquainted has less of mere jingle than Mr. Hayne. It is only as a medium of conveying his thoughts that he employs rhythmical forms. Writing from a soul deeply imbued with the love of all things beautiful, his effort is to establish a sympathy with the reader, and make him see external objects or feel inward emotions as they affect the poet himself, and loftier aim he could not have. We cannot at this time dwell on the volume before us, or designate any particular poem in it as containing more evidence than another of Mr. Hayne's genuine inspiration; nor can we undertake to quote passages of peculiar excellence and beauty, for this

would demand a very large space in our pages. As a writer of Sonnets, we think the general verdict of the country would assign Mr. Hayne a rank not far if at all below Wordsworth. With little enthusiasm for this form of verse, we should not base upon it our high opinion of the poet, did we not see in his careful study of the *terza rima* the secret of his general success. Sonnetizing has chastened his fancy, strengthened his diction, and elevated his taste; and prepared him for the judicious employment of rhymed measures or blank verse. Looking over this volume, we can see no poem, indeed no line, that we could wish the author had omitted, while we find much that must be preserved for the generation that will come after us, when the literature of the time shall be winnowed of its chaff. Few of our rhymers have struck a note whose echoes will linger after them, but assuredly Mr. Hayne is of the number. Let us hope that his present volume will find its way into every house in the land where genuine poetry has a single admirer.

THE DEAF SHOEMAKER. By PHILIP BARRETT. *Author of "Flowers by the Wayside."* To which are Added Other Stories for the Young. New York: Published by M. W. Dodd, No. 506 Broadway. 1859.

We see no good reason for the title of this little volume, other than that a book should have a name of some sort, for the chapter of the "Deaf Shoemaker" is neither the longest nor the best of the sketches, and does not occur until near the middle. "Philip Barrett" is the *nom de plume*, under which a young gentleman of piety and industry writes for Sunday School scholars. Each of his little compositions is a juvenile sermon, which impresses us very favourably with the orthodoxy and kindly feeling and purity of aim of the writer, but does not challenge criticism as an intellectual exercise. The style is pleasing and at times graceful, and the book will do good, which will doubtless gratify "Philip Barrett" more than if it secured for him literary reputation. But this latter is within his reach, whenever he may determine to take a higher range in his excursions into the domain of letters.

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Is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and above all, by the venereal infection.—Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says: "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood or corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which renders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

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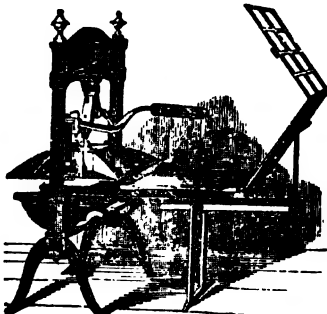
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